WEEK ENDING JAN. 21, 1928

5c

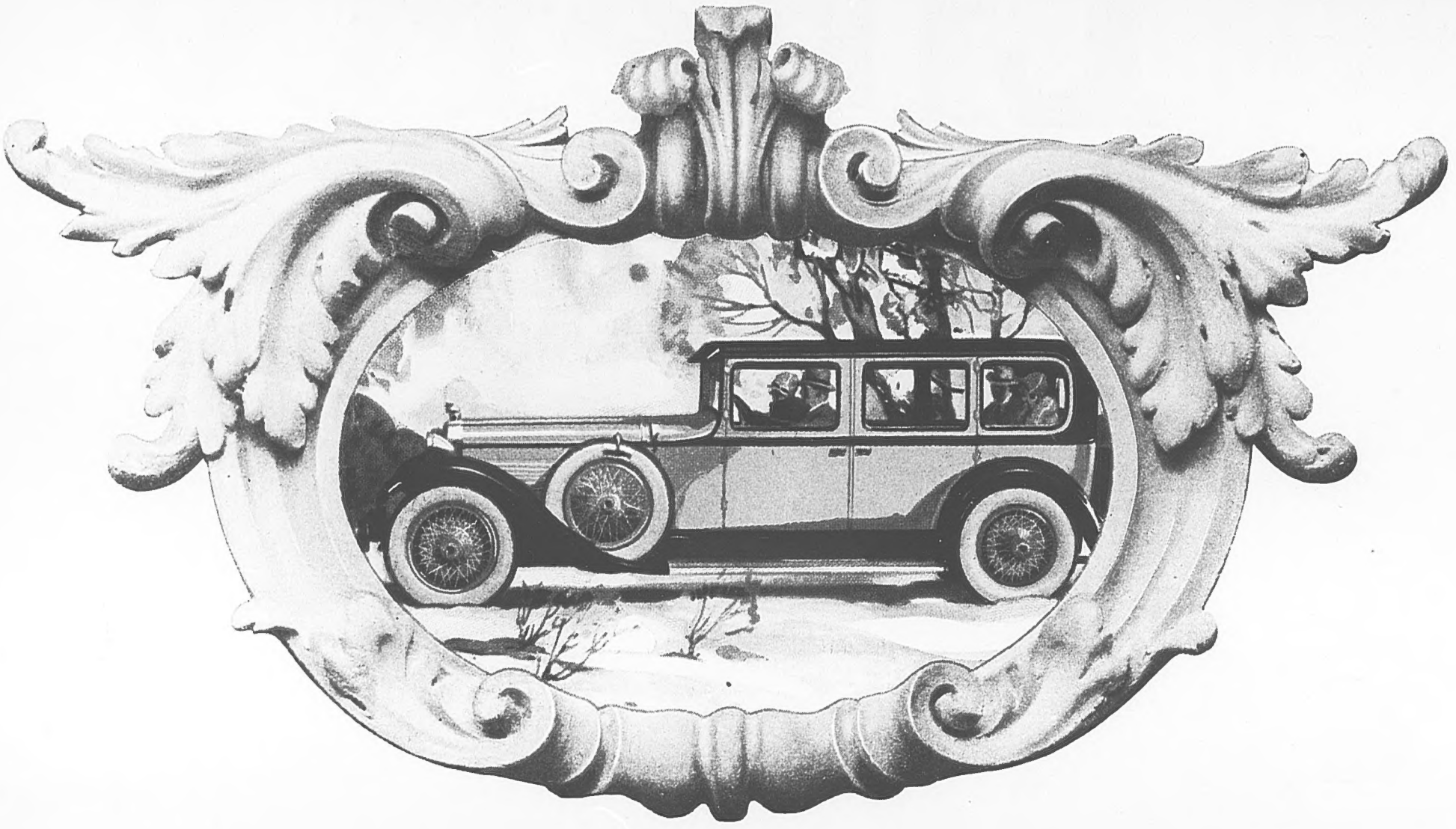
Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

The Night Before the Morning After

In this Issue **THE POPE AT HOME** *by* **VIERECK**

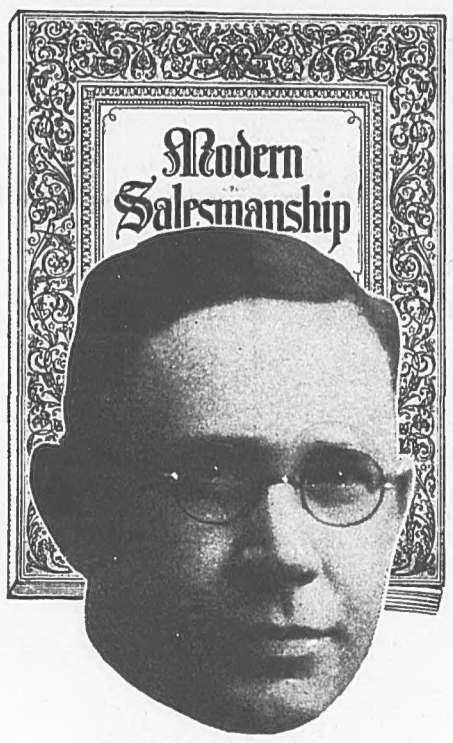
also Stories by **DELMAR, COMFORT, GREEN, WEBSTER**



TO CONSUMMATE THE WONDER OF THE WORLD'S FINEST MECHANICAL ACHIEVEMENT DEMANDS CREATIVE ABILITY OF A PECULIAR AND HIGHLY SPECIALIZED ORDER. IT IS THE TASK OF ADROIT GENIUS, AND NOT OF CUMBERSOME GROUP-ENGINEERING. FINEST THINGS ARE VERY SELDOM THE RESULT OF GIANT PRODUCTION.

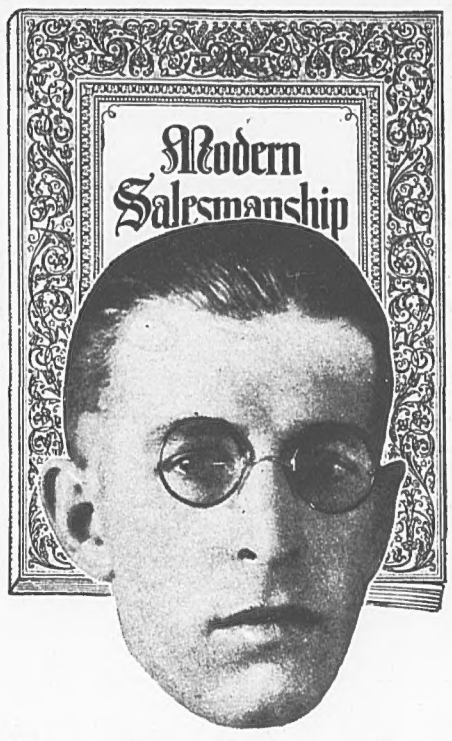
THE
SPLENDID
STUTZ

A COMPLETE LINE OF NEW MODELS NOW READY FOR PUBLIC VIEWING



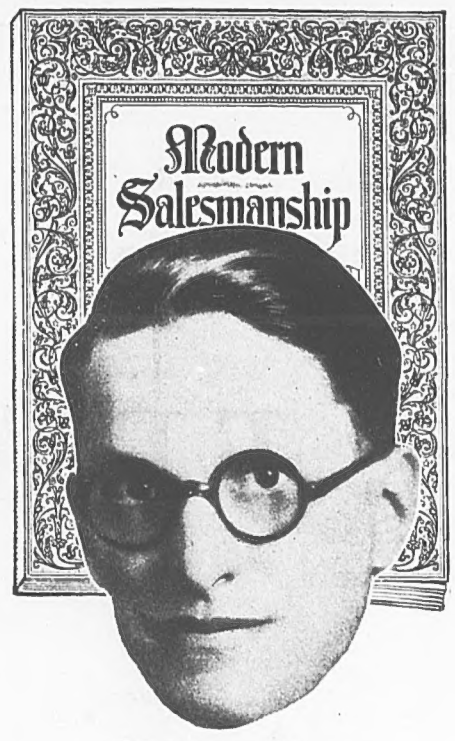
300% Increase

"My salary since I enrolled with the N. S. T. A. has increased over 300% and I do not intend to stop at that. I was formerly employed in a creamery, doing poorly-paid, unhealthy work. Now I have charge of 14 men, covering 4 states. Anyone wanting to become a leader should take the N. S. T. A. course."
A. F. THOMPSON,
Sioux City, Ia.



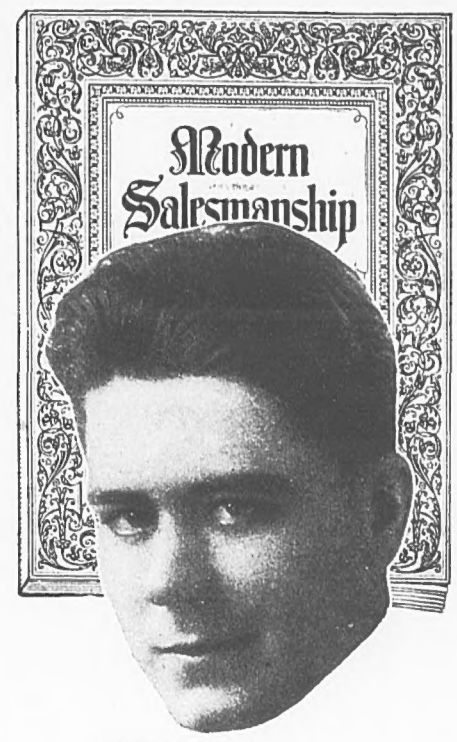
From $8 to $125 a Week

"I came to this country in 1919, being for some time unable to speak or read the English language. I worked as a dish-washer at $8.00 a week. My first selling job, obtained through N. S. T. A., paid me $50 a week. Now it is $125. Two friends who said I was crazy to want to sell are still working in the restaurant!"
MARK BARICHIEVICH,
San Francisco, Cal.



$7,200 a Year

"At the time I started N. S. T. A. Training my income was less than $150 per month. Now it is four times that. I feel that my increase from $1,800 to over $7,200 per year is mostly due to your excellent training methods. I also feel that your Employment service is of great value to every student."
L. D. MATHER,
Richmond, Va.



600% Increase

"Six years ago I was a stenographer. Now I am in the advertising business for myself, and my earnings have increased 600%. The sales training and cooperation I received from the N. S. T. A. developed the self-confidence and ability that I needed to make good."
L. H. LUNDSTEDT,
Chicago, Ill.

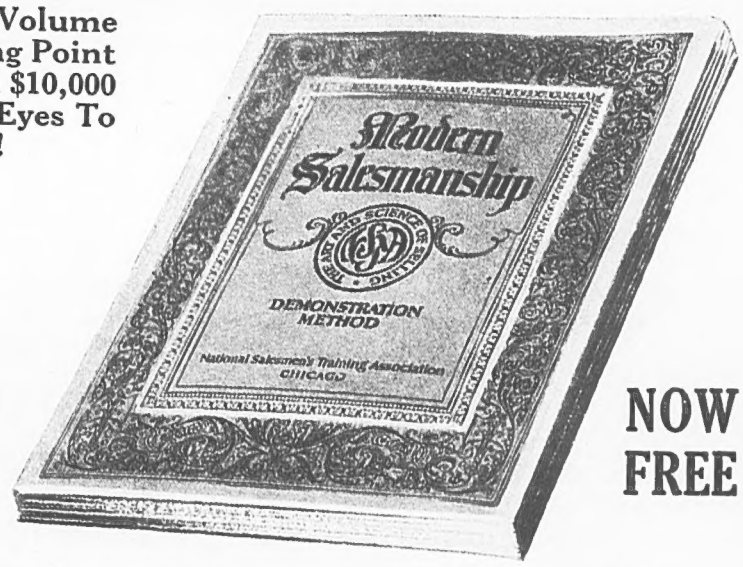
—and They Started By Reading This Amazing Book!

Now—For A Limited Time Only—This Remarkable, Man-Building, Salary-Raising Volume Is Offered FREE To Every Ambitious Man! This Book Has Proved To Be The Turning Point In Hundreds Of Successful Lives—Yours May Be Next! If You Ever Aspire To Earn $10,000 A Year Or More, Read "Modern Salesmanship" Without Fail! It Will Open Your Eyes To Opportunities You Probably Never Dreamed Of! Get Your Free Copy Now!

Where Shall We Send *Your* Copy FREE?

A BOOK! Just seven ounces of paper and printer's ink—but it contains a most vivid and inspiring message that every ambitious man should read! It reveals facts and secrets that have led hundreds of men from every walk of life into success beyond their fondest expectations! So powerful and far-reaching has been the influence of this little volume that it is no wonder a famous business genius has called it "The Most Amazing Book Ever Printed!"

This vital book, "Modern Salesmanship," contains hundreds of surprising and little-known facts about the highest paid profession in the world. It reveals the real *truth* about the art of selling. It blasts dozens of old theories, and tells exactly how the great sales records of nationally-known star salesmen are achieved. And not only that—it outlines a simple plan that will enable almost any man to master scientific salesmanship without spending years on the road—without losing a day or a dollar from his present position!



NOW FREE

$700 a Month

"I was dragging along as a farmer—barely existing. I decided to train with the N. S. T. A. After finishing, I received a list of firms wanting salesmen from you. I applied to three firms and took the best one. Led my sales force and earned close to $700 last month."
L. O. HALLOMAN, Staton, Tex.

A Month's Wages in a Day

"I had spent 19 years as a telegraph operator, finally reaching the highest possible point, yet my salary was only $200 a month. I realized I must sell to get ahead, and took the shortest road—N. S. T. A. training. Now I am selling, and find it easy to make $20 a day, often more. One day I made $200, the equivalent of a month's wages at my former job."
H. J. FREY, Laureldale, Pa.

$200 First 5 Days Out

"I was having a hard time as a Canadian wheat farmer when I decided to sell, and connected up with the N. S. T. A. Immediately after completing my training I took a position with a large Life Insurance company, and in exactly five days my commissions had amounted to over $200. I can recommend your course to anyone who wants to step out and up."
H. L. GILLETTE, Eugene, Oregon

What This Astonishing Book Has Done!

The achievements of this remarkable book have already won world-wide recognition. The men who have increased their earning capacities as a direct result of reading "Modern Salesmanship" are numbered in the thousands. For example, there is E. E. Williams of Pomona, Calif., who was struggling along in a minor position at a small salary. "Modern Salesmanship" opened his eyes to opportunities he had never dreamed of—and he cast his lot with the National Salesmen's Training Association. Within a few short months of simple preparation, he was earning $10,000 a year! Today he receives as much in 30 days as he formerly received in 365!

And then there is J. E. Muzzall, of Hopkinsville, Ky. He, too, read "Modern Salesmanship" and found the answer within its pages. A former freight clerk and department head at $200 a month, he developed his sales ability and immediately doubled his income. He recently reported earnings running into five figures annually. B. F. Boilon of Columbus, Ohio, wrote that his work as a salesman brought him annual earnings of $5,000–$7,000, an increase of 300% over his former income as a decorator. And F. L. Real of Wheeling, W. Va., a former cigar-maker, stepped into a position paying him $4,600 a year drawing account alone!

A Few Weeks—Then Bigger Pay

There was nothing "different" about these men when they started. Any man with average intelligence can duplicate the success they have achieved. For their experience proves that salesmen are *made*—not "born," as some people have foolishly believed.

Salesmanship is just like any other profession. It has certain fundamental rules and laws—laws that you can master as easily as you learned the alphabet. And through the *National Demonstration Method*—an exclusive feature of the N. S. T. A. system of salesmanship training—you can acquire the equivalent of actual experience while studying. Hundreds of men who never had a day's selling experience before acquiring this remarkable training have been extraordinarily successful, often beating the records of men with years of experience from the very first day.

Free to Every Man

If we were asking several dollars a copy for "Modern Salesmanship," you might hesitate. But it is now FREE. So get your copy now. Learn the real facts about the selling profession, and about the tremendous demand for trained salesmen in every line, to fill city and traveling positions paying up to $5,000 and $10,000 a year. Last year this association received calls for over 50,000 N. S. T. A. members from Wholesalers, Manufacturers and Jobbers, ample proof of what the N. S. T. A. can do for its members—of what it stands ready and willing to do for you. "Modern Salesmanship" tells the complete story in a vivid, inspiring way. A copy is yours for the asking, and your request entails no obligation. Simply fill out and mail the coupon. Do it now!

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WORLD'S OLDEST AND LARGEST SALES TRAINING INSTITUTION

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Without obligating me in any way, send a copy of your Free Book, "Modern Salesmanship," and details of your System of Training and Free Employment Service.

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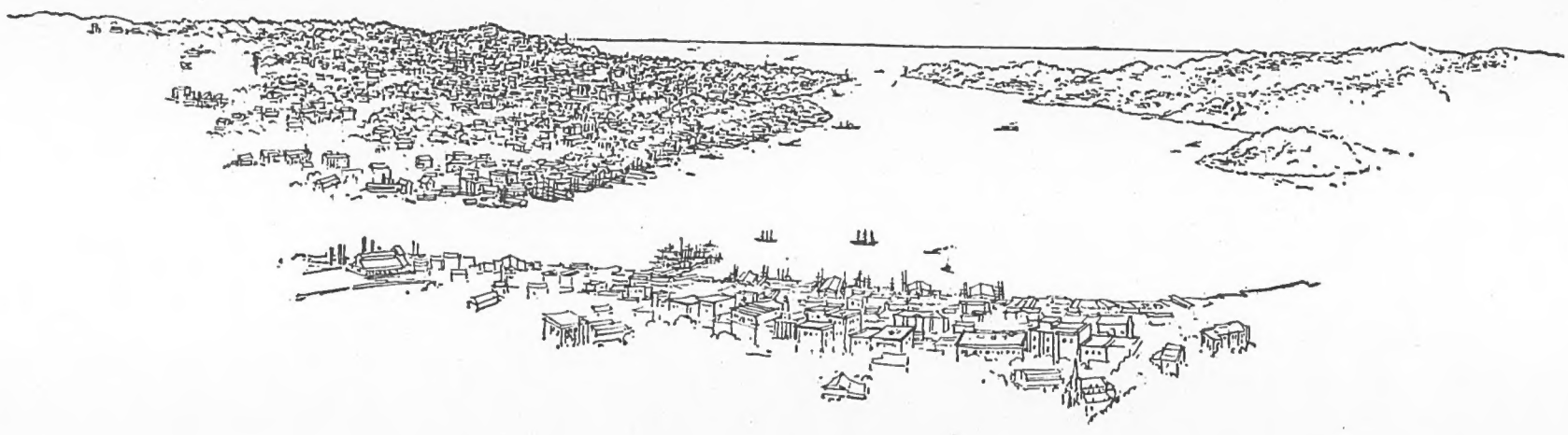
4 times as big as SAN FRANCISCO



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Throughout the world, the productive Dunlop properties cover so vast an area that—if combined into one place—they would form a "Dunlop City" of over 100,000 acres

WITH all its greatness, San Francisco occupies but 26,880 acres. "Dunlop City"—with over 100,000 acres—is more than four times as big!

And Dunlop City has grown for just one reason—the uniformly supreme quality of Dunlop Tires.

Great size brings great responsibilities. To protect the good name of "Dunlop City," every set of Dunlop Tires must be uniformly supreme.

The manufacturing advantages which Dunlop's great size have brought, make this quality possible—at lower prices than ever.

You can expect *more* of Dunlops.

DUNLOP TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY,
BUFFALO, NEW YORK

DUNLOP

FOUNDERS OF THE PNEUMATIC TIRE INDUSTRY

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JAN. 21 1928

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 5 No. 3

Editorial, Executive, and Advertising Offices: 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Telephone: Ashland 4160.

Branch Offices—Chicago: Tribune Tower, Tribune Square. Detroit: General Motors Bldg. Boston: Rice Bldg. San Francisco: Kohl Bldg.

Please address all communications to 247 Park Avenue, New York City

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

"SHE SHOULD HAVE DIED HEREAFTER"

When Macbeth of Scotland, hard pressed in battle, was told the Queen was dead, his response was, "She should have died hereafter." Or, in effect, "Don't tell me now. I must fight."

Before the last hope was gone for those on the submarine S-4, her companion ship, the S-19, was taken out for a practice run. Nearly every man aboard had lost a friend on the S-4. Yet the cruise that had led to tragedy was rigidly re-enacted—for the purpose, it was announced, of testing the nerve and courage of the crew.

The same spirit, down through the centuries. Not bravado, but a gallant determination to proceed against odds with what needs doing.

It is a little difficult, sometimes, to see that this is not mere heartlessness. We feel a single tragedy so much more keenly than one that is greatly multiplied.

The thousands killed in the war did not stir the imagination as did Floyd Collins dying in his Kentucky cave. The uncounted victims of Mont Pelée or a Mississippi flood are given less thought than a poor little kidnaped girl in California.

If a disaster is big enough it anæsthetizes the mind. We understand one death better than six, or 6,000. So, when a dirigible falls, a trans-Atlantic flier is lost, or a submarine is wrecked, there comes the protest that all this must be stopped.

We venture another point of view.

When these pioneers are killed, much as we regret their death, we are proud that such men have lived.

Without their courage progress would stop, for progress is nearly always dangerous.

In the case of the airplane, progress is of vast and unquestioned importance. It is an instrument of commerce and communication.

The submarine is always a war boat. It is a thing for the navy to master. Some—General Mitchell is one—think the battleship has no future; that it cannot exist under attack from the air.

That, if it is true, makes the submarine more important. If Germany had had a fleet of such submarines as the S-4, she might have won the war.

Of course we do not mean that every possible precaution for safety should not be adopted, particularly in time of peace. Common sense, and the utmost regard for human life, should prevail.

But the voice of the defeatists should not be the governing voice. There were defeatists in Paris at the turning point of the Great War. There were defeatists in Columbus' crews, and in Magellan's. They all wanted to turn back. What if they had had their way?

Just after the S-4 went down, Mr. Norman S. Hall of our staff suggested an article on submarines, and asked permission to make a two-day cruise on one of them himself. That permission was accorded, and Mr. Hall will make the cruise if he can arrange it. His, we think, is the right spirit.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

IN OUR *NEXT* ISSUE

RUDYARD KIPLING, in LIGHT AND POWER, has drawn, with poetry and prose, an unforgettable picture of the great hydro-electric plant at San Paulo, Brazil, where originates much of the energy that runs the southern metropolis.

ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE, in a short story, GIVE THEM WHAT THEY WANT, mixes humor and a new philosophy of sophisticated young love into a romance as realistic as it is enthralling.

In this issue is a discussion on the business of wife-choosing for young men. Now, young ladies, be patient for a week and you will get a set of equally practical rules from DORIS WEBSTER and MARY ALDEN HOPKINS on HOW TO CHOOSE A HUSBAND.

We have never heard of any similarity between pachyderms and war birds heretofore, but ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS has proved that an elephant had nothing on one war bird, at least. He makes his hilarious case in ELEPHANTIS, so you can draw your own comparisons.

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND made a startling discovery when he looked into the trend of sports. It is about greyhound racing, and an inkling of his findings is hinted in the title, GOING TO THE DOGS.

MOVIE KIDHOOD is an illuminating article on children in the movies, written by GLADYS HULETTE, the first child star of the films, who since has grown up to adult rôles.

January 21, 1928 LIBERTY Vol. 5, No. 3

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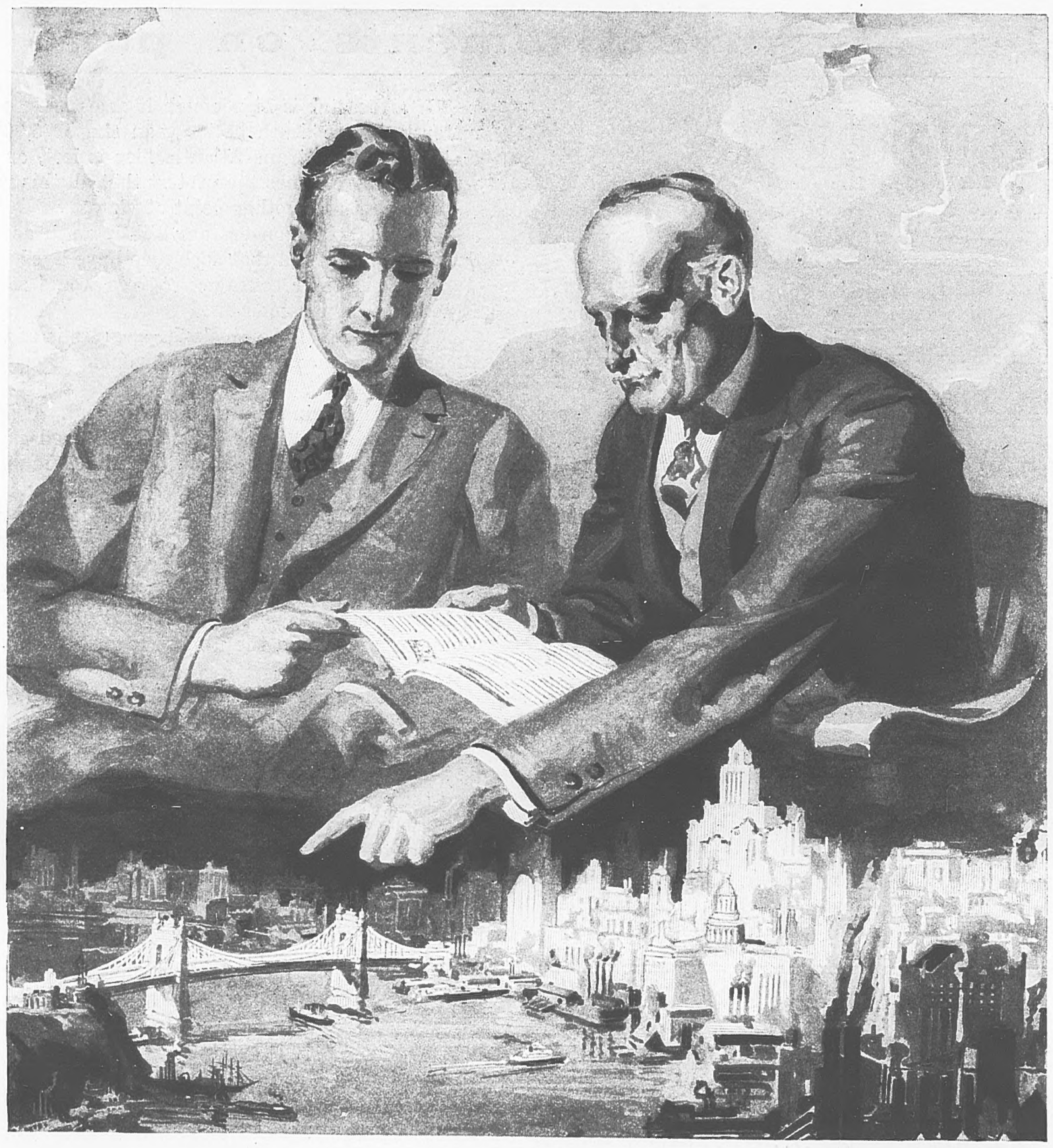

"I shouldn't decide it alone"

THE NATIONAL CITY COMPANY
NATIONAL CITY BANK BUILDING
NEW YORK

A MAN with a few thousand dollars to invest has a perplexing range of possibilities before him. Values must be appraised, past records studied and future trends estimated. But the investor should not try to decide alone. He can get the considered opinion of a world-wide investment organization—it is his for the asking. National City judgment as to which bonds are best for you is based on both strict investigation of the security and analysis of your own requirements.

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OFFICES IN 50 AMERICAN CITIES INTERCONNECTED BY 11,000 MILES OF PRIVATE WIRES.
INTERNATIONAL BRANCHES AND CONNECTIONS.

The POPE at Home

An Intimate Glimpse of the Vatican and Its Stand on Some World Problems

An Article by

GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

(Reading time: 21 minutes 40 seconds.)

Int. photo

Achille Ratti, Pius XI, two hundred and sixty-first Pope of the Roman Catholic Church and spiritual sovereign over 300,000,000 people.

"HIS Holiness the Pope will receive you at one," a Vatican official informed me.

"Will it be a private audience?" I asked.

"Yes."

I had met Presidents and Emperors, captains and Kings, but it was something of a thrill to meet face to face the spiritual sovereign of 300,000,000 souls.

Waiting for His Holiness one learns the Christian virtue of patience. I had been asked to appear at one. It was almost two-thirty before I saw the Pope.

Like other crowned heads, the Holy Father does not receive anyone in private audience without definite information as to his character and achievements. This information is catalogued for him by his secretaries. However, in casual conversation it sometimes pleases him to rely on his own intuition.

He is unusually fond of children. I saw him neglect important visitors to talk to a child and to pat his head.

The Holy Father sits with his back toward the window. The light falls full upon the face of the visitor, while his own remains in the shadow. Priests are required to make three genuflections before they approach His Holiness. Laymen are usually dispensed from this ceremony. However, all kneel before him, on both knees, and kiss his ring.

U. & U. photo

One of the Swiss Guards, an organization which for 400 years has guarded the Pontiffs.

Achille Ratti, Pius XI, is the two hundred and sixty-first Pope. For nearly 2,000 years the Bishops of Rome have occupied the Chair of St. Peter. There was a time when the monarchs of the world recognized the Popes as their overlords.

A German Emperor humbly waited barefooted for three days at Canossa before the Pope deigned to receive him. Pope Alexander VI, with a stroke of his pen, divided the earth between Portugal and Spain.

The year 1870 ended the Pope's temporal power. But to this day no one may approach him except on bended knee. Every visitor, whatever his faith, is required to kiss the Fisherman's ring as a token of respect.

The Pope speaks in a low, melodious voice. He has mastered the French, German, Italian, and Latin speech completely. He writes French, Italian, and Latin with perfect ease. His knowledge of English is limited, although before he became Pope he was once in England, where, at a celebration in honor of Roger Bacon, he delivered a Latin speech.

Pius XI is seventy years old, but looks much younger. He is dressed from head to foot in

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE POPE AT HOME Continued from Page Seven]

white, but no whiter than his delicate hands—the hands of a scholar. He wears a white cap and a white cassock. His face, a little hard, lights up when he smiles.

The Pope's audiences consume the greater part of his day. There are several degrees of audiences.

Private audiences are extended to members of the diplomatic corps and to distinguished ecclesiastics or laymen who have a claim upon the Holy See. Semiprivate audiences are granted to groups of visitors especially well recommended. Finally, there is the large public audience, which often brings to the Vatican more than 1,000 supplicants for the benediction of the Supreme Pontiff.

Those in daily attendance, the members of the papal household, talk freely until the Pope appears on the threshold. For them the scene has lost its mystery. The visitors, seated on benches or standing, hardly dare to whisper while they wait for the Holy Father.

There are bearded Cappadocian priests, priests representing the Eastern branch of the Church, black-frocked monks, monsignors with purple sashes, and pilgrims from many lands. There are girls dressed in virginal white. But black predominates.

FOR the mass audience dark suits for men are preferred and women must appear in modest garb, with shawls covering hair, neck, and bosom. For men, full evening dress is required at private audiences. At semiprivate audiences a dinner coat is sufficient. The women wear black as a rule. Long sleeves are obligatory. Low-cut dresses are banished.

Lace mantillas, or shawls, cover the hair of the fair visitors. If the scarf reveals too much of the neck or the bosom, a uniformed attendant calls the attention of the offender to the breach of etiquette, and if necessary rearranges the folds of the garment for her.

One end of the scarf must be thrown over the shoulder to prevent disarrangement.

Several Americans looked embarrassed wearing their evening clothes in the middle of the Italian day.

Through the windows one sees the hills of Rome. Like those hills, the Pope's antechambers are seven.

Individually or in groups, visitors are summoned to the throne room or to the library of the Pope. Intimate personal interviews are usually conducted in the library, which has three windows through which one can see St. Peter's. One can hear the splash of a fountain from the yard below.

The celebrated Swiss Guards, armed with halberds, in their medieval blue, yellow, and orange striped uniforms, designed by Michelangelo, admit no one to the Vatican without a card. The variety of rich uniforms in the Vatican is bewildering.

The Swiss Guard is augmented by the Palatinate Guard, composed of Italian nobles. Papal knights and other dignitaries in multicolored uniforms, with golden tresses and swords, create the illusion of a Renaissance court. The Pope's lackeys and attendants are resplendent in scarlet.

I noticed that the keys of St. Peter and the papal crown are reiterated again and again in the decorative designs. The ceilings are as high as the stairs are steep. Marble floors enhance the sense of grandeur. The walls are covered with red silk, but the available space is almost completely taken up by rich tapestries, gifts from many lands, depicting scenes from sacred chronicles.

After the private audiences to individuals, other privileged visitors are admitted in small groups to the throne room. The throne itself is vacant. However, after a little while the Holy Father enters, preceded by his guards, receives the homage of each person, speaks to each, and gives to each his apostolic benediction. Many Catholics bring rosaries and other objects of worship for the Pope's blessing.

AFTER the throne-room audience, the Pope passes from antechamber to antechamber, blessing each group, and finally gives his benediction to the mass assembled in the loggia or in the courtyard. Here it is impossible for him to speak to each person. He addresses individual priests and leaders.

Leo XIII accentuated the royal character of his office. He was majestic and aloof. Pius XI is less formal. He seems interested, almost curious. He loves these audiences because they are "his only open window to the world." No wonder his cook and his physician are in despair when, as usual, he prolongs them unduly, neglecting both his lunch and siesta.

Pius XI, in spite of his august office and of his immense tasks, is always considerate of others. On the day of his elevation to the papal throne, on his return from St. Peter's—where, breaking with the precedent established since 1870, he had blessed the people of Rome from the balcony—he espied the secretary of one of the cardinals who had just lost his mother. In spite of the momentous importance of the occasion, he stopped the young man, shook his hand, and promised to remember his mother in his prayers.

Achille Ratti was born in Lombardy, the son of a silk manufacturer. Only one of his four brothers and a sister survived to see him place the triple crown upon his tonsured head.

Pius XI received degrees in philosophy, in theology, and in canon law from the University of Milan. Though never neglecting his priestly vocation, his major work was always that of a librarian. He was attached to the Ambrosian Library in Milan, before Pius X called him to the Library of the Vatican, over which he presided from 1913 to 1918.

Monsignor Ratti always emphasized the international character of the Vatican Library. Nevertheless the war caused many links to drop. He reassembled those links at the earliest moment.

Sent as Papal Nuncio to Poland, Achille Ratti secured recognition of the demands of the Holy See from the new Polish state. In 1920, when the Bolshevists invaded Poland and the Warsaw government fled, he stuck to his post. In April, 1921, he was made Archbishop of Milan, and in June a Cardinal, in recognition of his services, by Pope Benedict.

Archbishop Ratti had no presentiment that he would be chosen to grace the Chair of St. Peter himself. Being a prudent man, he bought a return ticket to Milan when he departed for Rome after the death of Pope Benedict.

PIUS XI is a scholar, but he is also an efficient administrator. The combination of both gifts in one person suggests an American university president. His work as the Librarian of the Vatican, for which he was singled out by his two predecessors, bears witness to the constructive quality of his mind. He adopted new methods of cataloguing and new scientific processes to preserve the precious manuscripts. Many literary treasures believed to be lost may be rediscovered when the new arrangement of the library, ordered by him, is complete.

Wide World photo

This woman, presenting her credentials for an audience with the Pope, wears the garb prescribed for all women received by him.

Pope Pius on his throne, attended by members of the of the Diplomatic Corps

Pius XI resembles an American college man in still another respect—his athletic prowess. He achieved fame as a mountain climber before his elevation to the papal throne. Achille Ratti was the first Italian to climb the peak of Monte Rosa.

He was compelled for days to subsist on a little frozen soup and frozen eggs, and saved the life of his guide, who had fallen into a crevasse.

"No," he later said of a night spent in the snowy solitude of the mountain peaks, "I will not try to describe the indescribable. . . . We felt we were in the presence of a new and marvelous manifestation of the omnipotence and majesty of God."

THE Vatican, with its gardens, its library, and its museums, covers an area of about thirteen and a half acres. It is said to contain 1,100 rooms. However, as one of the officials of the Vatican remarked to me, it is difficult to ascertain the exact number without determining whether each hall or each lobby counts as a separate room.

"But how," I asked, "is it possible to conduct so large a household?"

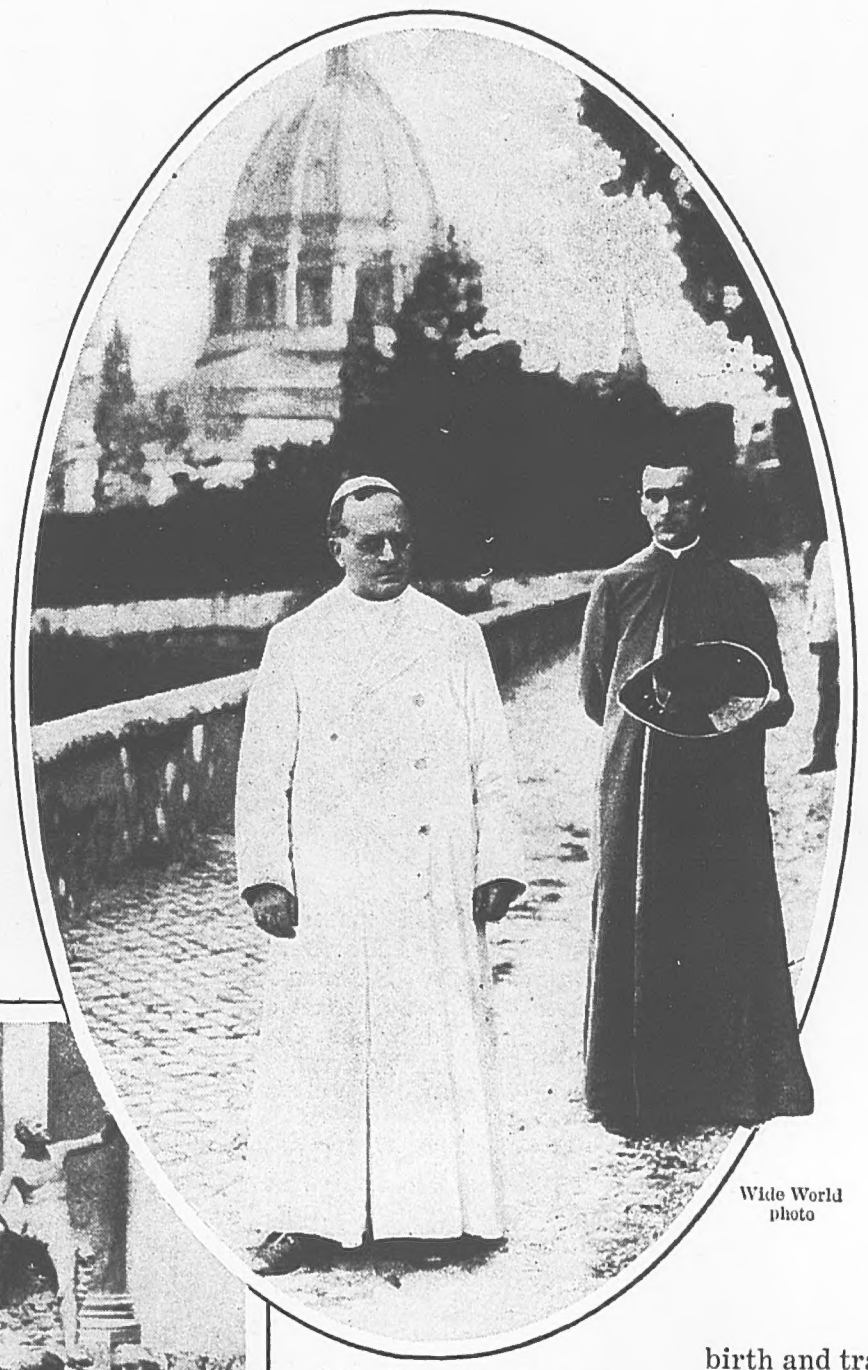
"One cannot speak of one household," the official remarked. "You can compare the Vatican to a vast apartment house, where many families live.

"Each has its own servants, its own standards of living.

"The apartment house, however, has neither elevators nor central heating."

"Who lives in the Vatican?" I asked.

"Several cardinals, each of whom conducts his household in accordance with his pocketbook and his inclination; the officers of the Swiss Guard, with their wives and families—the soldiers themselves being housed in barracks; all officials of the Vatican, the Secretary of State, and, of course, the Pope and his personal attendants."



Wide World photo

The Pope in the gardens of the Vatican with an attendant.

Int. photo

College of Cardinals and other attachés, receiving representatives accredited to the Vatican.

"Where," I asked, "does the Pope live?"

"He occupies a small apartment on the third floor. He has two secretaries, a valet, and two or three lay brothers for kitchen and house work."

"Do you have the opportunity to see the Pope in his own apartment?"

"Hardly," my informant replied. "I was a personal friend of the Pope when he was Achille Ratti, Librarian of the Vatican, and a monsignor. He has changed a good deal since he wears the crown of St. Peter.

"He was formerly very sociable and considered a good mixer by his Vatican colleagues. But since his elevation to the papal throne he craves isolation, so that now even the highest functionaries of the Vatican know little or nothing of his everyday life.

"The Pope has no personal friends and no permanent contacts with anyone except his two secretaries and his valet. He looks unfavorably upon any intrusion on his privacy. His sole desire is to devote himself to his religious and philosophical studies, once the door of his private apartment closes upon him."

"I presume," I said, "the Pope lives very simply."

"His life is very simple indeed," the functionary replied. "But I have never been present at his meals. However simply he lives, it is impossible for anyone to surpass the simplicity—in fact, the actual state of poverty—of Pius X, who led the life of a Franciscan monk.

"When, in accordance with the duties of my office, I entered the room of the dying Pontiff, I was astonished by his impoverished condition. The Pope's undergarments were badly worn out and patched in many places. His room was as poor as the cell of a humble country monk. Nothing, except the holiness of his countenance, suggested the dwelling place of the Supreme Pontiff. His food, too, was of the simplest. It consisted chiefly of soup and potatoes."

"But surely the Pope cannot have been without funds?"

"No, but he gave everything to the poor.

"When Pius X was about to receive the last Holy Communion, he eagerly stretched out his arms toward the Host as it was being borne to his bedside. He died a beautiful, peaceful death, his lips parting for the last time in a prayer to God that the World War might end.

"Achille Ratti greatly admired Pius X. That is the reason why he adopted the same name when he was invested with the Crown of St. Peter."

It seems that Pius XI in many respects resembles Pius X.

SINCE the Popes regard themselves as "prisoners" in the Vatican, their lives have run along the same monotonous schedule. There are, however, slight differences in their personal habits. In fact, it is the custom for each Pope to make some minor change in the routine of the day, to differentiate his reign from that of his predecessor.

Leo XIII maintained the grand traditions of the past. He was borne in state in his sedan, preceded by armed guards. Silver trumpets announced his coming. He was the most majestic of the four Popes whose entire reign passed in the seclusion of the Vatican.

Pius X, by contrast, was extremely averse to all ostentation. He sought to atone for the pomp imposed upon him by his office by the extreme asceticism of his private life.

Benedict, an aristocrat by birth and training, was more formal than Pius, but he did not restore the ceremonial which characterized the papal court under Leo. The present Pope is simple in manner, life, and diet, without going to the extreme of Pius X.

Pius XI, like most of his predecessors, rises between 5 and 6 A. M. He celebrates mass in the private chapel adjoining his bedroom. His breakfast consists of a little coffee with milk and sometimes a little fruit.

After breakfast he receives his secretary and attends to his personal affairs and his personal mail. At nine the Secretary of State arrives and makes his report.

The Holy Father usually spends an hour or two with him, discussing world affairs so far as they affect the Church. There is no part of the planet which does not come in some way under the purview of the Holy See. He discusses world events and world politics, just as any other monarch confers with his ministers.

After the Secretary of State, the Holy Father receives cardinals in charge of various departments of the Church. He sees daily three or four of the Cardinals of the Curia, cardinals attached to the government of the Church, who live in Rome.

He also sees visiting ecclesiastical princes from other lands, and the ambassadors of foreign powers.

When these affairs of state are settled, the daily series of audiences follow. Day after day priests, laymen, Catholics and non-Catholics,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE POPE AT HOME Continued from Page Nine]

flock to Rome and request a few words with the Holy Father or at least his blessing.

Centuries ago, when the Popes were secular rulers, their courts rivaled those of other kings in magnificence. At a banquet given by Clement VII, no less than 100 separate dishes were served!

Since that time the lives of the Popes have become much more simple. To insure this simplicity, one of the Urbans—Urban VII—laid down the rule that the Holy Father must eat alone. This tradition was faithfully observed by all his successors, until Pius X.

Leo XIII rebelled against the rule. He desired to have the company of his secretary at dinner. In vain! Finally he adopted the compromise of eating alone in the presence of his secretary. Immediately after he had finished, the secretary was served, while the Pope lingered to talk to him. Leo rarely used his dining room, preferring to have his meals brought to him on a little tray.

When Pius X assumed the miter, he ordered the table to be set for both himself and his secretary. He was told that precedent was against his wish.

"But who created the precedent?" he asked.

He was told it was Urban VII.

"He was a Pope, but so am I. By the same right by which he made the rule, I abolish it.

"Are you sure," he added, somewhat facetiously, "that St. Peter had his meals alone?"

The Pope's word being supreme, covers for two were henceforth laid at the Pope's table. Pius X occasionally invited a cardinal, his sisters, or even a layman.

"Christ," he told the flustered Vatican officials, "broke bread even with the Pharisees."

Pius X was shocked to discover that six cooks were employed to prepare his little dish of peas and his plate of soup! He was compelled to admit that the office of a Supreme Pontiff could not be conducted without some formality, but he changed the ancient rule by which no bottle of wine, after being opened, was ever returned to his table.

Benedict dined with his secretary. Occasionally he entertained a guest.

PIUS XI eats alone. This is due to the irregularity of his hours. His audiences are often protracted far beyond his dinner hour. It would worry the Holy Father to think that his secretary was impatient or hungry!

His lunch, or rather his dinner, is usually served at two-thirty. It consists of soup, vegetables, fruit, a very little meat, sometimes, but rarely, a sweet. After dinner the Pope rests, if time permits. While he eats, his secretary reads the newspapers to him.

The Pope sees regularly one Catholic newspaper, the official organ of the Vatican, and one lay paper. He also receives many foreign newspapers. Thus even his mealtime is filled with work.

Between four and five in the afternoon, Pius XI takes a brisk walk in the gardens of the Vatican. Accustomed to Alpine climbing and to regular exercise, the confinement in the Vatican makes it essential to snatch this hour for physical exercise in all weather.

The Pope has no opportunity to exercise his talents for mountain climbing except in climbing the stairs! When it rains, he sometimes walks under a covered gallery.

Leo XIII rarely walked; he was borne in a sedan. Pius X loved to walk alone, stealing away from his attendants, who frantically searched the gardens for the Holy Father. It pleased him to play hide and seek with his guards. Benedict strolled leisurely.

The rest of the afternoon is devoted again to work, to conferences, and to contemplation. The Italians dine or sup very late. The Pope's dinner—or rather his supper, because he takes his main meal in the middle of the day—is served at nine-thirty in winter. In the summer he eats at ten. The evening meal consists of soup, one egg, and a little compote.

After dinner the Pope relaxes. Relaxation to him means that he devotes himself to his own private studies, unless some grave problem of the Church demands his attention. He discusses literature, quotes poetry—Latin, French, and Italian—by the ream, and writes. He rarely goes to bed before 2 o'clock.

Sometimes, when engaged in writing, or in the attempt to elucidate some knotty problem of canon law, he does not go to bed until three, in spite of the grumbling protest of his physician.

The Pope's realm, having no geographical borders, embraces a world. The two hundred and sixtieth successor to St. Peter, Piux XI, is a hard worker.

The Holy See is recognized as a World Power. Twenty-seven embassies and legations are accredited to the Pope. Germany has two official embassies at the Vatican, one representing the German Federation, another representing the Free State of Bavaria. Most ambassadors attached to the Holy See transact their official business with the Secretary of State.

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Two distinguished women, the former Duchess of Marlborough (left) and the first Signora Marconi, who obtained Church sanction of their divorces in the courts of the Vatican.

The office of Secretary of State was created in the sixth century. Unofficially it existed long before this. Hildebrand, who became Gregory VII, the Great, was probably the most famous of the Pope's unofficial advisers—he was the power behind the papal throne. Cardinal Borromeo, revered as a saint, was the first official Secretary of State.

The best known papal Secretaries of State of modern days are Cardinal Merry del Val, one of the great princes of the Church, and Cardinal Gasparri, the present incumbent, who has the unique distinction of having served under more than one Pope. As a rule, the glory of the Secretary of State ends with the death of his master. The Secretary of State bears the brunt of all criticism leveled at the Holy See.

The Pope is the only absolute monarch left in the world today. In his own sphere he is supreme, responsible only to his conscience.

The Secretary of State is what the name implies—only a secretary. The cardinals and bishops are solely advisers in those affairs which concern the Church at large.

Cardinals in foreign lands bear a somewhat similar relation to the Pope as proconsuls did to the Roman Cæsar: they exercise great power, but in spiritual matters all authority flows solely from the Pope. His decision in all questions affecting the faith is final.

I discussed the daily tasks of the Holy Father with a Cardinal in high favor at the Holy See, who is looked upon by many as the next Secretary of State.

This Cardinal, to whom I am indebted for most of my information, talked to me with extraordinary candor. I came to him with an introduction from another prince of the Church, the Archbishop of a great European capital.

HIS demeanor was friendly, but his smile, now and then, assumed an ironical twist. He wore the little red skullcap of his office, also red slippers. A golden cross, suspended from a long chain, adorned his cassock. He has heavy features, curved lips, and dark Latin eyes, such as flash at us out of an ancient canvas. I could not reveal his name without violating a personal confidence and an iron rule of the Church.

"To what extent," I asked His Eminence, "does the Holy Father take an active part in politics?"

"The Church," the Cardinal calmly replied, "is above and beyond politics."

"Does the Pope never interfere in political questions?"

"The Church," responded my spokesman, "does not interfere except in moral questions. It recognizes every form of government based on good morals, law, and order, but it recognizes no moral wrong. It cannot, therefore, recognize Bolshevism."

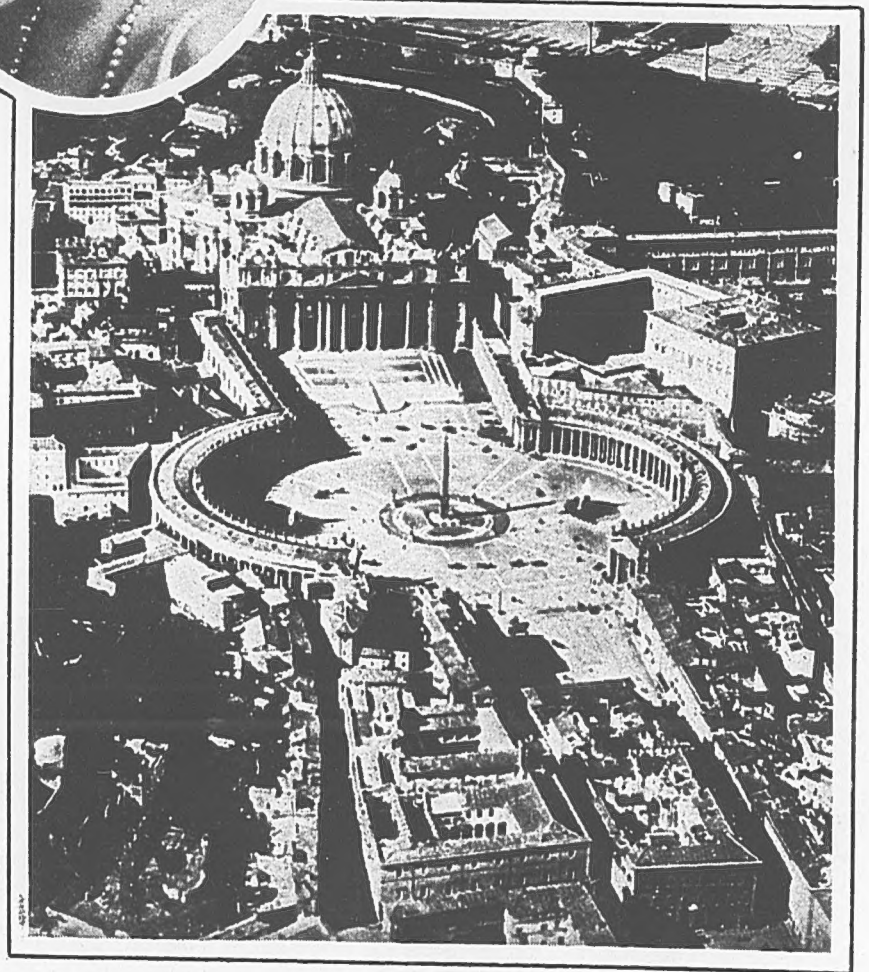
"Do you ask your people to vote only for Catholics?"

"We tell our people to support men of moral integrity. We do not ask them to support any man because he is a Catholic."

"Does the recent statement by Governor Smith, in reply to a critic in the *Atlantic Monthly*, coincide with the doctrine of the Church?" I questioned.

"The statement of Governor Smith," the Cardinal replied, "is in accordance with the best traditions of the Church.

"The Church is neither royalist nor republican. It is universal. It adapts itself to every



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An aerial view of the Vatican, where the last four Popes have resided as voluntary prisoners. The dome of St. Peter's is in the background.

legitimate government, but holds rigidly to its own doctrine.

"So long as the State does not attempt to interfere with its doctrine, the Church has no quarrel with the State."

"What of Mexico?" I interjected.

"In Mexico, the State violates the Church. We urge our people to preserve their civic rights. But we do not tell them how. We do not attempt to influence their action politically. We do not even question the right of a citizen to his own political convictions and the right to shape his actions accordingly, if the man happens to be a Catholic priest."

"What is the quarrel of the Church with the Italian government? Why does the Pope still regard himself as a prisoner?"

"The Italian government, after appropriating the Pope's lands and possessions, recognized his extraterritorial status, but it does not recognize his absolute sovereignty."

"But," I exclaimed, "he is sovereign in the Vatican!"

"Unfortunately," the Cardinal explained, "the Italian government does not even recognize his ownership of the Vatican. If the Holy Father, for instance, desired to present a statue from the Museum of the Vatican to Mr. Rockefeller, the Italian government would not permit him to do so."

"DOES the Church," I asked, "want temporal power in Rome?"

"No," the Cardinal emphatically replied; "it claims only freedom. Temporal power," he added, with a smile, "is no boon in these days. But the Pope must be free to move on his own soil, to exercise his office as the Vicar of Christ on earth, unhampered. No one is a sovereign unless he has some soil.

"The Pope desires this mastery, not to wield temporal power, but to be absolutely free, as the spiritual head of the Church, without the possibility of interference by any earthly power.

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This Gallery of Statues in the Vatican contains some of the world's most priceless art treasures.

"The Pope is not the head of the Italian Church. He is the head of the universal Church. His Holiness looks upon all nations with equal benevolence.

"The Pope is more likely to speak for foreign countries than for Italy.

"During the World War the Holy See preserved complete neutrality. All nations alike are the Pope's children. As a result, the Germans considered the Pope pro-French, the French considered him pro-German. His position was rendered exceedingly difficult by the fact that he was not absolute master on his own soil."

"I understand that Mussolini attempts to make his peace with the Vatican. Does the Church," I asked, "accept Fascism?"

Wide World photo

His Holiness (in white) maintains the semblance of the Popes' former world power by reviewing his troops in the Vatican grounds.

"The Church favors neither the black-shirts nor their opponents. One color is as good as another in shirts and in politics. The State administers to the needs of the body, the Church administers to the needs of the soul.

"The Church cannot accept the Mussolini doctrine that the State comes first, because this attitude conflicts with the cardinal doctrine of Christianity. Christ did not die for the superstate, but for each individual soul.

U. & U. photo

Cardinal Gasparri, Secretary of State to the Supreme Pontiff.

"Christianity is based on the doctrine of free will, and on the right of each individual soul to achieve its own destiny. The conception of the State promulgated by Mussolini is pagan. Among the ancients the State was everything, the individual nothing. You cannot expect the Church to accept a pagan doctrine."

"It is sometimes stated," I suggested somewhat boldly, "that the Church modifies its doctrines in accordance with changing standards. For instance, it seems, at least to non-Catholics and laymen, that, judging by certain recent divorces, the attitude of the Church is less unbending than it was in the days of Henry VIII."

"The attitude of the Church," the Cardinal insisted, "has not changed today from its attitude then. The Church faced the loss of all England rather than the surrender of a particle of its doctrine. It is better to be persecuted than to yield.

"If the Church were amenable to influence, it would have granted a divorce to Henry VIII. Today, as then, the Church would rather lose one-half of the world than sanction the infringement of divine law."

"What of the Marconi case?" I interjected.

"In the Marconi case there was no marriage because of a previous agreement that either side would grant a divorce to the other upon request—an agreement actually carried out. That agreement, immoral in itself and contrary to public policy, invalidated the marriage. It violated the doctrine concerning the indissolubility of marriage."

"Your Eminence," I interjected, "there was no such agreement in the Marlborough case."

"In the Marlborough case there was force. The girl's letters were interfered with. She was under physical restraint. All this appears from testimony printed in the Vatican record."

The Cardinal referred to *Acta Apostolicæ Sedis*, the official organ of the Holy See, printed in Latin.

"If," the Cardinal continued, "someone made you sign a contract by holding a pistol up to your head, would you regard such a contract as valid? It would be rescinded. The Marlborough marriage was equally void. In such cases, the marriage is regarded as having been nonexistent from the beginning."

"HOW does it happen that the people whose marriages are thus voided are usually persons of affluence and position?"

"The poor," the Cardinal replied, "are more moral. They are less sophisticated. They are not likely to make complicated prenuptial agreements. The poor receive the same impartial justice as the rich at the hands of the Church."

"Can they afford the expense involved in an appeal to the ecclesiastical courts?"

"The poorest man can appeal to his bishop. The bishop is compelled to place the matter before Rome. I know a poor laborer whose case was conducted by the most distinguished member of the Rota.

"The Rota is strictly a court, with lawyers, a defense, legal briefs, etc. The Rota has jurisdiction in certain cases. In other cases, another ecclesiastical tribunal, the Congregation of the Sacraments, decides. Influence can reach neither one nor the other.

"Lawyers may charge enormous fees. This is a matter beyond our control. The actual expense of conducting a case before the Rota is insignificant. There is no expense whatever connected with the other ecclesiastical tribunal.

"One of the greatest patrician families of Italy vainly tried for decades to annul a marriage. Year after year they placed the case before us, without obtaining a favorable decision, because there was no legal flaw in the marriage. Neither riches nor influence can succeed where there is no flaw. Where there is a flaw, the marriage is annulled."

My discussion with the Cardinal clearly reveals how many difficult matters involving vital interests of the Church and the spiritual welfare of 300,000,000 souls come for a decision in one form or another before the Supreme Pontiff.

His advisers attempt to protect him from burdensome details, but there are a thousand and one matters that require his personal attention. No monarch, no ruler has a workday more crowded with tasks than Pope Pius XI.

THE END

The JEER Leader

The Story of a Girl Who Was in Love with Herself

By VIÑA DELMAR

Pictures by G. PATRICK NELSON

(Reading time: 21 minutes 35 seconds.)

THERE was once upon a time a king who had three daughters. The first was as beautiful as moonbeams and starlight. The second was as radiantly fair as the setting sun upon azure waters. But the third and youngest was lovelier than all the flowers of the world, and her mind was as bright and quick as leaping flames.

And it was with this third daughter of the king that Vivien O'Day identified herself. At the age of six she had pictured herself as the lovely *Princess Lula,* who had outwitted the *North Wind.*

In a drafty, ill-smelling flat on First Avenue she had listened as her father had read the story aloud, and pityingly she had looked from one to the other of her sisters: Margery, freckled and scrawny; Adele, pale-eyed and with hair that hung in lusterless strings. Vivien had laughed first, then had idly kicked Adele's ankle. Her father had frowned and had raised his voice to a tone that had accorded nicely with the crescendo climax of *Princess Lula's* story:

> " And her sisters kissed the hem of her skirt and forty maidens tossed roses beneath Lula's feet as she entered the chariot. All the bells in the kingdom pealed and the children sang, and for eighty days and eighty nights merriment was rife, for Princess Lula became the bride of the King of the Mountains and they lived happily ever after."

The book containing the story had long ago been lost, the flat on First Avenue had faded dimly in Vivien's memory, the good-natured, shiftless father was in his grave. But somehow in Vivien O'Day, daughter of a washerwoman and a hodcarrier, dwelt the passion to be beautiful and wise.

Adele and Margery had quit school to help with the house. Adele had become an errand girl in a modiste's shop. Margery got a job in a factory. When Vivien reached fourteen, the family looked at her questioningly, but they never asked her to leave school and help them. Tight-lipped, watery-eyed Kate O'Day continued to take in washing. The older sisters turned in their pay envelopes every week.

They lived uptown now—in a basement on Amsterdam Avenue. It was dankly cold in the winter, damply chill during the hot weather. They had moved because Kate O'Day could not bear the sight of the stairs down which Michael had been carried. Sort of ridiculous. After all, he had been of little account.

Sometimes in the basement bedroom, which was dark though Harlem lay bathed in sunlight, Vivien sat and thought. Always her thoughts were accompanied by a steady rub-dub-rub-dub-rub-dub and the well known splash of her mother's strong hands plunging into the soapsuds.

They thought her selfish, her mother and her sisters. They did not know that she was not like them. Not the sort to be satisfied with ignorance, a vestibule courtship, marriage with a day laborer, and a brood of ill-natured brats. They did not know of another life, where beauty and intellect save a woman from the vulgar commonplaces of life.

Some day they would gasp at the greatness of the woman who was their flesh and blood. Meanwhile, being of a different stamp than herself, they could not mind working so hard.

Often she would stand before the mirror and gaze at herself reverently. She would take the pins from her hair and it would tumble to her shoulders, to her waist, in a thick, glimmering surge of golden red. There was gold in her eyes, too. They were shining eyes. Brown with golden flecks. Sometimes she laughed.

FRANK HEEDY, the fellow who lived upstairs, wanted to take her to the movies. He was a collector for a furniture house. Vivien would touch her hair caressingly and laugh at Frank Heedy's advances to a girl who would some day be—Vivien was not certain what. Something great. Something magnificent.

It was not only at Frank Heedy that she laughed. There was his sister Grace, engaged to a fellow who tinkered with wires all day and thought himself an inventor. Still, with Grace Heedy's looks she was lucky to get him.

And there were her own sisters to laugh at, if one really wanted to laugh. Margery, who was madly infatuated with a young Jew who ran a machine next to hers; and Adele, who was beginning to get crazy ideas about clothes from being around the modiste's shop. You could laugh right in the presence of these stupid creatures and they didn't know you were laughing at them. And Vivien loved to laugh.

So much did she love to laugh that her lessons suffered. At the end of four years in high school she could not honestly tell herself that she had retained one-eighth of all the knowledge that had been impartially dealt out to all. Too bad, thought Vivien, but rather a joke on the rest of the family, since they now thought her quite erudite.

Oh, well, if a girl is destined to become important, a little thing like not being terribly well educated isn't going to stand in her way.

Once out of high school, the business of contributing to the family coffers must really begin. The factory? Vivien laughed at her mother's suggestion. Fancy her working at a machine!

SHE answered an advertisement and went to work in an office. There was something dignified about being in an office. It impressed her family and made her mother realize that Vivien's clothes must always be kept pressed and neat.

It was in that office that Vivien met Lester Crane. He was twenty-four. There was a depressing lack of spontaneity in the things he

THE family was aghast at her extravagance. Vivien laughed and told them to mind their own business.

said. He carried an umbrella and wore rubbers. He was secretary to the boss, and believed implicitly that if he followed orders faithfully and was a temperate, well-mannered young man, he would some day be a great success. And like the dear souls who stint themselves for forty years and then invest in worthless oil stock, so did Lester Crane fall senselessly in love with Vivien O'Day.

She tolerated him. After all, he made enough to buy tickets and perfume, and now and again a hat for a beautiful red head. One couldn't love him. He was too absurd. But, like her twelve-dollar job, he was a beginning.

She did not, of course, care to marry him. She spoke of her extreme youth, her family. In reality, Lester Crane was not as handsome as the man of whom Vivien dreamed, and, besides, she was doing well at the office. Her wages had been raised a dollar. Why should she not study the business, its needs, its uses, and become a business woman?

That was it. She would work and study and become indispensable to the firm. Stenographers would scurry at her nod. Telephones and bells would jingle at her command. And, besides, there were many fascinating and wealthy men to be met in this way.

Lester Crane, too, dreamed his dreams of the day when he should be a man of note in the business world. With a little sigh one wonders how many glorious dreams were laid to eternal rest back in the dimly remembered days of 1917-18.

It was to be war. War! Shouted, moaned, sung, and cried was the word of that April day.

"Of course you'll go, Lester," Vivien said.

"Of course," he echoed.

It was not till she saw him in uniform that she believed his words had meant anything. He was such a pitiful sight in uniform. So uninspiring, so weak looking. The boss was handsome in olive drab, but Lester's Adam's apple was too prominent and his legs were ridiculous.

"I have $911 in the bank," said Lester. "I had more, but I bought this ring. I'll sign the money over to you. If I get—if I don't come back, it's yours. If I come back will you marry me?"

She said that she would marry him. It would be a lark to have a man in France. She let him slip the tiny diamond on her finger. After all, neither Adele nor Margery could say that they were engaged to a man who was fighting for his country.

HER engagement brought her prestige in the office in the days that followed. Here was a brave, loyal girl whose sweetheart was fighting in France. Vivien looked very brave and loyal when people glanced her way. Somehow the boss, though he wore his olive drab so charmingly, did not get to France. Words like "pull" and "graft" flew about the office when he made an occasional appearance.

Three girls were handling the work that Lester had done. Vivien was one of them. Once, in back of the filing cabinet, the boss had come upon her suddenly and kissed her. Vivien knew he was married, but it occurred to her that he was probably not happy with his wife.

She saw herself as a woman who would be Mr. Eldrige's love and comfort. Mr. Eldrige was a rich man. His love and comfort would probably be ensconced in a Park Avenue apartment. She would be adored by people who had never liked Mrs. Eldrige.

A half hour after he had kissed her Mr. Eldrige scolded her for not answering the phone on its first ring. Vivien smiled bewitchingly at him, but he did not appear to notice. Vivien didn't know that he had kissed every girl in the office and that he was, even so, a thoroughgoing family man.

The Jew with whom Margery was in love had also gone to France. It was funny the way Margery cried when weeks passed without a letter. Vivien held herself up as an example to Margery. Wasn't she being brave? It seemed to Vivien that Frank Heedy was also in France. She wasn't sure. Who could be annoyed with Frank Heedy?

Sometimes she wondered how she was going to convince Lester when he came back that she was not engaged to him. If he got nasty about it she could always get nasty too, so there was really nothing to worry about.

Only, Lester never came back. Somewhere over there, poor Lester, who wore rubbers and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE JEER LEADER
Continued from Page Thirteen]

whose Adam's apple was too prominent, gave up his insignificant little life.

Vivien bought some clothes. She had never known a girl who had as much money as she had.

She spent $100 on clothes. The family was aghast at her extravagance. Vivien laughed and told them to mind their own business.

She quit her job. Silly to be going downtown early every morning when Lester had arranged everything so nicely. The business world wasn't so nice, anyhow. Stuffy men and stupid women. She could probably have conquered it, but the game wasn't worth the candle. Besides, she could always go back if she cared to.

Meanwhile it was pleasant to lie in bed all morning, to arise and dress in her new finery, to go to the movies or just walk about the city. It was lovely, and the crowning joy was to be able to hand mother six dollars on Saturday night so that not one of them could say that Vivien owed them anything.

SHE knew Billy Carter now. She'd met him at Grace Heedy's wedding. He was very good looking and seemed to have a fair position. She went about a bit with him. It was Billy she told of her desire to invest $500 in something safe. Billy promised to look into it for her.

He praised her beauty with such satisfying phrases that Adele's talk about the stage did seem so funny. Adele in the chorus of a revue was really absurd. Of course, Adele did have nice, sleek black hair, and perhaps her figure had developed more astonishingly than one could have believed; but, my dear, Adele in a show with beautiful girls!

It had all come about through an actress who had bought clothes in the shop where Adele worked. She had caught sight of the errand girl and had raved about her looks.

She had given Adele a note to a producer of extravaganzas and now Adele was going to the first rehearsal of a new revue to see if she could get a job.

It was too much for Vivien. She choked on her dinner and laughed right in Adele's earnest little face.

"They'll pay forty dollars a week if they take me," said Adele.

"You'd drop dead if you saw forty dollars," laughed Vivien.

But Adele didn't drop dead when she saw forty dollars at the end of her first week with the Vogues company. It was Vivien who was thrown off balance when she saw her sister's picture in the glossy pages of a magazine above the heading, "Irish-American Beauty Dancing in the Vogues Chorus."

The war was over now. Frank Heedy and Margery's beloved were back at work. Lester Crane would never come back, but Vivien was not thinking of that. She was getting perfume and hats and even a winter coat from Billy Carter now. He had to buy things for her. He had found an investment for her $500. If he did not keep her supplied with the things she needed she would have to go back to work. And she didn't want to go back to work.

"You're beautiful, Vivien. Why don't you go in a chorus?" It was Adele who asked—Adele, who was dumb enough to go on living in the dank basement, who still had nothing decent to wear, who turned in twenty-five dollars a week so that her mother need no longer wash other people's clothes.

"No, thank you," Vivien responded blithely. "The chorus is my idea of hell."

"I've got a sister in the chorus of the Vogues!" Vivien said sometimes. "Poor dear, she doesn't know where her next Rolls-Royce is coming from."

Billy Carter never laughed. He knew as well as Vivien knew that Adele was a straight kid.

ONE day Margery married her Jew, Morris Levine. Vivien nicknamed him Mike and sat back in snug contentment and waited for the first baby to be born in the charity ward of the Harlem Hospital. Well, Margery wouldn't mind a little thing like that.

The first baby was born in a room at a sanitarium. Margery and her husband, with Adele's help, had managed to save the money.

Vivien called them improvident fools, but Margery had kissed the top of her baby's head and had had the impudence to ask Vivien if she was jealous.

Jealous! Heavens, what an idea! What was there in life for Margery? Work, more babies, and more work. While she, Vivien, was going to be— Well, she'd probably marry some tremendously wealthy man. She'd better start to look for one—she was almost twenty-three.

Herbert Ayres was the wealthy man she had her eyes on. She had flirted with him boldly as he passed in his foreign car. He had turned about and had spoken to her. He took her out once. She saw herself married to him, managing a home, perhaps in Westchester.

"I hate dumb women," he told her during the very first hour they were together.

That pleased Vivien. Had she not an unusually quick mind? But he had spoken of Utillio's art exhibit and had asked whom she considered the best *Thaïs* she had ever heard.

Who the deuce would want to marry him, anyhow? Fancy having to talk like a character in a book to keep him interested.

It was sort of annoying to discover, after careful investigation, that Adele thought that Mary Garden was pretty much accepted as a good *Thaïs*.

WHAT was there in life for Margery? Work, more babies, and more work.

IT was annoying, too, to find that the $500 Billy invested for her was gone. It had proved a poor gamble.

"It's my fault, Vivie," Billy said. "I'll make the money up to you."

Vivien's gold-flecked eyes shot a quick, expectant glance at him. He read the glance.

"Sorry, darling, I haven't it in a lump, but you can have it in tens and twenties."

So Vivien got in the habit of telling Billy when her mother expected money or when she needed new slippers or was just dying to try the latest shade of rouge.

She had not told the family about the investment. It was not their business, nor was it their business that she had no girl friend in Passaic with whom she was supposed to spend week-ends. They couldn't understand her. They never had.

Spring, summer, autumn, winter. Spring, summer— Heavens, how the months flew by! One could scarcely keep pace with time. Here was Adele doing special numbers in the current Vogues. Vivien never asked, but she sort of got the impression—from rummaging through Adele's bureau and coming across her contract—that Adele received $200 a week.

What a bank account she must have, thought Vivien. And wouldn't you know that, being what she was, Adele would prefer living in a basement to anything on earth?

It was that very night at dinner that Vivien said, "Say, Adele, don't you think it would be nice if we got out of this basement? It's really not a place for a girl who's a wow in the Vogues."

The answer came back hard and cold, like a spring that has been snapped:

"I'd have had mother in a nice place long ago if she'd go without you. I'm damned if I'm going to support a healthy sister."

After that, Vivien had no choice in the matter. She had to have Billy Carter get her a cheap little apartment uptown. She even helped

mother pack. Adele was taking mother to live on Central Park West. That was funny. Fancy the washerwoman with a washerwoman of her own, and Adele—who had once lived in a place without a bathtub—luxuriating in a glittering sunken tub.

Frank Heedy came downstairs to see them the night before the O'Days separated. He begged for Vivien's future address. She gave it to him. After all, it might be fun to keep in touch with the Heedys and see what happened to them.

He asked her to marry him that night. Vivien laughed a little. Not as much as she might have laughed when she was nineteen. Fancy being married to Frank Heedy, who was still collecting for the furniture house. Why, even his mad brother-in-law who tinkered with wires was doing better than that. It was rumored that radio was going to be a big thing, and Grace Heedy's husband had designed and patented a set. Frank said that he thought his brother-in-law would soon be wealthy.

Vivien laughed. "It's coming to Grace," she said. "Fancy being married to that goop."

"Do you think it's worse than being married to me would be?" asked Frank hopefully.

"It's a tie," responded Vivien.

He wanted to kiss her when he left and she permitted it. After all, it would be something for the poor soul to remember.

Vivien and Adele parted as friends. Mrs. O'Day wept.

"I feel I'm doing wrong, leaving my youngest to shift for herself," she said.

"Don't worry, ma," Adele smiled. "She does little of that."

Vivien laughed at Adele and thumbed her nose. "Don't you wish you knew how much money Lester left me?" she asked.

"No," said Adele. "If I knew, I'd probably have had you arrested years ago for existing on invisible means."

Vivien said nothing. The show business was making Adele very fresh.

Oh, well, her own apartment wasn't so bad. Anybody could live on Central Park West if they went on the stage. Vivien was very glad that she hadn't. It allowed one so little leisure.

HER sister Margery was her first guest. Margery didn't work any more. Morris had a small shop of his own, now. His family had advanced the money. Things were looking very bright, too. And Margery was going to have another baby.

"Oh, how can you stand a baby screaming?" asked Vivien. "And another one! My dear!"

"I don't mind the baby crying," said Margery, "and I won't have to take care of the next one. Morris says we can have a colored girl. We're moving, you know. We're taking five rooms on the Grand Concourse."

"Oh, the Concourse! Of course it's nice, and all that, but it's so far uptown."

"No further than your apartment," said Margery.

Vivien cast a careless glance over the small cream-colored living room with its near-mahogany furniture.

"This," she said, "is only temporary."

"Well, perhaps my apartment on the Concourse is, too," Margery smiled.

"Oh, don't worry about that," Vivien said reassuringly. "You'll be able to meet your rent if you're careful about your marketing and things like that."

Margery's smile changed into a grin. She was still grinning when she left. Vivien thought that living with Morris was making Margery rather foolish.

Life in the little apartment wasn't terribly amusing. Billy developed a maddening habit of dropping in and expecting dinner. He silenced her pleas of helplessness by bringing a cookbook. It was probably just as well to keep him amiable. After all, she was passing through a period of adjustment and needed his help. Soon she would shake herself free of him and go about the business of getting somewhere in the world.

POOR little Adele, dancing her life away! Such an empty life, too.

On her twenty-sixth birthday he bought her a pair of earrings. Nice ones, but plain. Couldn't have cost him much. She was twenty-six. Goodness, was it possible? Time for a girl to begin to think about really getting set in life. Of course nobody would actually want to marry Billy Carter, but it might be fun to sort of sound him out on the subject.

She perched herself on the arm of his chair

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE JEER LEADER
Continued from Page Fifteen]

and told him about Margery's children. She said that she loved children. She asked if he didn't wish sometimes that she knew his family.

Billy looked sharply at her to see if she was laughing. She was not.

"Get your things, kid," he said. "We'll go to the movies."

Of course she had been joking. Not for worlds would she have married him, but it was rather crushing to find that he was not dreaming of marrying her.

Morris Levine's business had flourished like a green bay tree. The Levines had a large apartment in the Nineties.

Vivien visited them frequently. She did enjoy speaking to Morris of his days at a machine. Too funny to see him trying to put on the dog when at heart he was just a common ghetto boy.

Poor Margery! Of course she did have a wonderful home and a car and all that. But Morris! He wasn't bad looking, but how could anybody forget for a minute that he had been a factory hand? And Margery adored him! Well, Vivien had always known that her sisters were commoner clay than herself.

And poor little Adele, working so hard in the show business. She was not with the Vogues any more. She was with a newer revue. She had quite a big part. And as if that wasn't hard enough work, Adele was understudy to the star.

Poor little Adele, dancing her life away! Such an empty life, too. When one was old and no longer attractive, the show business had no further use for one. Vivien pitied Adele. Five hundred dollars a week she drew now. Well, too bad that couldn't last forever.

Once, all the O'Days went out to see Grace Heedy, who had married the would-be inventor. They had a home on Long Island. It seemed that there actually was money in radio. They did have a nice home and a few servants and one of those hulking, big, ugly English cars. It was his radio set that was advertised so lavishly, you know. And he hadn't changed a bit. Still a total loss.

Grace's brother, Frank, also had dinner there that evening. It was almost incredible, but he was actually still a collector for an installment house. It seemed that his brother-in-law hadn't been able to place him anywhere in the radio plant. Frank was earning thirty-five dollars a week. Fancy that, and what in the world could be done with thirty-five dollars nowadays?

Being the same old Frank, he had the courage to propose marriage again to Vivien. She was terribly amused.

"I wrote to the address you gave me," he said. "I think I wrote five or six times. Why didn't you answer? I wanted to take you out."

"Oh, Frank, did you really want to take me out? Too bad I didn't know that." Vivien howled with laughter.

He grew a little sulky then. Vivien laughed again and walked away from him. Really, old acquaintances were too ridiculous.

SPRING, summer, autumn, winter. Spring, summer— Mercy, how time flies! Let's see, how old was she now? What difference did it make? Somebody once said that a woman reaches the height of her beauty and intelligence when she is thirty. That was probably true. Meanwhile what a gorgeous life she had had. She'd hardly done a stroke of work and had had everything she wanted. Of course not a beautiful home or a car or a great amount of clothes; but then, those things only come to women who marry impossible men or to those who work like the very devil.

She hadn't seen much of her family recently. The Levines were in Paris, and Adele always complained of being terribly busy when Vivien telephoned. Vivien had sympathized deeply with her. Poor Adele—so busy!

It was on a brisk, golden October morning that Vivien saw the news in the paper:

ADELE O'DAY MARRIES HARRY LA VERE

For heaven's sake! Adele married to the producer of her revue. He must have gobs of money. But there you were again. He was probably older than sin and uglier than a brick fence.

Vivien dressed carefully, preparing for a surprise visit to Adele's. She simply had to hear the details and get a look at Harry La Vere.

The elevator boy said that Miss O'Day would be back soon. She was expecting guests. Would Vivien take a seat in the foyer? Vivien sat down.

A FEW minutes passed and a party of four breezed in and asked for Miss O'Day. They sat down to wait. Vivien eyed them. The women were expensively turned out and the men wore their topcoats with a careless, romantic ease. Vivien opened her hand bag and looked at herself in the mirror on her rouge box. God, that hat was shabby!

Suddenly Adele was in the foyer—a starry-eyed, smiling Adele in velvet and furs. There were roses in her arms and the breath of them mingled faintly with Adele's perfume. An attractive man in the late thirties stood at her side calling a greeting to the two couples who were waiting. Adele was lost in the little circle that closed in about her.

"Why, you old sneak you, why didn't you let a fellow know?"

"Who did the deed for you? The justice of the peace?"

"Adele, how you did lie about your feelings for that there Harry!"

"Harry, I'd like to break your neck!"

Vivien kept her seat and laughed. How silly. All this over a girl getting married. Rather common—holding a reception in the foyer. The elevator boy was even laughing. She looked his way and let her expression show him that she, too, thought it ridiculous.

"I never did see a young lady who has as many friends as that Miss O'Day," he said to Vivien.

Vivien attached herself to the group as they moved toward the elevator.

"Oh, Vivien!" said Adele, and Vivien was introduced around. She thought that rather a blight fell over the party. Was it because they realized that they'd been making fools of themselves in the foyer?

Upstairs there were drinks and telephone calls and new guests and flowers, and Mrs. O'Day arriving at last from the stores, where she had been shopping for Adele.

The new brother-in-law was charming, but he said that Adele was both beautiful and brainy, and that was too much for Vivien. And what a fuss everybody did make over Adele. Absurd! Vivien sat alone in a corner with a cocktail and she smiled. Who would have noticed Adele, she wondered, if she, Vivien, had entered the Vogues when Adele had suggested it. Lucky for Adele that Vivien had not cared for that sort of thing.

Now here was Harry telling everybody that Adele was going to star next year. Pleasant, that. He was going to have poor little Adele working harder than ever. Well, Vivien wished Adele luck with her married life, but there was something about Harry La Vere that she, personally, didn't like at all.

A cable arrived from Margery. Congratulations. So Adele had sent Margery the news. Those two always stuck together. Birds of a feather. Vivien began to laugh. She laughed till everybody in the room stared at her. It was all terribly funny and, besides, she had drunk a great many cocktails.

Presently she left Adele's apartment. She hadn't been liked there. She decided that she was too different from the type of girl that crowd was accustomed to. She went home.

Billy was lying on the bed reading his newspaper. She had hated his having a key, but he had insisted. He followed her to the kitchen.

"I'm not staying for dinner," he said as she lifted the potato bag off the floor of the pot-and-pan closet.

"Oh, no?"

"No." He took her hand and led her into the living room. He made her sit beside him on the couch. He lit a cigarette while she waited for him to speak.

He smoked up at the ceiling and said, "Would you think I was a terrible bum if I broke with you, Vivien?"

He did not wait for her answer.

"You see, I have a chance to go to England for the firm and I want to go. It means living over there and I thought that you'd be a good sport about it. I feel rotten, because I've taken up the best years of your life and you're not so young any more—"

Vivien was on her feet, glaring down at him with white-hot fury.

"I'm not thirty!" she cried.

"No," he admitted, "you're not. You're twenty-nine. That's young for a woman who's done something, or for one who has started something, but when you are twenty-nine and haven't adjusted yourself to being alive yet, that's different. I don't mean to hurt you, Vivie, but you know what I mean. You've no profession, trade, or talent. You've borne no children, you've cultivated no real friends. That's why I hate to quit you."

"Oh, don't worry about me," she said.

After he had gone she sat alone in the little apartment with the $100 Billy had left her. The darkness crept in through the windows and stared curiously at her.

She was thinking of Adele's apartment. They had turned on the phonograph just before she had left.

She pictured those smart, expensively perfumed women dancing in the arms of the careless, romantic-looking men. It was a nice apartment, too. It had tapestries and a Chinese rug. Yes, but who wanted to be as unhappy as Adele was going to be with that La Vere?

After a while Vivien lit the light. She pulled down the shades and went to see if any mail had come in her absence. There was something in the letter box. She turned the little key in the lock and drew out the letter. It was from Frank Heedy:

DEAR VIVIEN:

Will you go with me to the annual ball of the Frederick W. Scurman Association? It will be a very nice ball. Nothing rough. Pretty high class, in fact. You can wear your best without feeling overdressed. I hope you'll come with me. Let me know right away.

FRANK S. HEEDY.

Vivien threw the letter into the wastebasket and laughed. Presently she retrieved it and stopped laughing. *Twenty-nine is very old if you haven't yet started a single thing.*

"MARGERY," said Adele, "mother tells me that Vivien is going to have a baby."

"Yes. I'm terribly surprised."

"Well, nothing about that girl can surprise me since the day she married Frank Heedy and picked out a Bronx flat for them to live in."

"She's happy, too. Told me frankly that I married Morris before I knew my own mind and that you married Harry for money. She gets a big kick out of jeering. She says her marriage is pure romance; that, after seeing life thoroughly and turning down a dozen proposals, she's married her first love."

"Poor girl! We'll have to let her have some money now and then. I've always felt sorry for her. She's never been very bright."

"No, she hasn't; but you know, Adele, she thinks she's bright, so she's just as happy as though she were."

"I wonder?" said Adele.

THE END

The Balloon Buster of ARIZONA

The Incredible Life and Death of Frank Luke, Jr., America's Second Ace

By NORMAN S. HALL

(Reading time: 15 minutes.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Crouched beside his fallen plane, emptying his automatic into the advancing Germans, scorning to surrender—Frank Luke, Jr., at twenty-one died in France as he had lived amid the desert and hills of Arizona: with a splendid gesture and a smile. In boyhood, as told in the opening installment, he captured deadly tarantulas and waged back-yard war with grim seriousness. Later he pilfered melon patches and played football by Marquis of Queensberry rules. This week Mr. Hall continues his thrilling story of this hard fighting, irresponsible American hero.]

II. A RIVER RESCUE AND A BATTLE IN A MOUNTAIN MINE

THE Arizona heat made a corrugated cooking vessel of the arroyo-slashed desert land rimmed by the naked buttes. Upon their broiling tops a copper-hued sky with a burning knob of sun for a handle fitted with suffocating snugness. Saguaro cactus drowsed in the yellow glare like gaunt, misshapen creatures from another world.

U. S. Official photo

Lieutenant Frank Luke, Jr., in France. Flying a Spad of the type shown here, he shot down fourteen German balloons and four planes in seventeen days.

Silence—the dead, flat silence that breeds in heat—possessed the land so thoroughly that even the desert reptiles respected it and remained still.

But to Frank Luke and Bill Elder, riding slowly toward the somber foothills of the Su-

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[THE BALLOON BUSTER OF ARIZONA
Continued from Page Seventeen]

perstition Mountains, the baking wasteland was a refreshing and invigorating spot.

Since the previous September they had been cramped and stifled in cool classrooms. There had been recitations, examinations, and a hundred and one other activities invented by parents and educators to make the winter months unbearable.

To be sure, there was next year and high school, but now they could stretch and be at their ease.

Suppose the saddle horn did get so hot you carefully avoided touching it? What if smarting rills of sweat did run down into your eyes? Any guy who didn't get a kick out of these things would suck eggs, and if he wouldn't suck eggs he would fight, and if he wouldn't fight he was beneath contempt.

As they plodded along, a buzzard sideslipped into their range of vision, leveled off, and executed a perfect falling leaf into a deep arroyo, then gathered air speed and made altitude again. Luke slid a rifle from a carbine boot, cocked the hammer, and cast an appraising eye at the looping, soaring scavenger.

"Can I get him?" he asked Elder.

Bill eased over on the near side of his saddle and grinned. He knew Frank's ability with a rifle.

"Ought to be easy," he said.

Three times the sights lined up on the winging black body aloft. Three times Luke held his fire. Finally he slapped the rifle back into the scabbard and hooked his pony.

"Aw, let him go," he said. "He isn't harming us."

LESS than five years later this little episode was to be recast, with Luke in the bird's rôle. It was Frank who sideslipped and soared and maneuvered into falling leaves.

Below him, the hunters were lining up their sights, but when they had them trained upon him they did not let him go. They brought him down as a wounded eagle comes down—in a sweeping rush—and, like the eagle, he fought them even then. Grounded, his wings crippled, he clawed savagely with the flaming talons modern warfare had fitted to his hands.

Thus did greatness come to him.

In the early days, when he thrilled to desert heat and mountain cold, there seemed little of distinction in this let's-take-today-to-hell-with-tomorrow youngster. Except for name and physical characteristics, he was no whit different from many other hard-fisted sons of the Southwest.

Red-faced generals and bull-voiced orators would have been forced to draw heavily upon their imagination to make of him a figure about whom they could build their empty phrases.

Here it should be recorded that Frank Luke had promised himself greatness. Death snuffed him out before he had decided what particular field of endeavor was to know his name, but the desire for conquest was strong within him and he frequently discussed it with Elder.

At night, over their lone red spot of fire in the blackness of the Arizona hills, they talked of many things, these two, and largely of themselves. Squatted on his haunches in the fire circle, Bill would ask:

"What're you going to do when school's over, Frank?"

And the prompt answer:

"I dunno—yet. But it'll be something good. You wait and see, Bill."

A solemn nod from the squatting Elder. He would wait and he would see, for he had never known this partner of his to cover too much territory. Whatever Luke said he would do he did. He was everlastingly on the long end of things, too.

Once, when returning from a hunting expedition, they camped on the desert twenty miles outside of Mesa, a Mormon settlement fifteen miles from Phœnix. Made careless by fatigue, they did not picket their animals—two saddle horses and a pair of burros. When they rolled out at sun-up their stock was gone.

Frank "cut" for sign and satisfied himself that the two saddle horses and one burro had gone toward Mesa. The other burro had strayed back into the desert.

Frank imparted this information to Bill and they grinned sheepishly at one another. They had curtailed their hunt because the pack grub had been exhausted, and the last of their game had been consumed at breakfast the day before. The strayed mounts meant that a square meal was still many hot hours away.

Bill would have favored a thorough discussion of the situation, but Frank ordered immediate action. Luke knew his native country sufficiently well to realize that the lone burro would not stray far into the desert, and that

The Balloon Buster (indicated by arrow) when he was the best all-round athlete in the Phœnix, Arizona, high school. He is shown here with a group of fellow students.

the other three might amble to Mesa or on into Phœnix. He dispatched Elder after the desert wanderer, while he scuffed away over the sandy trail left by the others.

Within an hour Bill caught up with the burro, roped him, returned to camp, tightened his belt, and prayed for rain.

Doggedly Luke plodded along the twisting trail of the runaways. By 10 o'clock the sun on his back no longer burned. It had become a dull, red pain. Arizonians will tell you the desert sun at noon is hotter than at midmorning. That isn't so. It couldn't be. It just seems hotter.

Frank's gun belt galled him, and when he attempted to shift it the cartridges in the loops stung his hands. He wondered vaguely why they didn't explode.

THE sun climbed higher and, for the first time, Frank realized that a force you cannot see can hit you a definite blow.

He thought of the desert as an oven and his imagination brought him the tantalizing odors of his mother's kitchen. He sniffed hungrily and cursed—a thing he seldom did.

Ever before him lay the tracks of the animals he followed—two big ones and a little one; two saddle horses and a burro. He mumbled it over and over again until it became a kind of chant timing his footsteps:

"Two big ones and a little one; two saddle horses and a burro."

Twilight had painted cool blue shadows on the desert when he came upon the animals at the edge of the irrigated country just outside of Mesa. They recognized him and, as though remorseful for the trek they had caused, trotted in his direction whinnying.

Too trailworn to vent his anger on them, Luke improvised halters with the lariat he had brought from the desert camp, swung astride his own mount, and rode into town.

Now he could eat!

At the first lunch room he dismounted and strode eagerly to the door. But he did not enter. Withdrawing his hand from the doorknob, he slowly sank it into the pocket of his Levi's and as slowly withdrew it, seemingly reluctant to gaze upon what he knew it would contain.

A lone twenty-five-cent piece!

The odor of food filled his nostrils. His eyes, bloodshot from the merciless glare on the desert, rested on pastry, neatly piled. He hadn't eaten in two days and, at that time, twenty-five cents would buy a substantial portion of food in an Arizona lunch room.

But that two-bit piece was the sum of Luke's and Elder's cash, and Bill Elder, who also hadn't eaten in two days, was twenty miles back in the desert.

Again Frank mounted his horse—wearily this time—and headed back into the arid land. He admitted to Bill later that he had thought of buying food and bringing it back with him, but had not dared trust himself to carry it.

To attempt a credit arrangement with the lunch-room proprietor did not occur to him and that was very characteristic of Frank Luke. He would pay his way or fight his way, but no step of any way his feet ever trod was paid for by begging.

When Frank arrived at the desert camp, Elder was asleep. Frank packed the burros, policed the camp litter, saddled up, and then awakened him.

"Come on, Bill, let's go," he said. "I'm hungry."

Nor was this the only occasion when Frank Luke disregarded his own well-being for the comfort and safety of Bill Elder. Under his leadership they often found themselves in the swirling, tumbling vortex of a man-size jam.

Under the same direction they rode through to safety, not infrequently with the lean, hard hands of disaster clutching at their stirrup leathers; and, invariably, Luke was carrying the heavier portion of the load. This because of desire rather than necessity. He gloried in the knowledge that he withstood more of the rough going than the other fellow.

ABOUT a year after the episode of the strayed horses and the two-bit piece, Luke and Elder arrived at the White River Indian Agency to find the river in spate. The usually sluggish stream had become a writhing, rumbling monster that chewed out great bites of clay bank and swept away tough-rooted mesquite and cat's-claw trees.

A roving band of Navaho Indians was camped at the ford a short distance below the agency buildings. The young bucks—hardy swimmers all, to whom a swollen mountain stream was but a rugged incident in the day's journey—had counseled caution and urged their elders to pitch tepees and wait for the river to subside.

To this group of desert rovers Luke announced his intention to cross the river. One—a heavy-shouldered, box-faced Indian, whose skin bulged with folds of hard muscle—gave the slim white youths cool appraisal, glanced at the swirling water, and shook his head.

"Not good," he said; then returned to the group at a small greasewood fire and sat down heavily. If these striplings wished to proceed despite a wise man's warning, let them.

Elder waited patiently for the orders he knew would be forthcoming. After carefully scanning both banks, Frank spoke.

"I'll go first with the burros," he said. Then, as an extra safeguard for his less hardy friend,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

-and here the charm of the meal begins!

THAT FIRST glance at your food! Is it a sparkling invitation? Or does it leave you simply indifferent? The whims of appetite are subtle, but every hostess, every mother knows how carefully they must be managed.

There is a soup which can be depended upon to flash its bright-colored and cheerful signal to the little sprites of appetite. The eye is challenged by its ruddy hue, its glowing color making such a pretty contrast to the glistening china and snowy linen which form its setting. There is a savor redolent of the luscious tomato fresh from sun-bathed fields. And at the very first taste, your appetite is awake, eager and on its way to a whole-souled enjoyment of the meal.

This is no fanciful description of Campbell's Tomato Soup. It is fact. By actual numerical count more people respond in this way to Campbell's Tomato Soup than to any other soup in the world. By winning such hosts of admirers, it has also introduced into American homes, all those other delicious Campbell's Soups, twenty in number, led by the ever-popular Vegetable Soup.

Campbell's Tomato Soup is one of those unusual dishes which the housewife may serve with frequency and still have no fear of the family tiring of it. Its piquant flavor always invites and refreshes. Pure tomato juices. Rich tomato "meat." In a smooth puree, with golden butter and delicate seasoning blended in.

You simply add an equal quantity of water, bring to a boil and simmer for a few minutes. Or add milk or cream, for Cream of Tomato Soup—see easy directions on the label. The label also shows the full list of the different Campbell's Soups. 12 cents a can.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

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Thus, in the past few years, they have largely discarded French soaps for Palmolive. Palmolive is one of the two largest selling soaps in France today—a tribute to its beauty qualities from the most discriminating women of the world.

Palmolive is a beauty soap, made by experts in beauty, for one purpose only, to safeguard your complexion.

So when beauty is at stake, take care! See that you get real Palmolive for use on your face.

Retail Price 10c 3772

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IN his heart every boy wants to think *his* mother the most beautiful mother in all the world. And thousands of mothers fulfill this hope by safeguarding their youth, past the thirties and well into the forties.

Don't let life, and its cares and responsibilities, rob you of your right to youth and beauty. Correct skin care is a large part of the formula for staying young—and *looking* it.

Natural ways in complexion care, ways any woman can easily follow, have supplanted the artificialities of yesterday. Proper cleansing of the skin, say leading beauty authorities, is the keynote to the preservation of that schoolgirl complexion.

This simple daily rule

That means soap and water; but NOT just "any" soap. A true complexion soap is meant. Others may prove too harsh. So, largely on expert advice, thousands use gentle Palmolive in this way:

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold.

If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening.

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake—then note the difference one week makes. The Palmolive-Peet Co., Chicago, Ill.

KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

he added: "And wait until I ride out on the other side. Understand, Bill?"

"Uh-huh," Bill grunted, and wondered what would happen if one of those tossing mesquite stumps hit you when you were in midstream.

He knows what happens now!

Luke urged his horse into the shallow shore eddies, the reluctant burros strung out behind on a long lead rope. When the water was stirrup deep, a sharp hook from Frank's spurs sent his mount lunging into the boiling yellow flood.

The Indians scrambled up and moved to the river's edge for vantage points from which to view the contest. A man and a horse against the elements! This was familiar strife worthy of their critical attention.

With spur and hand Frank tooled his pony in a diagonal course for the opposite shore, giving low-voiced encouragement the while:

"Steady, girl, steady! 'At's th' stuff! Take it straight on. Easy, now, easy."

Could he make it, this gold-haired one? Could the little one withstand the buffetings of that mad, twisting beast in its trough below them? The old, old struggle. Man pitting his naked hands against the forces the Great Spirit had made before he thought of man!

Luke's head and shoulders heaved above the surface, his arms swinging in a rapidly timed trudgen. Perhaps it is the way Indians cheer a man who is waging a game fight; perhaps something in the measured rise and fall of the river battler's arms was reminiscent of the beater-stick's fall on the tom-tom head; at any rate, they urged him on with a rhythmic:

"Hi yah! Hi yah! Hi yah!"

Elder, now hopelessly entangled in the mesquite branches, had not seen Frank enter the water. He was struggling futilely to free himself, his strength failing rapidly. He rolled, sucked in a mighty mouthful of dirty yellow water, and kicked himself to the surface again. Another one like that would—

LUKE brought his sheath knife down and severed the lead rope. The burro rolled up, was caught by the current, and swept downstream.

Picture by HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

He had weathered the sweeping current and his horse was shouldering up the steep shale bottom on the far side when one of the burros behind him floundered, fouled the lead rope, and, with a squealing, bleating grunt, rolled under.

Realizing that he might lose the pack animals and be dragged in himself, Luke lifted his horse in a rearing circle that landed him in deep water again, brought his sheath knife down in a flashing full-armed swing, and severed the lead rope.

The heavily burdened burro rolled up, was caught by the current, and swept downstream. A few moments later Frank's tired pony was straining up the bank.

Luke dismounted, emptied the water from his boots, and bawled encouragement to Elder.

"All right, kid," he shouted. "Let 'er buck!"

FRANK turned to tighten a latigo strap. A moment later he was charging along the bank, seeking a spot from which a long dive would carry him farthest into the turbulent river.

A saddle-colored Indian brat, naked as desert rim rocks, saw the danger first. As he emitted a shrill howl of warning, a thickly branched mesquite stump, borne swiftly on a yellow-lipped wave, smashed Bill's horse in the near fore shoulder, unseating the rider. The stump swung end for end and Bill grasped it.

He was dimly conscious of a faint hail from the far shore: "Hold it, Bill! I'm comin'!"

Your Navaho expends his emotions frugally, but as Luke's lean body slashed the yellow water they growled their approval.

Something had him by the hair and he was being half washed, half dragged across the swirling current. He felt gravel crunch beneath his feet and lurched out of the water. He was conscious of cheering at a distance, and a familiar voice was saying:

"Take it easy till you get your wind, Bill." And then, "Say, those Indians sure can holler when they want to, can't they?"

Elder rested, while Luke transferred much of the load from the remaining burro to his own mount. When both had dried out, Bill crawled to the pack animal and they headed for Roosevelt Dam.

ELDER, shaken and spent from his experience, rode in silence, the sullen roar of the river still echoing in his ears. He wanted to shape his gratitude in words, but could not make a beginning.

It is difficult to thank a man for saving your life when he jogs along whistling, one foot thrown over the saddle horn.

Late that afternoon they rode up to a small group gathered about a deep pool at the foot of Roosevelt Dam. Serious attitudes and low voices spoke eloquently of tragedy. A woman who lived over yonder. Fought a lot with her husband. Yes, it might be suicide. Drowned about an hour ago.

There was something in that word "drowned" Elder did not like. He moved away from the knot of people, but not before he heard Frank inquire:

"Anybody tried to get her?"

A stocky man gave drawling answer: "Ain't nobody dared, I reckon."

LUKE regarded the men with cool contempt and spoke with quiet scorn.

"It doesn't seem as though you could all be yellow," he declared. In a surprised silence, during which there was no attempt to resent his insult, Frank stripped and walked to the edge of the pool.

"Watch my duds, Bill," he called, and dived.

For two hours he plumbed the icy depths of that spring-fed pool in a courageous but vain effort to locate the body.

Between dives, he conversed only with Elder. By the words of their spokesman, the others gathered there had withheld a service because it was arduous and distasteful. With such Luke had no desire to mingle. Defeat he could understand; but reluctance to engage in any competition that might result in defeat was beyond his comprehension.

Particularly was this attitude evident in the future ace's career in school athletics. Many, many times as a track man, when captain of the Phœnix high school football team or as a leader in scholastic baseball, he knew that he and his team were going in against men they could not best.

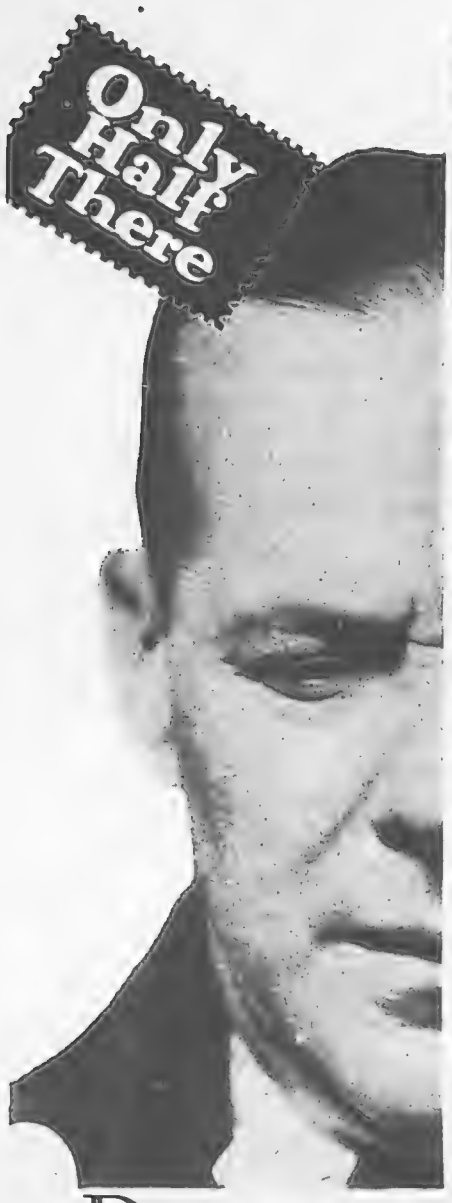
But Frank Luke fought as cheerfully and as aggressively under the drab standard of defeat as he did under the gay colors of victory.

With him a game was never ended until the final whistle blew. No matter what lead his team might have, Luke wanted more, and drove them in to bring it back to him.

Studies he clung to less tenaciously. Work—hard work of any description, whereby some tangible result took shape under his eyes—he enjoyed. He deliberately selected a man's job and was openly proud of his ability to achieve a man's share of credit.

During several summer vacations he worked in the New Cornelia copper mine in Ajo, one of the largest and most famous copper properties in the world.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



Doctors call it "*cachexia*"

that ill health and malnutrition commonly called "run-down condition"

When cachexia, as frequently happens, is due entirely to the absence of a certain vital dietary factor, yeast is the food to eat. In all such cases, yeast quickens the appetite, improves the digestion and enables you to get strength, energy and endurance from the food you eat. Like the spark for the gasoline in your motor.

Yeast is far-famed as a tonic, regulator and general conditioner. And now, in Yeast Foam Tablets, you can get yeast in a form you'll like. Easy to swallow, pleasant to chew like candy. Try them just once, and you'll see.

In handy packets for 5c at all counters. Or 50c for the large 10-day bottle at drug stores.

Eat Yeast Foam Tablets for cachexia (run-down condition). Loss of appetite. Indigestion. Constipation. Boils—Pimples.

On Counters Everywhere

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
1750 No. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

[THE BALLOON BUSTER OF ARIZONA
Continued from Page Twenty-one]

Accompanied by a chum, Floyd Craver, Luke journeyed first to the mining settlement a few days after he completed his sophomore year in high school. The youths were offered positions as truck drivers. Craver accepted, but this was something less than Frank had anticipated. He had informed his cronies in Phœnix that he was going to Ajo to become a miner, and a miner he would be.

His shift boss was openly skeptical. A man had to have more than a good-natured grin, an arrogant eye, and a schoolgirl's complexion to make his mark with the New Cornelia gang. But he put Luke on.

The shift received him without comment. Hammer-fisted old-timers for the most part, they had learned the folly of snap judgment. Sometimes these pretty boys could go, and go plenty. Not infrequently a level gray eye was the badge of the killer, and Messrs. Colt and Smith and Wesson had reduced mankind to a plane of amazing equality.

Luke worked. Within a week he was setting the pace for the shift, and this was as unwelcome as it was unexpected. So long as veterans in any field of endeavor can maintain their superiority, they do not resent the presence of a youngster or two. But let the youngster draw ahead and tolerance sours to disfavor and open hostility.

Nor was the disfavor with which Luke was regarded in any way relieved by his willingness to discuss his prowess at all times and with all comers.

THE older rock men hit a comfortable stride and watched grimly. They knew what was coming and they dreaded it. A mine-level row is nasty enough when confined to two men; but when a shift divides against itself, it becomes a roaring, blood-flecked mêlée that fills mine-company hospitals and populates mine-settlement cemeteries.

Luke's shift was about evenly divided.

Frank worked and talked. He moved about Ajo blissfully unconscious of whispered comments and covert identifications—unaware that the toughest jam he yet had experienced was slowly shaping itself in the echoing, smelly tunnels of the New Cornelia.

It came swiftly, as those things do.

A knot-headed little Irishman named Breen, unfriendly since Luke's first day in the workings, selected the midafternoon slack period as best for his purpose.

As Luke, carrying a heavy bundle of short drills, strode down the level, Breen so timed a backward step that Frank could not fail to collide with him. The two bodies met, Luke's drills clanking to the rock floor. Breen's snarl rose above the clatter.

"What the hell is the matter with you?" he barked. "Need this whole mine to walk in?"

Although surprised, Frank saw the battle light in Breen's eyes and sensed the Irishman's purpose. Taking a short step forward so that the fallen drills would not trip him, he eyed Breen steadily.

"If I do," he said, "I'll take it!"

They started punches almost simultaneously, Luke's blow landing squarely as Breen's swing glanced harmlessly off his shoulder.

Unconsciously the miners separated into two groups: Breen backed by his adherents, Luke clustered about by those who had placed a mental bet on him.

And the kid could go!

He smashed a long, straight right that brought blood and splintered teeth from Breen's mouth; followed it with a short, jolting left to the wind, then a one-two to the head—hard, deftly placed punches that hurt.

Like almost every rough-and-tumble fight ever waged, the first blow decided it—that smashing right to Breen's head. The squat Irishman, battle-schooled in the *cantinas* of northern Mexico and the mining-camp barrooms of Arizona and Colorado, had planned that punch for his own. It was to have been a jaw-crunching blow that would have humbled this arrogant blond upstart he thoroughly disliked.

But now Breen was blocking, ducking, weaving, striving desperately to avoid flailing punches that added mightily to his hatred and his pain.

AND what a setting! Uncertain yellow light thrown upon tensed figures — grotesque, shadow shrouded. Pockets of light and shade in the uneven walls. A litter of tools on the floor, over which the two straining antagonists struggled and separated and hit, clinched and broke and struck!

Jumbled voices. Flat, cold curses of satisfaction. Quick, hot whispers of warning. Breen, whose code countenanced a hob-nailed heel in the mouth if his opponent went down. Luke, who smiled and stepped back when Breen stumbled. But it was Luke who had Breen on the wall when the shift boss descended upon them in a bellowing charge and broke it up.

Of Frank, unmistakably the victor, the foreman demanded explanation.

"He asked for it," Luke said through punch-thickened lips, "and I gave it to him."

Then he remembered the group behind Breen and added, "I'm not looking for trouble, but if there's anybody else in this bunch that wants some they can step out!"

He ran his eyes over the men nearest him, to find them all intent upon the business of mining. Lustily the shift boss cursed him back to his job; then he curtly ordered Breen to the surface.

Turning, to find Frank bent over the fallen drills, the foreman chuckled.

By God, they were still breeding men in Arizona!

How Luke knocked out Battling Haney in one round, and how bigger and better escapades involved him in new troubles with the Phœnix authorities, are told in next week's issue of LIBERTY.

RUDYARD KIPLING

Next Week
The third of
Rudyard Kipling's
distinguished
series of articles—
Light and Power

—ALSO—

When does a woman love a man the most?
When he is at the peak of power and prosperity? Or—?
Read the answer in a vivid, searching short story. It's called—

Give Them What They Want

By Arthur Somers Roche

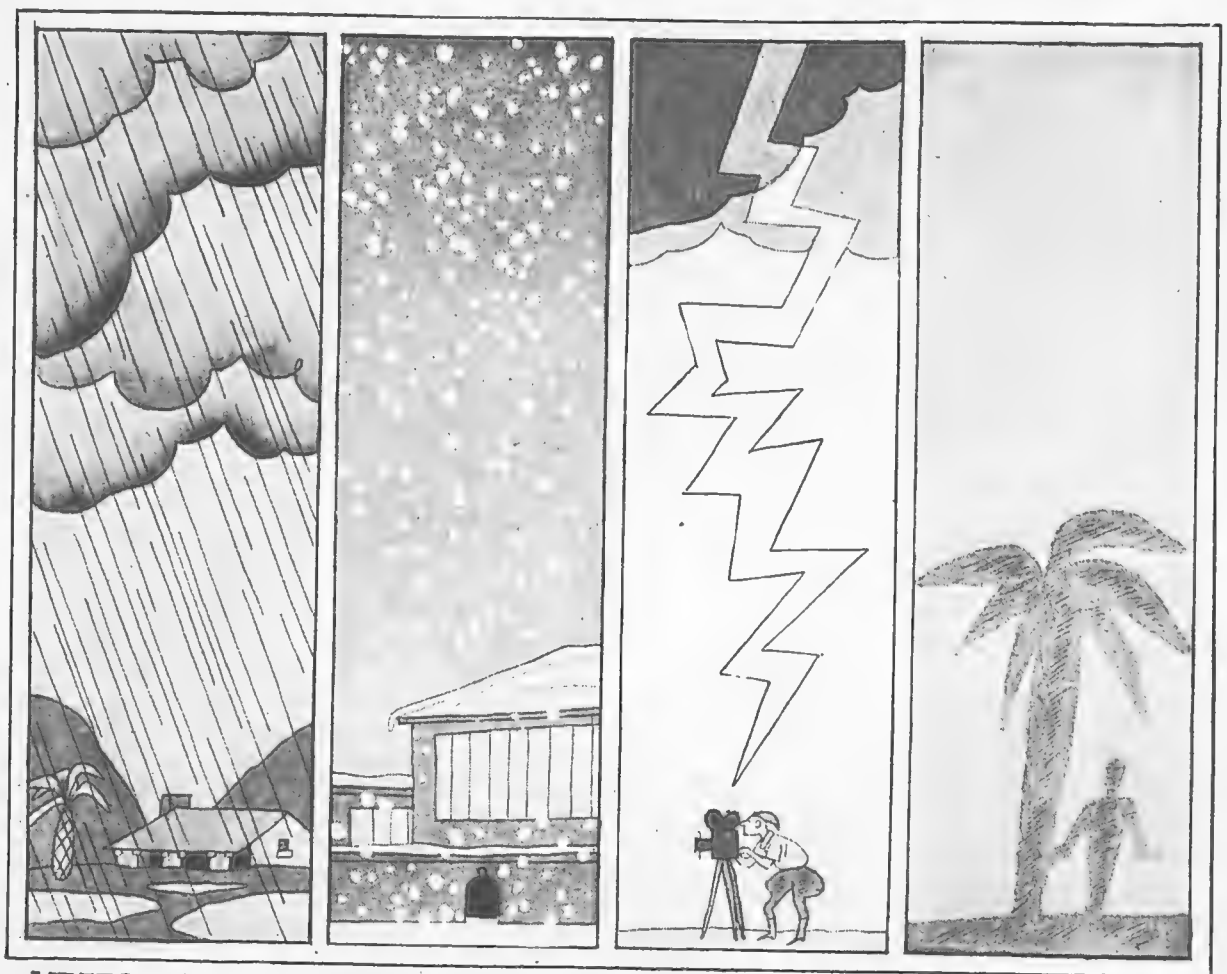
IN NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

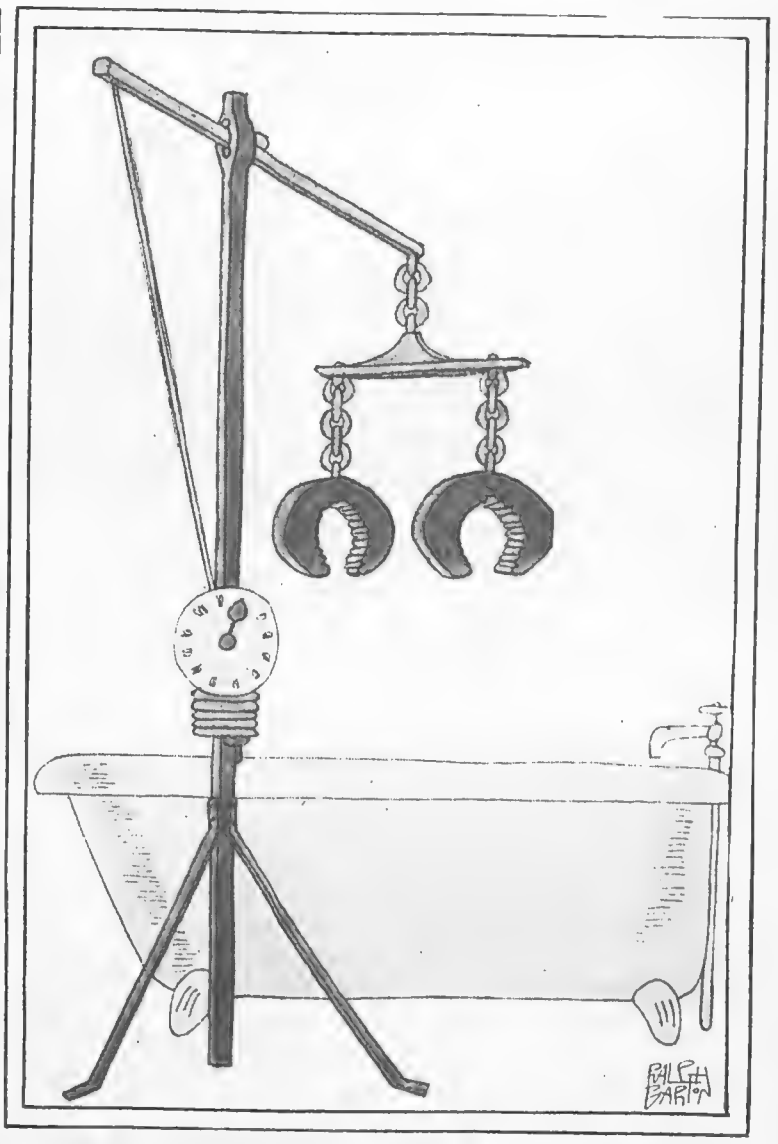
By RALPH BARTON

THOSE BOLSHEVIKS ARE ALWAYS SPOILING ALL THE FUN. Soviet representative at Geneva presents proposal to scrap immediately and completely all arms, armies, navies, air forces, and agencies having anything to do with making war, thus ruining the whole disarmament idea, since no self-respecting nation can agree with the Soviet.



METEOROLOGICAL NOMENCLATURE IN CALIFORNIA. A short course in the Science of the Weather as practiced on the Pacific Coast. Chart I: "Liquid Sunshine," known in the other forty-seven States as *rain*. Chart II: "Golden Gate Crystals," vulgarly *snow*. Chart III: "Sunset Skyrocket," Californian for *fork lightning*. Chart IV: "Condensed Sunbeams," called, in New York Bay, *fog*.

ZERO HOUR ON THE CHICAGO BATTLE FRONT: First photograph received from our special correspondent in the war zone, shows members of the Crudy Gang preparing to go over the top as Armistice ends.



CLEVER MECHANICAL DEVICE, modeled after an egg timer, designed to pluck chronic idlers from the bath-tub after a reasonable length of time.

Ride 'Em, GAUCHO!

Fairbanks Scores Brilliantly in a Romance of the Pampas

A Movie Review by
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

(Reading time: 3 minutes 30 seconds.)

SOME of the New York film critics pronounced the redoubtable Doug Fairbanks' roistering performance in The Gaucho to be nothing more or less than a romantic and glorified Rotarian with a message. Don't be misled. The Gaucho is great, Doug never better.

A *gaucho* is a cowboy of the pampas, a hard rider of Spanish-Indian stock. Doug's *gaucho* is the leader of a fast-moving host of marauders. The background is somewhere the other side of the Andes. In the hills is a sacred shrine, and here, when he ruthlessly overturns the religious city and contracts the Black Doom, *The Gaucho* comes to believe and is cured. This regeneration comes about before a panorama of combat and intrigue.

As *The Gaucho*, Doug is his old acrobatic self plus a new lack of dramatic restraint. Possibly this is due to the superb performance of Lupe Velez, who does a wild mountain girl without the usual diffidence of Doug's leading women.

The girl forces herself into *The Gaucho's* retinue and, in the end, conquers him while alternating between peppery endearments and a ready dagger.

There is a superbly exciting sequence, where Doug escapes from his captors' prison by neatly outwitting his enemies and swinging from tree to tree in South Sea style until he is across the city walls.

Doug does back flips to his horse's back. He swings from awnings. He scales walls. He uses a bolas—a long leather thong with lead at either end, which is sent whirling through the air—with accuracy. All this is done with the easy grace of a Nijinsky.

Don't forget that Fairbanks is forty-four. He was born in Denver, Colorado, in 1883. He went to the Jarvis Military Academy and to the Colorado School of Mines. His father was a lawyer who had migrated from New York and who had many friends among the stage stars of the day. So it was easy for Doug to get a job when he gave up his engineering career.

At seventeen Doug became a member of Frederick Warde's Shakespearean repertoire company. There is an existing criticism which Doug treasures and which says: "Mr. Warde's supporting company was bad, but worst of all was Douglas Fairbanks as *Laertes*."

So Doug decided to improve himself. He moved on to Cambridge, Massachusetts, but found that his credits from the School of Mines were not sufficient to enroll him as a Harvard freshman. So he became a special student.

At the end of five months he had grown restless. He quit. Back to the stage he went. Finally he advanced himself to stage stardom.

In 1914 he tried pictures with Triangle-Fine Arts. The Lamb was his first. Doug was an instantaneous hit, coming as a welcome relief from the stolid hams of the pioneer cinema.

Then Doug, who is credited with being a visionary plunger, helped organize United Artists, along with Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin, and D. W. Griffith. Doug's productions for this concern have been ambitious and frequently highly daring as business ventures. Robin Hood and The Thief of Bagdad were pioneer superplunges of their day. But Doug, for all his seeming recklessness, never loses.

First of all, he is a showman. He has a shrewd eye upon the public. He likes to live up to its idea of a star. He loves display. His parades across Europe have been dear to his heart. He is happiest when he is entertaining royalty and near royalty at Pickfair.

His studio is more like a small college than a film factory. Doug and his associates devote their hours to work and study. But they also play, in a special de luxe pool and in a gym, where Doug has developed an odd game of modified tennis. Thus Fairbanks keeps in superb physical trim.

Mary's studio bungalow is adjoining and the two lunch together with their directors when they are working. The whole thing is a sort of companionate stardom.

Don't fail to see Doug in The Gaucho, which, by the way, is by Fairbanks himself writing under the name of Elton Thomas. The Gaucho is a gay adventure in unreality. You will find it gorgeous entertainment. Actually, it is Fairbanks' best film since The Mark of Zorro. It is full of neat camera trickery. Watch for the great stretches of mountain cañons, shot on a Hollywood studio lot.

And give a thought to Miss Velez, who is one of the genuine finds of the year. A little more than twelve months ago she was dancing in the *cantinas* of Mexico City. She was briefly in Hal Roach's bathing-girl comedies. It was in one of these short-reelers that Doug discovered her.

Also note that Mary Pickford appears unheralded in The Gaucho—as the lovely vision of the shrine. Watch for her.

Doug, the pampas cowboys' leader.

Hot tamale! Fairbanks just stops a fast one from The Mountain Girl *(Lupe Velez), giving* The Girl of the Shrine *(Eve Southern) a chance to emote, in the new Fairbanks film The Gaucho.*

Do you know that—

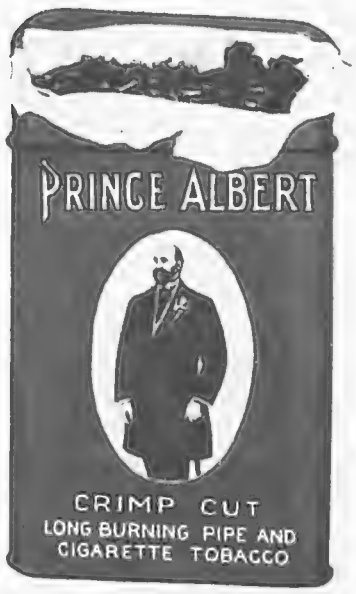
Metro-Goldwyn has signed Buster Keaton? . . . Virginia Pearson, once a big star and a rival of Theda Bara, plays a small part in Lon Chaney's The Big City? . . . Lupe Velez, Doug's find, is now playing opposite Rod La Rocque? . . . Barry Norton, the mother's boy of What Price Glory, has the lead in F. W. Murnau's new circus film?

P.A. suits my taste like nobody's business

WHEN I opened my first tidy red tin and got a full breath of P.A.'s fragrance, I said: "Here's *my* brand!" I was absolutely sure of it the instant I tasted the tobacco itself in my pipe. What a taste! Cool as a climb in the Alps. Sweet as getting down again safely.

Mellow and mild and long-burning, with the last pull as cool and dry as the first. Prince Albert is great tobacco, all right, all right. You can hit it up from early morning to midnight, with never a regret . . . except, maybe, that you have to take time out for sleep!

They tell me P.A. outsells every other brand of pipe-tobacco on the market. I don't doubt it, and I don't wonder why. When you consider P.A.'s unbroken record of leadership over a period of years, it stands to reason it *must* be giving smokers more for their money. Try P.A.!



And look how much you get for your money —TWO full ounces in every tin.

PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

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Engineering Leadership Again Expressed in Even Greater Values

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The Willys-Knight *Patented* sleeve-valve engine—simple, reliable, easy to start—stands out as the supreme high compression motor. Its spherical cylinder head and sliding metal sleeves insure *highest uniform compression with any gas.* Here is the one type of power plant which actually grows smoother and quieter with use.

Its superiority is shown in its extreme simplicity, with fewer parts, and requiring less of the adjustments common to other cars.

And, reflecting the engineering skill which developed the Willys-Knight sleeve-valve engine, the Whippet brings the advantages of high compression to the light car field. Willys-Overland knowledge of the principles of high compression has produced an amazingly efficient poppet-valve motor. Developing twice its rated horse-power it establishes new standards of economy, speed and power.

This great line may be seen at all Willys-Overland dealers' display rooms. Don't fail to view these beautiful automobiles.

Willys-Knight Special "6" Sedan

$1495

Touring, $1295; Roadster, $1350; Coupe, $1295; Coach, $1295; Cabriolet Coupe, $1495. Great Six Sedan, $1995; Touring, $1850; Roadster, $1850; Cabriolet Coupe, $1995; Foursome, $2095; 7-passenger Sedan, $2595; Limousine, $2695.

The Whippet Coach

$625

Touring, $625; Roadster, $695; Coupe, $625; Sedan, $725; Cabriolet Coupe, $745. All prices f. o. b. factory and specifications subject to change without notice. Willys-Overland, Inc., Toledo, Ohio. Willys-Overland Sales Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

WILLYS-KNIGHT SIX & WHIPPET

How to Choose a Wife

Write Your Own Prescription for a Happy Marriage

Pictures by CARL MUELLER

An Article by

DORIS WEBSTER *and* MARY ALDEN HOPKINS

(Reading time: 17 minutes 43 seconds.)

A MAN should choose a wife whose nature is harmonious with his own, just as he chooses a suit of clothes or a coat or a hat which fits and becomes him.

He never buys trousers that are too short and tells the tailor to piece them down with a ruffle; nor does he buy a discordant necktie and change the color of his eyes to match it. Yet men who insist on custom-made clothes think a ready-made wife can be altered to fit!

Would he not be wiser to figure out—by means of the following questions about his own temperament—the sort of mate he needs, and select that type of personality?

It may be objected that most men are already married. We reply that it will be to them a melancholy pleasure to figure out what kind of woman they should have married. A man may even find that his instinct guided him rightly. Prudent men will be glad of our instruction in case fate gives them a second choice.

Answer the questions "yes" or "no." If you feel unable to answer immediately, compare yourself with the average man and answer accordingly. If the question is one of opinion, decide what you would answer if the word "generally" or "willingly" were added to the question.

To Find the Key Number

If four or more questions of Group 1 are answered "yes," begin your key number with 1. If they are answered "no," omit 1 from your key number. In the same way add 2, 3, 4, and 5 to your key number if the majority of questions in those groups are answered "yes," omitting them if the majority are answered "no."

For example, if the majority of questions in groups 2, 4, and 5 are answered "yes," and the majority in groups 1 and 3 are answered "no," the key number will be 245. If all are answered "no," then use key number 0.

When you have ascertained the key number, read under that number the description of the ideal wife for you.

GROUP 1

Do you expect to make money?

Do you read up on your business?

Would you take a harder position to increase your bank account?

Do you get to the office early?

Are you making good money for a man your age?

Are you confident you will not be fired?

Have you definite plans for future business five years ahead?

GROUP 2

Would you go to a woman for advice?

Do you approve of modern women?

Do you think a woman doctor knows as much as a man doctor does?

Do you think women should be allowed in the smoking car?

Do you like mixed company better than a stag party?

Will a woman stand by a friend as a man does?

Do you think a man is happier married than unmarried?

GROUP 3

Do you dislike living alone?

Do you think a husband should be his wife's lover after ten years of marriage?

Would you like a large family of children, provided you had sufficient income?

Do you like to be kissed?

Do you like cats?

Would you rather have a baby than a yacht?

Do you like to give presents?

GROUP 4

Do you believe in keeping "obey" in the marriage service?

DUMB DORAS, clinging vines, vixens, and martyrs—how and why to pick 'em for better or worse.

Is a man justified in insisting a woman quit her job when she marries?

Do you believe in capital punishment?

Should a stenographer be fired for talking back?

Should a woman ask her husband's permission before she bobs her hair?

Would you exact instant obedience from children?

Do you disapprove of the modern tendency to relax discipline?

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Signaling by smoke was a favorite method of the Indians. Messages were sent long distances by means of smoke released by a blanket held over a fire.

Distance—It is in the reception of distant stations that the superior qualities of the Grebe Synchrophase Seven are particularly evident.

It is then that the full, natural tone—which gives enjoyment to local programs—makes it difficult to believe that you are listening to a distant station.

Easy tuning of these feeble signals, cleanly separated from strong local broadcasting and amplified to satisfactory volume, enables you to enjoy programs from far away.

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Grebe Synchrophase Seven, $135.

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Send for Booklet LY. Then ask a Grebe dealer to demonstrate, in your home, that you can "get it *better* with a Grebe."

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A. H. Grebe & Co., Inc., 109 W. 57th St., New York City

Factory: Richmond Hill, N.Y. *Western Branch:* 443 So. San Pedro St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Makers of quality radio since 1909

[HOW TO CHOOSE A WIFE Continued from Page Twenty-seven]

GROUP 5

Do you like silence at breakfast?

Do you alternate between extremes of happiness and despondency?

Will a small annoyance depress you all day?

Do you brood over your mistakes?

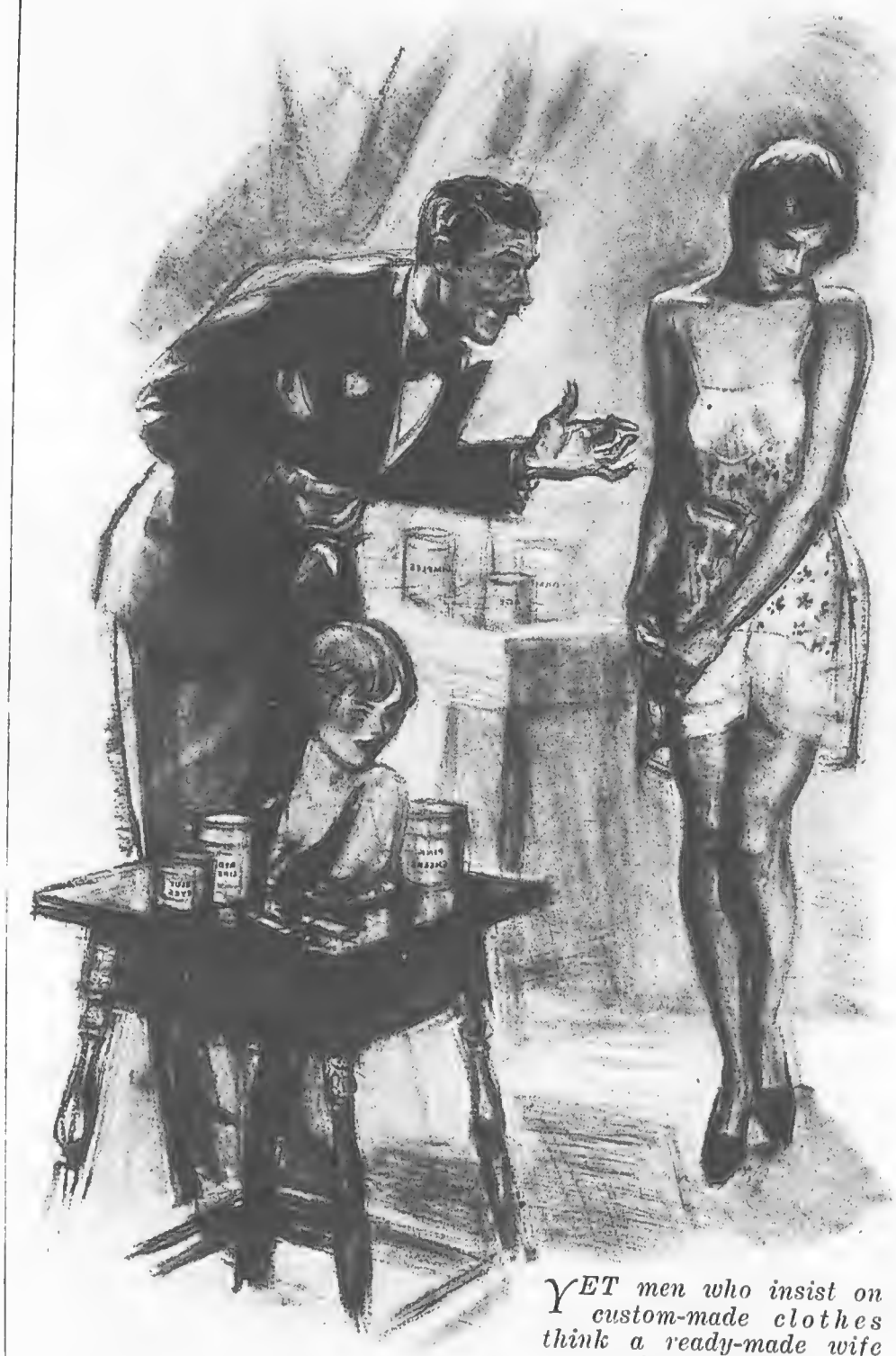
Are you sensitive?

Do you prepare for the worst?

Has your life been embittered by injustice?

leading, for they think you admire them more than you do. Your type is happier unmarried, but usually does marry and repents. Sometimes it marries many times, and gets the wrong woman every time. You fall violently in love and quickly recover.

You will do best with a wife who is so deeply interested in her children or her personal activities that she will let you alone. Your fine quality is that you will give her almost limitless freedom. Men like you are our heavy alimony payers.



YET men who insist on custom-made clothes think a ready-made wife can be altered to fit.

KEY NUMBER 0

Apparently you do not daydream about your future wife or take much interest in her. Your feeling probably is, "Oh, well, I suppose I'll marry some day, but certainly not now." It is difficult to tell where your interests lie, for certainly business does not unduly charm you, and it does not seem that you have an artistic temperament. Possibly you are interested in chess!

If you ever do decide to marry, a birdlike little woman who loves to give tea parties would probably be very happy with you. It will be best if she is too busy to notice that you do not care very much for her or any other woman.

KEY NUMBER 1

Your attention to women is mis-

KEY NUMBER 2

You like women off and on, and spasmodically you fall madly in love, but you cannot return a steady affection. Find a woman who likes the same things you do.

If you are socially ambitious, you will enjoy climbing with a clever, good-looking tactician. If bookish, get an intellectual mate. If an outdoor man, be sure your wife is not afraid of snakes. Liking the same thing is especially important for you two because your comradeship will be built largely on externals. It will be an advantage if your wife has an income of her own, for you will give her neither luxury nor devotion. You are, however, a delightful companion.

KEY NUMBER 3

Live and let live is your motto. If you could find a woman with the same desire, your problem would be solved. Maybe you can, but probably you will have to teach her to take this view, and you had better do the training before you marry. The pestering quality so common in affectionate women now drives you to men's society. If you can persuade a woman to love you without being a bother, you will enjoy her. You have an equitable disposition and you are willing to allow her the liberty you demand for yourself.

Be careful to marry a woman who is able to assume the responsibilities that go with freedom. She must be both self-dependent and co-operative.

KEY NUMBER 4

Do not marry. But you will, of course. Well, then, marry a homekeeping woman who will like to have you go to the club all you wish, and who has no feeling against poker and fraternal organizations. You will both be fortunate if your business takes you away from home a great deal. Do not, however, marry an independent woman, for she will drive you mad.

Your one hope for pleasant companionship lies in securing a wife who will quickly transfer her demanding love from you to the first baby. This we can say of you—you are not mean to women, but how they get on your nerves!

KEY NUMBER 5

You do not play around much with the crowd, partly because that needs more initiative than you possess and partly because you are too critical.

You should marry a girl who would form with you a "defensive alliance against a hostile world." You may have to put up with a lot from her, but she also will have to put up with a lot from you. Your best quality is that you will recognize her rights and let her do as she likes. As time goes on, you and your wife probably will grow more and more attached to each other.

KEY NUMBER 12

You are a cheerful, breezy man, who would make an excellent salesman and eventually a sales manager. Marry a nice mature girl who doesn't care whether you come home from the office at half-past five or a quarter to seven. Get a nice modern house or an apartment in a region where there are plenty of other prosperous, gay young people. If your wife burns her finger or spoils her new dress, try to sympathize adequately before you change the subject.

In choosing a wife, your head will rule your heart. Look for sense in a woman rather than seductiveness, because you will tire of the latter within a very short space of time.

KEY NUMBER 13

Your sex antagonism is all that stands between you and a happy marriage. Are you still in the stage where the main thing that you want to know about a woman is whether she is a good-looker and a good cook, and take no account of her personality? If so, your danger is that you may marry simply because everybody is getting married and you like her admiration for you. But remember that if you do, it is your job to keep her happy, and she won't be if you never take her into your confidence or spend most of your time away from home.

Better wait till you find a girl your

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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You have it—everyone has it—*but not one person in a thousand knows how to use it!* It is not a fad nor a theory. It is simply you, yourself—your manner—your own marvelous personal force, released and magnified a hundredfold in an amazingly clear-as-crystal, scientific way! More necessary than good looks. More valuable than money. For without it a salesman is handcuffed! Without it a business man is powerless to command! No actor, no teacher, no orator, no statesman can long hold his audience spellbound without this supremely influential magnetic force!

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[HOW TO CHOOSE A WIFE Continued from Page Twenty-nine]

mental equal and who also admires you and has endearing ways. Women with brains will be attracted as soon as you stop looking down on them.

KEY NUMBER 14

Your business life is your real life and you will try to bring into your home the same decisive qualities that make you successful in business. You will tell your wife to invite your Aunt Augusta to visit you in the same tone you use when asking your stenographer to write out an order for a carload of boilers. It is fortunate that you are consistently pleasant, even when you lay down the law; otherwise you might be minus a wife and a stenographer. You live mentally in the period of history when women were expected to be grateful for being allowed to live.

As you probably won't change, you'd better marry a woman who lives mostly on the surface of life, is not too sensitive, and not strong-minded.

KEY NUMBER 15

Life really isn't such a miserable affair as you feel it is when stocks go down or there is a strike at the works. Nor is it the paradise you think it is when your spirits rebound. Your moods have very little to do with women, but you have a tendency to blame your mother, wife, or sweetheart for your depression.

Either cultivate a less critical attitude toward women or choose a wife who is impervious to your moods, but likes the luxuries your money buys.

KEY NUMBER 23

It might be supposed that an easy-going man of your sort might be happily married to almost any woman; but, as a matter of fact, the chances are that you will not easily find the right wife. Moreover, because you fit well into any surroundings, you will not be driven to matrimony as a means of escape from your troubles. Also, you dislike change. You do not need much advice on choosing a wife because you have a good instinct for avoiding people with the traits that make you uncomfortable—hardness, coldness, and a tendency to be domineering.

The ideal wife for you would be a woman capable of earning her own living, but affectionate and interested in her home. She should be cheerful, ready to have a good time, and able to play bridge. She should have the courage of her convictions. You give the impression of a person who may be imposed upon, but, as a matter of fact, you rarely are. Avoid the timid, clinging type, or a woman who is bent on social climbing.

KEY NUMBER 24

You are a rather spoiled child when it comes to having your own way, and your feeling of self-importance is not altogether justified by your achievements. However, when no one thwarts you, you are a pleasant person to have around. You have interests beyond money-making. Women like you because you are friendly toward them, but not many fall in love with you.

You would probably do well to marry some girl in your office who is

not young and not unduly pretty, but who is intelligent and noticeable for sweetness of character. The emotional appeal is not as important for you as gentleness, willingness to economize, comradeship, and ability to enjoy simple pleasure.

KEY NUMBER 25

If you were less attracted by women, you wouldn't have so much trouble with them. You like them rather indiscriminately, I'm afraid, and not too steadily. Between love affairs you are gloomy and say that all women care for is money—which you haven't got.

Is it possible that, in spite of your interest in women, you have a cold heart? Is it possible that your lack of true affection rather than your lack of money alienates them? Love them less spasmodically and like them more steadily and see if affairs go better.

KEY NUMBER 34

Now, see here, young man, if you would turn to and earn more money you could get away with this he-man stuff you love to pull; but if there is anything that makes a woman mad, it is for a man who is short on both coin and affection to attempt to boss her. She calls it just plain selfishness.

Thank goodness, you have a good temper in general. If you can only be a little more patient and let a woman have her own way once in five times, you won't be so bad a husband for the woman who picks you out.

KEY NUMBER 35

Why do you find it so much easier to love a dog than a woman? Is it because the dog admires you uncritically, while a woman is likely to say, "I wish we could sit in seats where I could see the stage sometimes!" At times you fairly hate women and vow you will never have anything more to do with them, but, darn it all, you can't turn around without tumbling over one.

Get a wife who doesn't expect a husband to be romantic after the honeymoon, or to be a money-making machine, or to be pleasant when things go wrong. If she puts up with all these faults in you, surely you can forgive her her womanly weaknesses.

KEY NUMBER 45

It is necessary to speak a little severely to you. For your own good, you understand. You have a very bad habit of being unhappy. If you don't watch out, you are going to be the most unhappy husband in the whole country and think it is your wife's fault. The only way out is for you to change your nature. Yes, you can change miraculously if you want to. Take your wife to see the show she chooses, give her money for an extra frock she doesn't need. In return for favors received, she can forgive your forgetting her birthday and refusing to move into a new house.

Marry a material-minded woman who gets satisfaction out of feeding a man, and who likes a husband, even when cross, better than a dream lover.

KEY NUMBER 123

You deserve a good wife, for you are the kind that makes an excellent husband. Wise, kindly, and affectionate, you will make your marriage a success as long as your wife is able to keep your respect.

It would be just as well if you married a woman whose interests could be subordinated to yours, for, in spite of your willingness to cooperate, you are too deeply intrigued by your own concerns to take more than a perfunctory interest in a wife's career. But a domestic woman who takes a real joy in her house will find you an ideal mate. She must also have plenty of character so that she will stand by you in time of trouble.

KEY NUMBER 124

You are not hard to please in the matter of wives as long as your will is not crossed. You are a good provider, although you choose the house, the car, and the company with too little consideration of the wife's wishes. It doesn't trouble you much if she fusses, because there are always other women to console you.

You like them as a sex rather than as individuals, and you believe in driving with a tight rein. As a matter of fact, the type of woman who falls for you needs a firm hand. You will get on fairly well with any man's wife, including your own.

KEY NUMBER 125

Having no use for Dumb Doras or women who expect to be pampered, you usually choose your women friends for their mental

qualities. Some of them are older than you. When you marry, however, remember that your wife's temperament is going to make all the difference in the peace of the household

Choose one whose intellect is supplemented by calmness of spirit. With a vivid young authoress of nervous tendencies, you would lead a cat-and-dog life. Choose a wife who will feel that the freedom and money you will gladly grant her are adequate compensation for lack of demonstrativeness.

KEY NUMBER 134

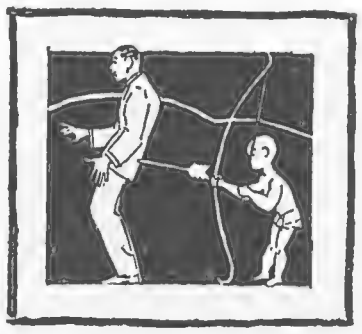
A certain emotional common sense saves you from acute unhappiness. You do not expect very much of anyone. You get on better with men than with women because you have romantic ideas about sweethearts and wives, and are disappointed because they want to go motoring when you want to swim, and insist on wearing blue frocks when you like red ones.

You love best the charmer who is away, because you can imagine she would always like what you want to do. Pick a girl who hasn't many ideas and wishes of her own, for you have enough for two.

KEY NUMBER 135

You are the type that makes a good husband for the right woman, but you are plunged into despair when things go wrong at home. You have the qualities that make for success in the business world, and you can give your wife more than most wives have. Make up to her in this way for enduring your rather difficult temperament.

You will be wise to marry a woman who takes a cheerful view of life and can carry you through your attacks of despondency. Make the most of the times you are happy and cut the dumps as short as you can. Select a woman who can be trusted to play the game squarely, for you are unable to control a headstrong mate. You are too kind to make her walk a crack and you are too sensitive not to mind what she says and does.



KEY NUMBER 145

You are not an easy man to get along with, and it is essential that you use care in choosing a wife. The trouble is that with a strong-willed woman you would live in perpetual conflict, while a weak-willed woman, who feared to oppose you, would probably try to deceive you.

Possibly a woman with a foreign upbringing would make you the best wife, for the average American woman expects more attention than you will be likely to give her. Try as much as possible to put yourself in a woman's place and think of the disadvantages of a restricted life. Your sense of justice may help even when your heart cannot be reached.

KEY NUMBER 234

Get a woman who likes to be bossed, for you are apt to see no way but your own in crucial situations. It is probably the best way and you are pleasant about it, but only a docile woman will accept it happily. You need a woman who will merge her personality into yours instead of resenting your domination.

Clinging vines still send tendrils husbandward; so look for a viny girl and avoid women who stand on their own feet. You will not give your wife freedom and you cannot give her riches; but you will admire her, pet her, and take good care of her. To many women the love which you can give is dearer than anything else in the world.

KEY NUMBER 235

Not to choose, but to be chosen, is the fate likely to befall you. You have charm for women and you are rather helpless before a determined female who is young and pretty. You are kind even to the unattractive ones, and when a lovely lady puts her head on your shoulder and bursts into tears, you want to take care of her for the rest of her life. Unfortunately, your somewhat gentle nature is not the sort that packs a fat pocketbook, and lovely ladies in distress are likely to cost a man a lot of money. This state of affairs will plunge you into despair.

Since you cannot resist a woman in tears, dodge the gold-diggers, vixens, and martyrs, and let yourself be captured by a woman who can enjoy life without luxuries.

KEY NUMBER 245

If you are so fortunate as to secure a wife who takes your advice about bridge, political candidates, and the color to paint the woodwork, do be generous and tell her that she makes better pie than your mother could.

You would be in a pickle if you married a woman with a will of her own, and she would be even worse off. Give your wife an allowance, even if it is small, to spend as she chooses, and say sometimes, "What would you like to do this evening, dear?" Remember to say "dear," because sweet words do not slip unconsciously from your tongue.

KEY NUMBER 345

How you do love the woman you haven't got! You are wonderful to the sweetheart in your desert-island dream and tender with the fairy princess. You long to take care of a real woman, protect her from the harsh world, and deluge her with adoration. Only the real woman doesn't play up to you properly. She has ideas of her own that clash with yours. The flesh-and-blood wife wants a better house and says, "Johnny shan't be punished," even though he deserves it. Actual women annoy and repel you, and you become cynical and sorry for yourself.

Find a docile, domestic, unambitious woman and accept her limitations. Resign yourself and your hopes of happiness to a human being, for you cannot support a princess, and angels do not marry.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

even a swim

. . and a steam-room

can't remove pore-dirt from your face

IF a Turkish bath won't clean out pore-dirt, you'll see how little chance you have of losing it with ordinary cleansing methods.

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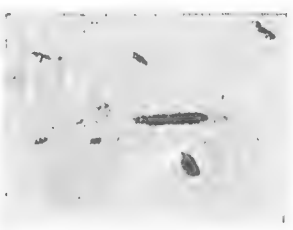
Goes in pink
ROLLS OUT GRAY

The upper picture, taken under a powerful microscope, shows a section of skin before using Pompeian Massage Cream.

Compare it with the lower picture taken after using Pompeian Massage Cream. There's skin that is really clean! Those gray marks are the dried pellets of cream—dark with the pore-dirt that has been rolled free. Dirty, aren't they? And remember, *that* imbedded dirt could never have been removed by surface washing alone.

Give yourself a Pompeian massage. Free your pores of sallow-toned dirt. Show the world a face alive with the healthy glow that a clean skin boasts. A Pompeian massage is a great start for a busy, successful day! A marvelous "sprucing-up" for a bright evening.

Photomicrograph taken under the lens of powerful microscope showing section of skin before using Pompeian Massage Cream.



Photomicrograph of skin after using Pompeian. Compare the skin tone. Note the dried pellets of cream, dark with pore-dirt that has been rolled free.

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My.....car (has) has not a Casco Lighter. Send literature about Casco Lighters for automobiles. *If a dealer or agent, write us on your own letterhead.*

[HOW TO CHOOSE A WIFE Continued from Page Thirty-one]

KEY NUMBER 1234

You are the type that grows into a stern father. One feels rather sorry for you in these days, when stern fathers no longer have the sympathy of the audience. Your world is divided sharply into sheep and goats; upon the sheep you shower kindness and the goats you cast into outer darkness.

It is, of course, essential that your wife should be a sheep. The difficulty is that you want a woman of wisdom and character who nevertheless must not have a will of her own. The best way to solve your problem is to marry a woman who is stable and who is dreadfully fond of you. If she works on your affections, perhaps she can get you to give way on the color of the new upholstery for the parlor sofa.

KEY NUMBER 1235

Don't choose a jealous wife, for you may give her cause for jealousy. Your danger will be that in one of your martyrdom moods, when you think you are being persecuted, you will turn to any woman who gives you affection and sympathy. A jealous wife might whip a harmless affair of this sort into something more dangerous, but a wife who doesn't cross-question you will find you coming back to her as soon as you have cheered up.

You are the sort who attracts women, so you will probably marry young and keep right on attracting them. However, you have enough common sense to keep a mild flirtation within bounds, however much you enjoy it. You can afford to marry a woman who likes nice things, but she should be an efficient manager, because you cannot stand slovenliness.

KEY NUMBER 1245

A frail woman with large, wistful eyes is the kind that could get on with you best in the long run, but you really prefer an up-to-date, experienced young woman who talks back to you. However, you and she would quarrel after a month of marriage, so you'd better let her marry someone else.

Choose someone who doesn't know whether she wants to go to the mountains or the seashore, because she'll have to go where you tell her anyhow. Choose someone who will not be too concerned over your rages; who greets them with surprise rather than fear. As you're sure to insist that she dress the way you like, cultivate a taste for expensive and up-to-date clothes for women. Then you'll be proud of her and feel that she is a fitting wife for a successful man. You can still get the companionship you crave from other women, because your wife will know she has no occasion to be jealous.

KEY NUMBER 1345

Everybody knows you're boss in your house. The thing you have to guard against is marrying a woman who loves to be domineered over by the strong, forceful cave man, but who wakes up to wonder what she ever saw in it. Your type is extremely attractive to women. They like your love-making, coming unexpectedly after a period of indifference, and they admire your energy and masculine decision of character. During your engagement you will alternate between joy and dark despair, and there is a very good chance that it will be broken off once or twice, only to be renewed in a scene of intense happiness.

The kind of woman who thinks your wisdom is infallible and your happiness all-important is probably the only kind who can steadily and consistently get along with you as you are now. Yet it must be admitted that few men can give a woman as much spasmodic happiness as you.

KEY NUMBER 2345

Your wife will have to remember to wind the clock and lock the windows; she will have to subdue her longings for a fur coat; and she will have to find some outlet for her excess affections unless she is unduly cold. On the other hand, you will offer a pleasant home, friendly companionship, and a free hand in domestic economy. But it will literally have to be economy unless one of you happens to inherit money.

The woman who fits best into this situation is either one who is able to make money for herself or one who can get along without it. Preferably, she should be the former, for if she has an active interest outside the home it may compensate for your rather temperate affection.

KEY NUMBER 12345

Once in a while you get into the mood of "nobody loves me," and you wish you hadn't quarreled with your sweetheart because she was late for the movies. At such times you wish you had a better disposition, and determine to do what you can to improve it. But at other times you think you are quite right to be annoyed with people who do not toe the mark. You certainly toe the mark yourself and it makes you very uncomfortable, so why shouldn't other people be uncomfortable too?

Your wife should be punctual, efficient, and patient, and should have a high sense of integrity. She should also be cheerful and might well be socially ambitious, for you would be ready to give her a good home and a car. A level-headed woman who has warmth, but is also self-restrained, would probably be able to handle you.

In another article the authors will reverse the subject and give a few concrete rules for husband-picking. Watch for them in an early issue of LIBERTY.

The Clock Strikes TWO

Phyllis Learns the Secret of the Haunted House

A Serial by
HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER

Pictures by W. D. STEVENS

(Reading time: 18 minutes.)

PART NINE

"I GRABBED the chair as he swung at me again. He was like a wild man."

"HAS Thomas fainted?" old Colonel Boardman asked Phyllis. "Give him some more brandy if he has."

But Phyllis, paralyzed with fright, couldn't move.

"What's the matter?" he demanded. "Anything wrong with you?"

"No," she managed to say out of a very dead throat; "I guess not."

Her tone didn't satisfy him. "You sound frightened," he insisted. "What is it? Have they been playing any new tricks?"

Before she could answer there was a knock at the door.

"Come in, whoever you are," he commanded. Then he asked Phyllis, "Who is it?"

"Dr. Charles," she told him, as his grandson came into the room.

"Come to see how the little game worked out this time?" the old man asked him dryly.

For the moment Charles ignored the gibe, his gaze traveling swiftly from Phyllis' face to his father's. Evidently, Phyllis reflected, she didn't look as ghastly as he did, for the young doctor crossed the room in three strides to Thomas' chair, catching up the brandy bottle from the desk as he went by. He poured some of the liquor into the glass Thomas had drunk from earlier and glanced around for a carafe.

"This ought to be diluted," he said in Phyllis' direction, apparently intending to ask her to do the errand.

She hated being a coward, but she felt just then that to traverse that dark bedroom to the bathroom where the water was would literally be beyond her powers. He must have seen that something was the matter; for, after a perplexed frown, he went, in a perfectly matter-of-fact manner, and filled the glass from the bathroom himself. He left the study door open behind him when he came back.

Thomas, as soon as the brandy had revived him a little, remarked the open door. "How did that get open?" he asked, staring at it.

"I opened it," Charles said, "and it's a good thing it should be open. You need a little air in here." Then he asked, with another look at Phyllis: "What's happened? You look, both you and my father, as if you'd seen a ghost."

"Not seen, Charles," his grandfather corrected, the note of mockery still in his voice. "This is a blind man's ghost, remember. Your father heard something in my bedroom awhile ago that was meant for me, and it's upset him. Apparently you boys hadn't taken him in on the game."

"He was in on the only game I know anything about," Charles retorted shortly. "He told me about it himself this afternoon. And I gather, from the fact that your strong box is standing open, that he's told you about it tonight."

"The will! No; he didn't get around to that. He will, no doubt, when he's had a little more time to think. I'm expecting an outburst of candor from all of you, now that I've found out the truth for myself—with Miss Hale's assistance," he added.

Charles flushed. "I hope Miss Hale's assistance is really as valuable and as disinterested as it seems," he said. "I've no confession to make to you, myself, and with two

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE CLOCK STRIKES TWO
Continued from Page Thirty-three]

patients on my hands I can't indulge you in the luxury of a quarrel with me. I came to tell you that Herbert seems a little better. I got the oxygen awhile ago, and haven't needed it.

"Come along, Father. I'm going to put you to bed. You've had as much as you can stand tonight, at all events."

"I don't want to go to bed," Thomas protested; "not until daylight."

"You'll be all right in your own room," his father told him. "Flora won't trouble you there."

Charles greeted this remark with a frankly puzzled frown; but he didn't wait to ask for an explanation of it. "Come along, Father," he repeated. "You'll be all right. I'll see to that. You needn't be left alone unless you like."

Thomas acquiesced, though without seeming more than half convinced. He got to his feet without assistance, but there he wavered and seemed glad of his son's arm. The two left the room together.

"He never did have any sand, to speak of," the Colonel remarked. "All three of his boys have more. Franklin and Charles will both have a good, sound story to tell tomorrow morning. They'll spend the rest of the night working it out."

"I think you're wrong about Dr. Charles," Phyllis ventured. "I've an idea that he's a perfectly honest man."

"He doesn't reciprocate your feelings about him," the Colonel observed.

"No," Phyllis agreed, "he doesn't. But then, I have lied to him, and he knows it. I don't know how he knows, but he does. And if he's honest he wouldn't see any reason why I shouldn't tell him the truth. If he weren't honest, he would."

"That's an interesting line of reasoning," the old man admitted, "but I don't call it conclusive."

"Well, it isn't the only reason," she went on. "If he'd been a crook as well as a doctor, Mr. Boardman and Franklin would never have had to wait till yesterday afternoon for a chance to search this room. They could have done it long ago."

THE old man cogitated over this in scowling silence for quite a while. "That," he admitted at last, "is a really impressive idea. You're an unusually intelligent young woman to have thought of it."

"I didn't think of it," Phyllis confessed. "It was Blair's idea."

"Well, you're honest, then," he said, with the friendliest smile she'd yet seen on his face. "And from my point of view that's even more important."

With that he drifted off into a sort of reverie which she didn't break in upon. She herself was calmer than she'd been. The wave of uncanny dread which Thomas' outburst had submerged her in was receding. All the same, the decision which the old man announced, when presently he roused himself, startled her.

"We'll get to the bottom of everything in the morning," he said. "Meanwhile we'll go to bed. I'm sleepy, and you must be."

"I can go in with Elizabeth," she said, "if you'd like to sleep in here on the sofa."

"Why should I?" he wanted to know. "Go in and sleep with Elizabeth if you like. I'm going back to my own room. I'd like you to make my bed up freshly, first."

"You'd go back to that room," she gasped, "after what's happened there tonight!"

He turned his sightless old face to her with a look that had not only surprise in it but an expression of genuine affectionate compassion too.

"Are you really afraid," he asked, "still? Thomas must have given you a worse shock than I thought."

"Why did you say 'still'?" she asked. "Isn't it worse than ever? I thought—I tried to think—that it was a trick. Even when we knew that Herbert and Elizabeth could have nothing to do with it. A trick of Mr. Boardman's and Franklin's. But Franklin was away getting the oxygen, and Mr. Boardman was frightened half to death. He was sure it was Flora, dying again just as she'd died forty years ago. Blair thought there would be instruments in your room—a loudspeaker and a microphone. There aren't any. I searched the room for hours—every inch of it. There's nothing like that there."

"You can't prove a negative," he said. "You didn't find anything there. But something was there, and probably is there still—some vibrating diaphragm that set sound waves in motion in the air of that room. And always the same succession of waves, whether it was I who heard them, or you, or my son Thomas. If it happens again after I've gone back to bed, I shall count the num-

Phyllis turned toward the door as Blair entered it. Th

h was blood on his face. He was dirty and disheveled.

er of audible ticks before the striking of the lock, and between the striking and the scream. 'd be willing to bet something that the numbers ill be the same each time the thing is repeated.

"It doesn't matter what the trick is by which nese sounds are produced. It will be interesting to find out, and when we find out we'll probably laugh at ourselves for not having guessed. But, whether we find out or not, there's no terror in it."

"There would be for me," she admitted. "You don't *know* that it's a trick. You don't know that it isn't Flora herself."

She expected some blighting gibe from him at this, but he didn't take that attitude at all. He was marvelously patient with her.

"All right," he said, "take that view and see where you come out.

"Forty years ago my daughter fell in love and wanted to marry against my will. She tried to escape from a room I'd locked her into, and in trying fell and was killed. For years the shock of that tragedy darkened my life. She was daily in my thoughts. And it appears now that she must have been almost as much in her brother Thomas'.

"The emotion she felt just before her death must have been—aside from her longing for her lover—a passionate defiance of my will and a contempt for Thomas, who had betrayed her. Assume that her spirit survived; that it haunted this old home of hers.

"Assume that she saw Thomas hiding the letter she had left for Blair; that she saw Blair, her one ally, deprived of the farewell and of the explanation she'd left for him; that she saw me quarrel with him and turn him out and Thomas supplant him. Wouldn't she have spoken then if she could? Wouldn't she have told Blair how to find her letter then, rather than Edith forty years later? Wouldn't she have avenged herself then, on Thomas and on me, by re-enacting her death?

"Ten years ago, when I tried to undo the injustice Blair had lived under all those years for taking her part, my attempt was frustrated by a trick. They burned the new will and kept the old unjust one. Doesn't it seem that there was another chance for Flora to intervene? If Thomas had heard the clock ticking and the scream the night after he played that trick with the will, he'd have come to me and confessed. But Flora was silent.

"Two years ago or so, Edith began going to a medium, to communicate, as she thought, with the spirit of her dead husband. According to her, she did communicate with him. She had long, intimate talks with him. She saw him. And all that time Flora didn't speak. Nothing was heard from Flora until the time young Blair, here, wrote his letter. Then a lot was heard from her; then her letter was disclosed. When I wouldn't listen to the letter, the clock began to tick.

"Where? Did it follow me around the house? It did not. It sounded in my bedroom and nowhere else—the only place where I was ever alone. But it couldn't discriminate and sound only when I was there alone. It sounded in your presence as well. It sounded when Thomas was there alone—by mistake!"

THERE was a knock on the door, but he went ahead and finished what he had to say before he answered the summons:

"No, my child. If Flora's a ghost, she's been squared, somehow. Hired for the job. The daughter I knew and was fond of would never play tricks like that."

Then—"Come in," he called.

It was Dr. Charles.

"I think," he said, without preface, "that I'd like to have you come down with me to Herbert's room. I'd like to have you there."

"Is he worse again?" the old man asked.

"No; he's holding his own. That isn't it. He's delirious—babbling. Most of it is unintelligible. It may be more intelligible to you than it is to me. Anyhow, you can get it at first hand, and I'd like you to."

It was easy to see that the offer had surprised the Colonel, but evidently it pleased him, too.

"Yes, I'll be glad to come," he said. Then he turned to Phyllis. "How about you? Do you want to come along?"

She did, rather, but didn't feel that it would be quite decent to say so.

"No," she told him; "I'll stay here and make up your bed. I'll have it ready for you when you come back."

"Don't wait for me," he said, as he got up and took his grandson's arm. "Go to bed yourself. Go in with Elizabeth. Then you'll be safe from spooks and you won't be disturbed when I come back."

"All right," she agreed. And, without waiting

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[THE CLOCK STRIKES TWO Continued from Page Thirty-five]

for him and Charles to leave the room—partly by way of showing she wasn't afraid, and partly because she was and wanted to get the worst of it over while the two men were still within hail—she walked straight into his dark bedroom and switched on the light.

The bare commonplaceness of the room, its total lack of anything like an atmosphere, discounted its terrors still further. She was trembling a little, but not much, as she stood beside the empty tumbled bed and began turning back the covers.

Apparently the old man suspected the genuineness of her courage, for he called to her, just as he was starting out with Charles: "You aren't getting frightened again in there, are you?"

She laughed—a pretty good laugh, considering—and called back to him: "No, there's certainly nothing spooky about it now. I'm all right."

She hadn't more than got the words out of her mouth, however—she was bending over the head of the bed, picking up the pillows, when she heard, almost in her ear, her own name pronounced:

"Phyllis!"

SHE was startled, of course. She jumped erect and gasped in a way that would probably have been audible to the Colonel if Charles had not been talking to him as they walked down the corridor. But she was not really terrified. The voice that had spoken her name was Blair's. After a moment of tight silence it spoke again: "You're there, aren't you, Phyllis? Did I frighten you?"

"Yes, I'm here," she said shakily to the empty air, "and not frightened, exactly. But I was startled out of about a year's growth."

"I'm terribly sorry," he said, and his voice proclaimed that this was true. "I heard you speak and I answered without thinking."

"I'm glad you did," she told him.

She was. She was so glad, it made her throat ache and her eyes burn. She wasn't going to be a weak-minded idiot and cry, was she? The symptoms pointed to it. She swallowed hard and got a little better control of her voice.

"I went to your room awhile ago," she added. "The Colonel sent me to get you. And I found you were gone. I thought you must be all right, but I'm glad to know it. You are, aren't you?"

"Yes, I am," he said; "but you aren't. At least, your voice sounds funny."

"It's nothing. I'm alone here. The Colonel's gone off to listen to Herbert, and I'm—sort of shaky after all the excitement. It seems spooky, talking to you like this when you're nowhere. Where are you?"

"Just where I expected to be: down at the ice house. I've found out how the thing was worked from this end, all right. What excitement have you been having?"

"Plenty," she told him, with a ragged laugh. "First, Colonel Boardman and I heard the clock and the scream. He was a lot braver about it than I was. He didn't mind it at all, really, because I heard it too. And then Thomas heard it alone, by mistake, and it frightened him nearly to death."

"Well, I'm glad Uncle Thomas got it," he remarked. "That's poetic justice, all right. But I don't see why you were frightened. I didn't think you were hearing it at all. I thought you had disconnected the wires."

"Blair, there weren't any wires to disconnect. There's no loudspeaker, or microphone, or anything. I hunted for them, just as you told me to. I spent hours hunting. There isn't a thing. Even now I don't see where your voice can come from, or how you can hear me. It makes it sort of scary to hear even your voice, this way."

She tried a joke, but didn't quite succeed with it. "*You* aren't dead, are you?" she asked.

"Phyllis dear, don't! I can't stand any more of this myself. I'm coming up to talk to you properly. Let me in the front door, will you? I'm locked out of the house. Can't get in the way I went out."

The tone of his voice, even more than the word of endearment, braced her up, brought back her courage. "No, wait!" she said. "I'm not going to be silly. This is the best chance we'll have to find out how this thing works. I'll hunt for it again."

"All right," he agreed. "Only don't waste time looking for anything. Just listen. I'll talk along as evenly as I can, and you play hot and cold. See where my voice sounds loudest. Or, I'll tell you what will be better, if you can stand it. I'll start the clock ticking again. That will be easier to follow, because it will be steady."

"All right," she agreed faintly. "I suppose that will be better."

SATISFIED as she professed herself to be, and convinced as, of course, she was that there was not and never had been anything supernatural about the ticking of the clock, she hadn't been able to repress a shudder at the suggestion.

Blair had evidently noted the doubt in her voice, for he laughed and said: "There'll be nothing frightful about it this time. It's nothing but a phonograph record and a good honest clockwork with a long pendulum. Shall I start it?"

"Yes," she told him. "Go ahead."

His prediction proved, of course, to be perfectly true. She sat quite still for a few seconds in sheer incredulity that she could ever have been frightened by a sound like that. Then she began moving around to discover where it came from.

She walked around the bed and went into the clothes closet, as the only place where anything could be hidden, but found she was getting "colder" at every step. Then she came back to the bed. She sat

down near the head of it. Warmer still! She leaned down over the night stand, where the telephone stood.

And then, after an incredulous stare, she snatched up the instrument and held the transmitter to her ear.

"I've got it!" she cried triumphantly. "Blair, it's coming out of the telephone. And the receiver's on the hook!"

"That's pretty good," he commented. "I don't wonder you never thought of it. A dummy telephone, out in plain sight, is an infernally ingenious idea."

"But it isn't a dummy!" she protested. "I used it myself, tonight, to call up the drug store."

"Well, it's beyond me," he admitted. "Herbert must be a pretty good electrician."

The clock struck two just then, and, for all her knowledge that the thing was a mere mechanical trick, she waited silent and with taut nerves for the scream. It came; and, shorn as it was of all its supernatural terrors, it still made her nerves tingle.

But this time there was another difference. It was followed instantly—indeed, it was cut off—by a deafening crash. Not actually deafening, of course, since it came from the telephone instrument, but having in its fine intensity an ear-shattering effect.

"What's happened?" she cried. "Blair, what's the matter?"

There was no answer. She snatched the receiver off the hook, held it to her ear, and rattled the hook up and down until a sleepy voice said, "Number, please," whereupon she dashed the receiver upon its hook again.

"Blair!" she said again. "What's happened?" But she got no answer. There wasn't a sound.

She told herself passionately that there was no reason for being frightened. Something had gone wrong with the circuit, that was all. But she was frightened.

She rattled the hook up and down until a sleepy voice said, "Number, please."

SHE couldn't sit here doing nothing. She left the bedroom, crossed the study, and went out upon the little balcony that corresponded to her own. Her first feeling here was one of relief. Down at the end of the path she could see a glow of light which must come from the open doorway of the ice house. Blair was coming, of course. He must be on his way to her now.

But he wasn't coming! There was no moving thing in sight. There was no sound of footsteps on the path.

She didn't stand there more than a minute. She went back into the house, fled down the hall, down the stairs past the silent clock. She spent a frantic moment over the bolts by which the great door was fastened, top and bottom, pulled it shut after her with a heedless slam, and flew down the path.

To her first dazzled glance, as she stood panting and blinking in the open doorway of the ice house, the place was deserted. A smashed chair, an overturned table, and a litter of gears, springs, and what not showed that a scene of violence had occurred. A moment later she saw that behind the overturned table the body of a man was lying on the floor—a man or the body of a man. She couldn't see the whole of him, only his legs.

THE impulse to rush to Blair's assistance carried her across the shop and around the table at the same time that another department of her brain was trying to tell her that those weren't Blair's legs at all.

She pulled up short and stood staring stupidly when she got the man fully in view. He was Franklin, and he looked as if he were dead. He lay flat on his back, and the whites of his eyes showed beneath his half-opened lids. His mouth was open, too. There was no sign of any breath coming through it.

She was still staring at him, aghast, when the sound of Blair's step brought her to life a little. She turned toward the door just as he entered it, carrying a pail of water. There was blood on his face; he was pretty dirty and thoroughly disheveled; but the beauty of him, alive and whole—just his precious, unaltered self—brought tears of relief to her eyes.

She saw him take one look at her and set down his bucket of water, and then everything got too swimmy in the blur of her tears to make it possible to see anything more.

There wasn't much to see after that, anyhow. He was holding her too close. "You darling!" he said. "How did you get here?"

"I just—came," she told him. "I heard a crash in the telephone just as Flora was beginning to scream. I called to you, and you didn't answer. Then I looked out the study window and saw the ice-house door was open, and I knew something must be happening to you; so I flew."

"Something darn near did happen," he said. "But it's all right now. And you came without knowing, without waiting to call any-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[THE CLOCK STRIKES TWO Continued from Page Thirty-seven]

body! You know, you *are* the bravest, loveliest—"

He didn't say anything more for a while. His lips were better employed.

After a moment, when he would let her breathe, she asked: "What did happen? Have you killed Franklin?"

He laughed at that question, and she did, too. It sounded funny, somehow—she had asked it so casually.

"Killed, nothing!" he assured her. "I knocked him out, and he hasn't come to yet, but he will. I suppose I'd better go to work to bring him round. That's what I went out to get the water for. I *did* bring in a pail of water, didn't I?"

"Yes," she said; "you put it over there by the door."

He didn't go to get it, though. Instead, he moved to the corner of the table and took a look at his victim. "He won't need it," he told her. "His eyelids are beginning to flicker and you can see him breathe. He'll know where he is in a minute or two."

"What happened?" she said. "What did he try to do to you?"

"HE tried to murder me, all right. Why, I was standing here at the table, watching the machine run and listening to the phone, when I felt a draft on my legs. I hadn't opened the door at all, and there aren't any windows. So, without waiting to think at all, I ducked and jumped sideways. He'd let himself in with a key—got it out of Herbert's clothes, I suppose—grabbed up a piece of pipe that was standing in the corner, and swung at me.

"He missed me when I ducked, and smashed Herbert's phonograph and telephone all to bits. That was the crash you heard, of course. I grabbed that chair as he swung at me again. He was like a wild man. I don't think he knew very well what he was doing. Anyhow, the chair knocked the pipe out of his hand, and we had a sort of rough-and-tumble for a few minutes, before I could get far enough away from him to hit him.

"He was rather slow in coming to, so I went and got that bucket of water out of the lake. And then I came back and saw you here and forgot all about him."

"Well," she said, "I suppose I'm glad you didn't kill him. It's more convenient. He *is* all right, isn't he?"

Blair nodded. "He'll be hearing what we say in another minute or two. Oh, you darling! Come here for a minute, first. Forget about him."

They did forget about him pretty completely for a while, and when he did recall himself to their attention by struggling giddily to his feet, and immediately afterward slumping into a kitchen chair, they watched his laborious processes with a vague detachment and even without entirely relinquishing their embrace.

He gazed at them sourly for a while, partly in disapproval, no doubt, but also in some apparent uncertainty whether they were really there or were the people he took them for.

"I don't know how you worked it," he said at last.

At that, Blair let her go and she moved a little away from him. "Worked what?" he asked.

"How you and your—friend, Miss Hale, here, tricked my father into hiring her for this job."

We have reached a critical point in the lives of those whose destinies we have been following. How does it all turn out? You'll learn in next week's dramatic, final installment.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

The weekly questionnaire is resumed in this issue in a different way. Answers to the following Twenty Questions will be found on Page 65.

1—What American naval vessel was sunk at a harbor's entrance in an attempt to bottle up an enemy fleet?

2—When was the first legal execution by electricity?

3—How and when did the United States acquire Alaska?

4—What present monarch has had the longest reign?

5—How high is the Eiffel Tower?

6—What National League baseball player was voted the most valuable to his team for the 1927 season?

7—What territory did the United States acquire as a result of the Spanish-American War?

8—What kind of creature is the laughing jackass?

9—What does the Japanese word, jujitsu, mean?

10—What is the highest point in the United States?

11—What is the largest crowd that ever attended a football game in America?

12—What English monarch had the longest reign?

13—Who said "O Liberty! Liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name!"

14—What hermit spent thirty-seven years on the tops of pillars?

15—How many ships were in the Spanish Armada?

16—What United States Presidents were assassinated?

17—Who was Queen Elizabeth's mother?

18—What man, who made a large fortune in deadly explosives, gave great sums to the encouragement of peace and the arts?

19—What European statesman is known as The Tiger?

20—What navigator first sailed from Europe to India via the Cape of Good Hope?

Killing KILLERS

P. & A. photos

THE menace of the gunman terrorist is being diminished by trained police marksmen. (Above) A squad of the Oakland, California, police, who rank among the best shots in America.

How Straight-Shooting Policemen Are Thinning the Ranks of the Gunmen

An Article by LIN BONNER

(Reading time: 12 minutes 45 seconds.)

POLICEMEN in American cities are killing more lawbreakers than ever before, while the number of policemen who go into action and live to have medals pinned on them is steadily on the increase.

There has been a great change from the time when false pride and the force of public opinion used to place the policeman at a disadvantage.

The average policeman has to investigate ten or twenty complaints a day, only one of which may prove to be important. He may go into a cellar hunting a burglar and find only a cat; or he may dash into a speakeasy expecting a riot and find only a few dizzy customers arguing whether Tunney got a long count.

Under these circumstances, if he has his artillery unslung, he comes in for a laugh. But, reversely, if he enters where a killer waits and leaves his gun in his holster, he probably will be wounded or killed.

In these days of extreme punitive legislation, such as the Baumes laws of New York, which automatically deal out life imprisonment to convicted fourth offenders, a trapped criminal, no matter how small his offense, is likely to shoot to avoid arrest.

In other days, police chiefs reprimanded men who killed except in self-defense. Most of them have changed their tactics. One of the awakened ones was George V. McLaughlin, recently Police Commissioner of New York. In effect, he said to his men:

"Cop-killing has to stop. I want you men to protect yourselves. Be first on the draw and shoot to kill. Don't overdo it and kill innocent people, but don't take chances unnecessarily. I'm standing back of you whenever you have a reason to shoot."

The same attitude prevailed in other cities and the results are apparent.

In the first six months of 1927, police marksmen in the major cities generally killed more

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)

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[KILLING KILLERS Continued from Page Thirty-nine]

gunmen than in the same period of 1926, or they caused the trigger fingers of the bandits to hesitate. Fewer police were killed.

Police shooting ability and police morale are improving. In a survey of more than a dozen leading cities I found invariably that better marksmanship, the quick draw, and public opinion in favor of the shoot - to - kill policy of the police are credited with the change in conditions.

Three New York bandit slayers: Patrolman Boyman (above) and Detectives Martin (below, left) and Donohue.

Boston and Baltimore seem to be the only cities where the casualty score favors the gunmen.

Following is a comparative table of police and bandit killings in various cities for the first six months of 1926 and 1927:

City	Police killed 1926	Police killed 1927	Bandits killed 1926	Bandits killed 1927
Boston	None	1	None	None
Baltimore ..	2	1	1	None
Detroit	4	2	20	22
New York..	3	3	4	8
Washington	None	None	3	2
Chicago....	6	None	37	1
St. Louis...	None	1	4	6
Minneapolis	None	None	None	1
Atlanta ...	None	None	None	2
Buffalo....	1	None	None	1
Cleveland..	1	None	8	None

Detroit's large number of bandit killings is attributed to that city's proximity to the Canadian border and consequent bootlegging activities.

It may also be noted that Chicago had 189 murders in 1926.

Buffalo's policeman was killed by his wife, while Seattle, San Francisco, and Milwaukee reported no killings on either side.

All of which seems to give the police somewhat the better of the argument.

Richard E. Enright, former Police Commissioner of New York, believes coddling of prisoners and indiscriminate use of the parole were contributing causes of the gunman storm. He also agrees with other police officials that their chief heritage from the World War was the criminal sniper.

Criminals came back from the army harder and more reckless. With them, in many cases, they brought youths who had been lifted from school desks or elementary jobs, and who knew only how to kill. Policemen fell in droves, for they were untutored and unprepared for these sharpshooters. The slaughter reached its peak in 1923-25.

New York bore the brunt of the attack, but virtually every other section had its share. Abnormal crimes, such as bank, mail, and payroll robberies, with incidental killings, became routine.

Such a reign of terror could have but one result — reprisal. So the natural courage and fighting qualities of the police were unleashed.

The Midwest supplies many cases, the most important of which was the dispatching of "Dutch" Anderson by Detective Hammond of Muskegon, Michigan, whom he had fatally wounded in a duel.

This desperado—devoted pal and avenger of Gerald Chapman—had defied and dodged the police for years. After the conviction of Chapman as the slayer of a policeman in New Britain, Connecticut, Anderson had killed an Indiana farmer and his wife who testified against Chapman. Following this double murder, Anderson stayed under cover.

One night, in Muskegon, Hammond challenged a suspicious-looking man. The latter fled into an alley and, in the dark, they fought a duel to the death. When daylight came, both men were found dead and the bandit was identified as the long-sought Dutch.

ALMOST as important was the killing in Detroit of "Ice Wagon" Crowley, alias Olsen. He and a companion named Cunniffe, known as "Killer," were wanted on suspicion of murdering a mail-truck guard with a machine gun and robbing his truck of more than $300,000 at Elizabeth, New Jersey. The slayers were not heard of until Detroit police were called to investigate a shooting in an apartment house.

Others on New York's straight-shooting police list. (Left to right) Hudson, Reedy, Devine, Cordes, and O'Connor.

The first policeman to enter the place was killed by "Ice Wagon," but Patrolman Ephraim Rancour brought the bandit down. The room where the battle occurred was littered with thousands of dollars in paper money. Cunniffe

and a woman also were dead. The theory is that Cunniffe and Crowley had quarreled over mail-truck loot or the woman, or both, and that Crowley had shot the other two to death.

Still other notable examples come from Detroit.

Detective Hammond, Anderson's slayer, Muskegon, Michigan.

On March 27, 1926, about midnight, two Negroes held up a street-car conductor. He resisted and they killed him. Patrolman Boyd Badour obtained a description of the highwaymen and went to a Negro dive to look for them. As he entered a room filled with colored men, the gang jumped him. He shot one, William Hill, in the arm, but was himself shot in the abdomen, hand, and thigh. The Negroes fled.

He dragged himself out of the place, trailing the fugitives for several blocks until he collapsed. He died thirty days later.

In the meantime, on his description, the Negro, Hill, was captured, convicted, and sent to Marquette Prison for life. The widow of Badour was presented with the Walter Scott Medal for Valor.

PATROLMAN Joseph Behmke of the Detroit force was off duty and in civilian clothes. His little son being ill, he went in search of a doctor. At the physician's home he was directed to a near-beer saloon.

As he entered, three armed men "stuck up" the place. He put his hands in the air. Then he whipped out his own gun and shot one robber through the abdomen. The others fled.

The wounded man, identified as Harold Kettleburt, seventeen, died. This magnificent display of courage and training won Behmke a Distinguished Service Medal.

Patrolmen Edward T. Mertens and Ambrose W. Mahoney together killed two restaurant holdup men, William Drury accounted for another, and Michael McNamara shot and killed a fourth in Chicago fights.

Patrolman Rancour killed a mail robber, Detroit.

This city probably has lost more policemen in the bandit war since 1919 than any other, for there the outlaws seem quicker on the draw and more efficient than elsewhere. For instance:

Patrolman Edward C. Finnegan, in March, 1926, arrested Richard Evans and Otto Hacker as speeders. He got into the front seat alongside Hacker, and Evans shot him in the back.

Evans was convicted of murder and hanged. Hacker was acquitted.

Patrolman Frank Blazek, who on April 28, 1926, arrested on suspicion a Negro named Joe Crown, had him in a car ready to start for the station when the Negro shot him with his own gun.

In June, 1926, two more Chicago police were killed. Patrolman Mike Madigan went into a soft-drink parlor suspected of selling liquor, and while he was searching the place was shot to death. Joe Beninato, the proprietor, was wounded a few minutes later by Patrolman Mike Connaughton. Beninato was indicted for the policeman's murder.

Three weeks after Madigan's death, Patrolman Pat Daley was found, about 2:30 A. M., dead on a sidewalk. His killing is a mystery.

And only one week later, on July 22, 1926, a patrolman halted Nat "Cry Baby" Davis, a Negro, and undertook to search him. The Negro killed him, then hid under the porch of a near-by house. When Sergeant Al Booth and Patrolman Ignatz Sheehan found him, he opened fire and they killed him.

Three more policemen were killed in Chicago before that year ended.

Patrolman Howard Weber, who accounted for Buffalo's dead bandit, wounded another and captured a third in the same fight.

Patrolman Karp (left) and Lieutenant Mortenson killed a filling-station robber, Minneapolis.

In Minneapolis, a man who attempted to hold up a filling station was shot by Lieutenant Olof Mortenson and Patrolman Jacob Karp.

NUMEROUS instances of police nerve and good shooting are supplied by New York.

There was the case of Patrolman Huhn, who ran to a restaurant whence cries of distress emanated. His revolver caught in its holster and he found himself threatened by a gun in the hand of a holdup man.

Huhn floored the man with his fist, recovered his fallen weapon, and arrested him.

Huhn is a graduate of the New York Police School, where they teach recruits jujitsu, boxing, riding, shooting, and many other arts of self-defense.

On January 31, Walter Tipping, alias "Tip" Murray, wanted for killing a New York policeman, was located in a hunting lodge in the wilderness near Old Forge, New York.

Six plain-clothes men, headed by Tom Martin and Tom Donohue, crack sleuths of New York's homicide squad, went to get him. Tipping was rated as a desperado who would kill at sight.

In response to their knock a woman opened the door. They pushed their way in, guns drawn. Tipping, clad only in underwear, emerged from a bedroom, shooting. One of his bullets hit Martin in his pistol arm, but the detective shot the killer.

In almost every case where the police kill, the victim is either armed or he has a police record. For example, on last St. Patrick's Day, in New York, Patrolman Herman Boyman noted three suspicious-looking men in a taxicab. He halted them for questioning. One, later identified as Antonio De Castro, answered with gunfire, wounding the policeman twice. Boyman killed De Castro.

Patrolman Weber fought three, killing one, Buffalo.

WHILE cigar-store holdups were flourishing last spring, Patrolman John Hudson, on the night of April 30, noted a stranger acting queerly in a shop on upper Broadway. He questioned the man and received a bullet in the cheek. Hudson fired once, killing the man, who was identified as Joseph Masterson, an ex-convict.

Detective John Cordes, of the New York Headquarters Division, on May 5 last, performed a feat that is outstanding. Unarmed, he tackled two killers who he knew had three guns between them. Thus he broke up a kidnaping enterprise in which two business men were being held for $400,000 ransom.

On April 28 a merchant named Abe Scharlin received a telephone call from his friend, James Taylor, making an appointment to meet him at 3 P. M. on Riverside Drive at Seventy-fifth Street. While New York's famous boulevard was crowded with loungers, an automobile drew up at the rendezvous.

Scharlin expected Taylor to step from the car. Instead, two strangers got out, pressed revolvers against him, and ordered him into the car. Taylor had been captured in the same manner an hour before, in Brooklyn. The victims were taken to a house in an isolated section of Brooklyn.

Patrolman Behmke fought three, killing one, Detroit.

There they were stripped of their clothing. Black bags were slipped over their heads and tied around their necks. They were chained together with handcuffs and ankle irons.

On May 2, Detective Cordes was in a telephone booth in downtown Manhattan and overheard a voice in the next booth demanding $400,000 ransom for somebody he was holding prisoner.

". . . and unless you come through with the money," he heard, "they will both die. Don't try to tip the police, for that will mean instant death for these two."

Cordes did not dare pounce upon

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

A FRENCH beauty bath SECRET

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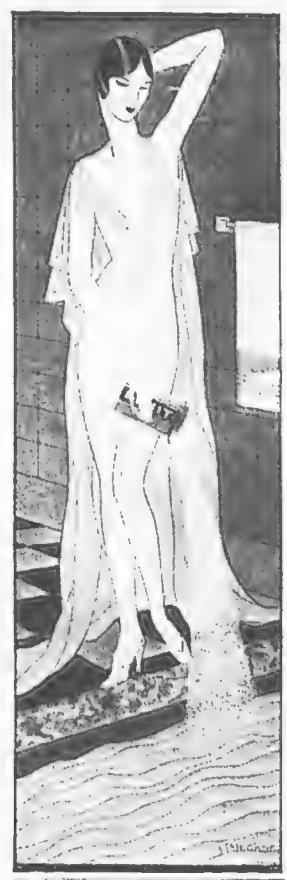

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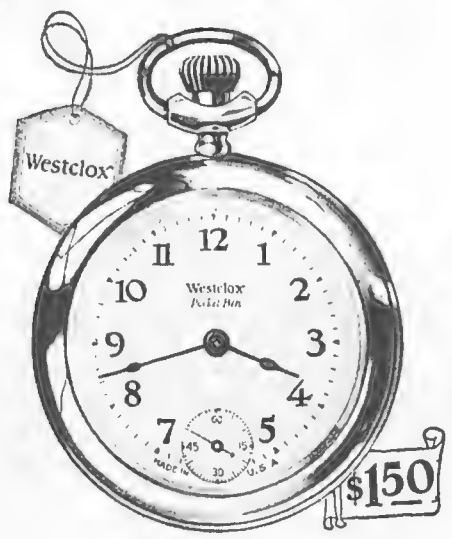

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Prices slightly higher in Canada.

[KILLING KILLERS Continued from Page Forty-one]

the threatener, for fear the location of the captives never would be revealed. But he trailed the man to a shooting gallery and watched him splinter forty-nine out of fifty clay pipes on the pistol range. Cordes saw he was a person to be handled with care.

The man, later identified as Joseph Marcus, proceeded to a house in the Flatbush section of Brooklyn. When he had gone in, Cordes telephoned Inspector Coughlin at headquarters and obtained re-enforcements in the persons of Detectives Walsh, Daly, Barrett, Murray, and Morrissey.

Working in pairs on three shifts of eight hours each, they kept watch on the house.

THE morning of May 5, Marcus emerged and Cordes, who was on watch, took up his trail. The bandit proceeded to Manhattan, where, two blocks from Police Headquarters, he made a telephone call, then proceeded uptown. Cordes followed him while he rode about town and made seven more calls, and finally, at Sixty-sixth Street, entered Central Park and turned south.

He constantly twisted his head to see if he was being "tailed," as the police say. After sauntering to Fifty-ninth Street, he retraced his steps, and at Sixty-sixth he stopped and waited on a wooden bridge, watch in hand. Cordes, looking at his own, noted that it was 2:40 P. M.

Another man, later found to be David Berman, joined Marcus. The two sat down under a tree. Cordes watched them for an hour. Then the two rose and started in his direction.

Momentarily the detective feared he had been discovered, and sensed danger as he saw Marcus take a .45-caliber revolver from a pocket and transfer it to the band of his trousers at the front. But the two walked past him and out of the park. As Cordes passed Motorcycle Policeman Richard W. O'Connor, he flashed his badge, pointed to the two suspects, and told him, "Have your gun ready and keep close."

Then he passed the kidnapers in Sixty-sixth Street. As Cordes went by them, he suddenly whirled with his hand in his pocket and discovered—he was without a gun!

"Stick 'em up!" he commanded the two and, with his free arm, swept them backward upon a stoop. Almost instantly, Berman was up with a gun in his hand. Cordes jammed the cylinder of Berman's weapon.

In another instant he would have wrested the gun free, but Marcus was now rising and reaching for the gun in his belt.

"Get this —— ——!" shouted Berman. Marcus had his gun out, but before he could fire, Cordes swung Berman against him as a shield for his own body and sent Marcus off balance.

O'Connor was running up.

"Let him have it," Cordes called to the motor-cycle cop, now only five feet from Marcus.

O'Connor fired, the bullet ripping through the bandit's chest. He died a few minutes later.

WITH Marcus down, Cordes quickly disarmed Berman and handcuffed him. At the police station he was identified as "Dave the Jew," wanted with four others for a post-office robbery at Superior, Wisconsin, in which $76,000 was stolen; for a bank holdup at La Porte, Indiana, where robbers got more than $200,000; for a bank robbery at Milwaukee, involving $296,000; and for numerous other crimes in the Middle West and Northwest.

Marcus, it developed, was wanted as the murderer of the Chief of Police of Montreal.

And these were the men Cordes had tackled single-handed!

Though Berman would not talk, the guards who had been left with the kidnaped men, seeing the story of the Marcus killing and Berman's arrest in an afternoon paper, quickly released the prisoners and made their escape.

Patrolmen James Reedy and T. F. Devine also joined New York's roll of bandit slayers.

It takes brave men to do this sort of thing.

Improvement in gunnery has also played a big part in giving the police the self-confidence they lacked before they went on the pistol ranges.

Prior to 1921 target practice was elective with members of the majority of police forces. Now, in almost every major city, they are compelled to learn shooting.

In New York, where the police personnel numbers almost 18,000, the regulations call for four cycles. In Detroit, probationary police cannot become regulars until they qualify as marksmen.

New York, I believe, took the lead in making marksmanship a serious item in police curriculum, and its system today serves as a model for other cities of the country. But the inspiration came from a member of the Crescent Athletic Club of Brooklyn. This man, scandalized at the number of police who were being slaughtered by criminals, organized a tournament for members of the force and held it on the club range. About 200 men took part and, of them all, only ten made a score of twenty-three or better.

Almost immediately, Commissioner Enright ordered pistol work once a year for every man in the department. But there was no compulsion about it, and there was no money for expenses. So it amounted to a good idea gone wrong.

The following year, 1922, a considerable element of the force began to take shooting seriously, especially after each encounter between a cop and a criminal. In 1923 target practice was made compulsory.

From the records of recent gun duels the country over, it appears that the police have become more skillful marksmen than the killers themselves.

THE END

Patrolmen Mertens and Mahoney.

BANDIT SLAIN BY POLICEMAN; 2 PALS ESCAPE

Confronts Trio Believed Bent on Stickup.

CRIMINAL COURT.
Sidney Blumenthal, larceny, sentenced to one to ten years in Pontiac reformatory by Judge Philip L. Sullivan.

(Picture on back page.)

Detective Sergeant Michael Curtin battled three bandits at 29th street and Indiana avenue late yesterday afternoon and killed one of them. The others escaped.

Sergt. Curtin, with Sergt. David Carney, who is his partner at the Wabash avenue station, were returning from the loop when they noticed the three men. As they watched the trio approached the tailor shop of Sol Medansky at 2835 Indiana avenue. One man carried a gun.

Sergt. Curtin jumped from his automobile and confronted the bandits. The man with the gun raised his hand to fire as Sergt. Curtin grappled with

This clipping from the Chicago Tribune of January 13, 1927, tells of the work of Michael Curtin (right). (Above) Four other Chicago bandit killers.

Patrolmen Drury and McNamara.

Joe Beninato, Chicago saloon keeper, shot in fight by Detective Connaughton (right) after Patrolman Madigan (left) was killed.

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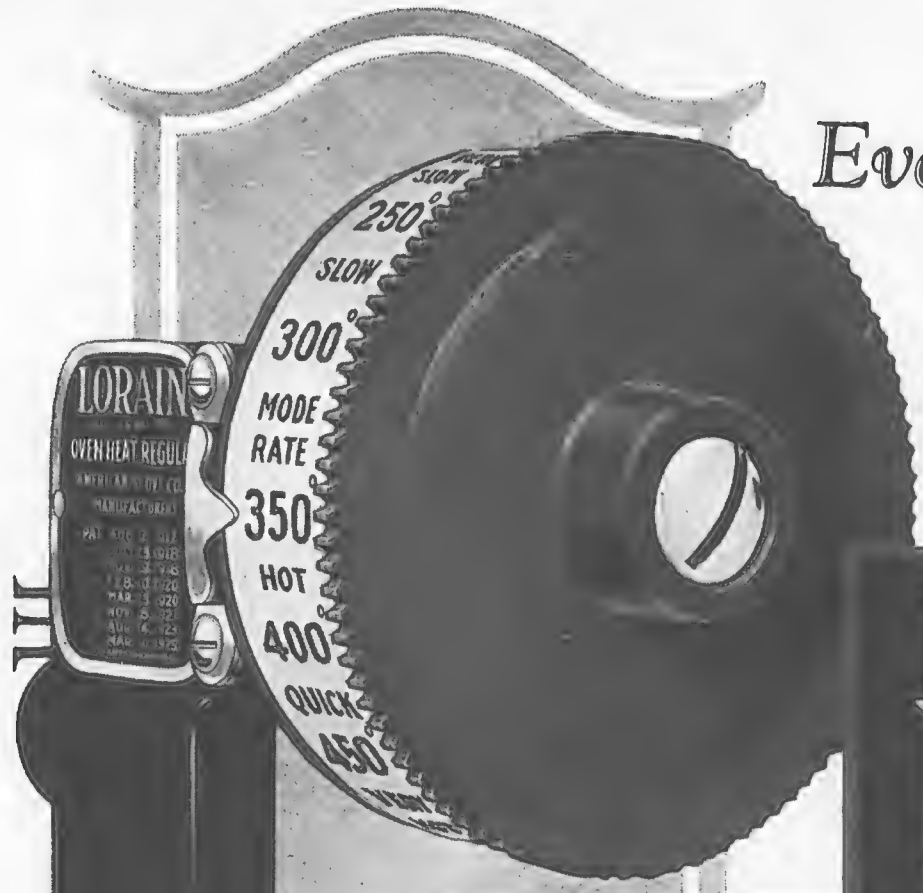

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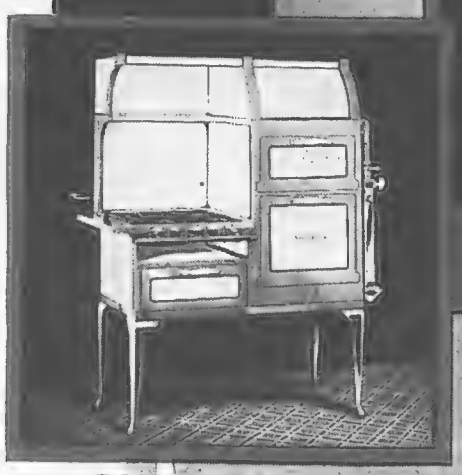

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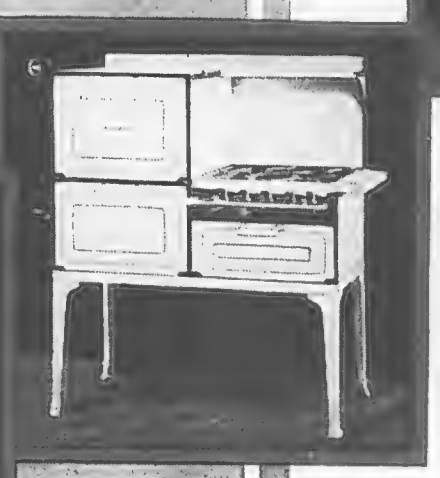
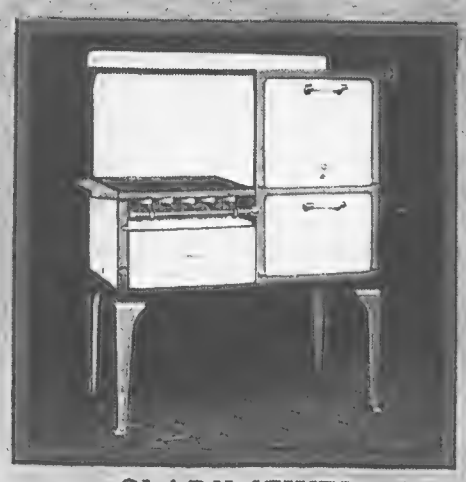


NEW PROCESS
New Process Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, O



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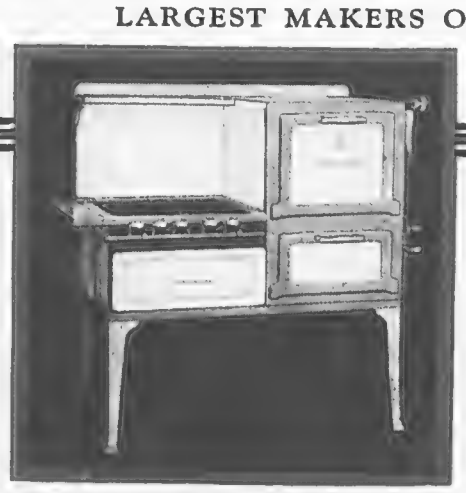

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(Reading time: 4 minutes 20 seconds.)

DEAR WORLD:

I'm a disgrace. I'm back from a visit and I'm in my night clothes. And I haven't had any supper! I guess the visit was not so good.

We went out to see the Higgins. They are friends of Aunt Toni. Or they were friends of hers until today. Now, Auntie says, she wouldn't blame Mr. Higgins or Mrs. Higgins or Bobbie Higgins or the Red Higgins if they never spoke to her again. I don't know what she means by the Red Higgins speaking to her again. Because he never spoke to anybody yet.

He's a new one. They found him under a cabbage leaf about a month ago, and, if it was me found him, I would have let him lay.

Bobbie Higgins is a good egg. That's what he calls himself. He says, "Everybody that's a regular guy is a good egg." He heard his Uncle Harry say so. Uncle Harry, Bobbie says, is a good egg, too, even though he comes home stiff every once in a while. I can't imagine anyone coming home stiff. I don't see how anybody can come home if they're stiff.

Mr. Higgins is a painter. Not houses, Auntie says, because I asked her. I'd seen a painter working on a house. He sat on a ladder and splashed a brush against it. The house turned brown and the shutters green. And a sign grew out of the grass which said: PAINT.

But this Mr. Higgins, he paints pictures of ladies without any clothes on, and makes lots of money. (So I heard Daddy saying, and he said he wished he had a job like—— but Mom *shushed* him before he could finish.) And that's what started making our visit "un-success-ful to say the least."

They found him under a cabbage leaf about a month ago.

Mrs. Higgins is Mr. Higgins' wife. She is also Bobbie's mother. She is a nice lady. She gave me some candy just before I went out of her house. I went out of the house sailing. I was attached to Auntie's hand and Auntie was redder. Bobbie was crying and holding the seat of his pants in which he was. I mean he was in his pants while he was holding—

Well—

It sounds funny to say anybody was redder. But Auntie *was* redder. She's red, you know, to start with. Red hair like mine, but hers is worse, and more of it.

Well, anyhow, Mom dressed me up in my best dress. It's a yellow dress and has blue piping on it. And I have to take it off when I eat.

Daddy says if I et up all the food I spill on my front I could go to work as a long-shore-man. A long-shore-man is a man that pushes things around the dock and swears dreadful.

I don't see why I should be a long-shore-man, because when I said "Damn" right after my Dad, when he dropped his collar button and leaned over to pick it up and got a di-rect con-nec-tion with a hot steam pipe, they told me it was a terrible naughty word.

Well, anyhow, when I got the dress on, they put on my green coat, and my little green hat with the fur ball on it, and my black patent slippers which cost so much Auntie says "Ain't kids expensive?" and away we went in a taxicab that had a man's picture on the inside. I didn't see why he wanted his picture in the cab. It needed a shave something awful, and it wasn't pretty.

Daddy says if I et up all the food I spill on my front I could go to work as a long-shore-man.

We got out to the Higgins. It's out in Larchmont, and it has a big, wide yard all full of grass, and big trees, and Indian war bonnets, and feathers, and a couple of tin cans, and a dog that looks like one of our sofa pillows with the stuffing half out of it. He scared me. He barked like he had a bad cold.

Auntie had on her company manners. She kept them on until I did my stuff. She kissed Mrs. Higgins, shook hands with Mr. Higgins, and kissed Bobbie, and he wiped it off with his sleeve, and she said: "Congratulations, dear. I'm so glad it's another boy." And Mr. Higgins swelled up. I don't see why. He had on a velvet coat with a lot of paint on it.

Honest, if my coat ever got mussed up like that I'd be put to bed for a week!

Bobbie looked kind of mad. He had an awful frown on his face. He and me is the same age, Mrs. Higgins said.

And I said, "What are you lookin' at?" And he said, "Aw, shut up!" Mrs. Higgins said, "BOBBIE!" Mr. Higgins said, "See here, young man!" And Auntie looked like a martyr. She was showing off that she had such a polite child.

So Bobbie says, "Come on up and I'll show it to you." So we went upstairs to a bedroom and he pointed and said, "There it is. It cries all night. And Mother likes it better than she does me." And he got wet on his face.

So I looked in and saw the Red Higgins. Its nose was a button and its face moved around and its mouth opened and it said, "Oohwah!"

I guess I don't like new babies neither.

Then I says, "Your Daddy is a painter, isn't he?" And he said, "Yeh. And he's a good egg. He takes me to the zoo." And I said I'd been there, too, and weren't the monkeys ree-dic-iless. And he said he didn't know, but they sure could climb and jump.

So then we didn't say any more, and we just stood around and looked out of the window and Bobbie said, "Oh, let's play something." And I said, "All right, what?" And he said, "I don't know."

SO I thought a little and then I said, "Your Daddy is a painter, isn't he?" And he said, "Yes." And I said, "And he paints ladies without any clothes on and makes a lot of money, don't he?" And Bobbie said, "Yes." And I said, "Well, let's play Painter. You be your Daddy and I'll be one of the ladies without any clothes on, and you can paint me." And he run and got a box of paint he got for Christmas.

So I took off my clothes and Bobbie painted me. He painted me red around the neck, and blue up and down my back, and yellow here and there, and brown, and blue, some black, and red.

And I looked at myself in the looking-glass and I looked just grand. I thought Auntie would love me like that. Bobbie wasn't so sure.

Then we went downstairs. They were all there, and Mrs. Higgins kind of got stiff when I came in, and I thought Auntie was going to faint, and Mr. Higgins gave me one look and then almost fell off the chair laughing.

"Oohwah!" said Auntie. "What in goodness' name is this?"

"It's me," I said, real pleasant. "We were playing Painter, and Bobbie was his Daddy and I was one of the ladies without any clothes on he paints."

So Auntie got redder, as I told you. And here I am in bed, burning all over and smelling like an ammonia bottle. They rubbed my skin off.

Things aren't always as bad as they're painted, says Toni. Wait'll you see what happens next week.

Painting *the* Town Red

Sandy's Detour from the Great White Way

A Night-Club Scene in LIBERTY'S Popular Cover Serial

FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

By Leslie Thrasher

THE final curtain of a supposed-to-be blushingly shameful Broadway drama! Sandy was escorting Lil up the aisle.

"And now we'll paint the old burg red," he told her, hunting for an extra program to mail to his mother. "I'm going to spend fifty dollars. Ever been to a night club?"

"*Oh!*" Lil's whispered gasp brought a "Beg pardon!" from a stranger who thought he'd stepped upon her foot. "One of those wild places? Why, we may get raided, and I don't want to spoil my new dress. It cost me forty."

"Cost *me*, you mean," Sandy said to himself.

Lil admired her own reflection in the lobby mirrors and got several good dressmaking hints admiring the reflections of other people. What with seeing a plaited girdle effect here and a slanting hip-tuck there—voguish instinct told her that her wardrobe would be the talk of the Ladies' Auxiliary at home.

"Are we going to the night club now?" she asked innocently.

No answer. But Sandy handed a mysterious card to the taxi driver, affecting gallantry and a conqueror-of-the-fort manner. Lil felt like a detective. Where was he taking her? To the kind of place whose name he couldn't mention in public? She had a sudden conglomerate picture of raids, shootings, and diners being killed by flying wine bottles.

The Great White Way! She clutched his hand and wouldn't let go—even under the bright-as-noon glare of street lights.

Their two-dollar taxi ride terminated before an awning bathed in a purple flare. Sandy handed another two dollars to a uniformed Hindu who led them through an oval doorway. The crash of cymbals, the bleat of wailing saxophones, a chorus of popping corks, flashes of light, then darkness—

And Lil was in a mysterious New York night club!

"This is lovely," she told Sandy, deciding to save about three dollars by not having her wrap checked. And then, seeing the extravagantly priced menu, she chose the cheapest dish with a French name. (It turned out to be Brussels sprouts with egg sauce.)

"She's my queen an' I'll crown her! Ooo-la! Ooo-la!" This was part of a nasal solo from a member of the orchestra.

The room was filled, so was the floor; and after the first dance Lil felt like a top-heavy whirligig, having danced it entirely in a crowded corner.

"Isn't this great?" Sandy asked, slipping a five spot to a waiter.

"Don't act like a millionaire," Lil warned him. "What's that for?"

A bottle and glasses were set before her as an answer, the cork's pop added its exclamation mark, and before she could turn her glass down it had been filled.

Superjazz . . . balloons . . . varied-hued lights . . . toots of horns . . . the crack-crack of noise makers . . . and Ted Beaver's Beauties danced into the room with a daring display of vertebræ. Wild clapping!

"Watta peach! Watta peach! Watta *peach!*" Sandy yelled with an occasional hiccup.

This was the only invitation the peaches needed to do a jazzy lock step right over to the Jenkinses' table, and the leader, who was especially alluring, appeared to be about to kiss Sandy.

"Sandford!" Lil shouted. "I may have taken you for better or worse—but this is *terrible!*"

(To be continued next week)

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Did Mother Tell Teacher?

Jimmie, who had just started going to school, wasn't making the progress that he should. The teacher explained to his mother that his mind always seemed to be wandering—never on the subject under discussion. Mother was trying to get at the root of the matter.

"Jimmie," she said, "what do you do all day at school?"

"Oh, I just watch teacher," he explained; "but I *think* of something nice."—Geneva Seybold, 62 Montague St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

He Said a Bobful

I had just had a boyish bob. When our small son saw the change, he looked at his father and remarked:

"My mamma's gone, but I have two daddies now."—Mrs. Martha Holt, 3221 Iowa Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

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C. K. Morris, Chicago, says, got rid of a bad cold overnight. Mrs. H. F. Peckham, New Bedford, Mass., says that a pain in her side is gone. Albert E. Holderman, Reedley, Calif., says, after only three treatments, sciatica rheumatism in his wife's knee is gone. J. F. Davis, Alliance, Ohio, says, two treatments with the Infra-Red Ray Lamp relieved him of a bad case of asthma. J. L. Pinnock, Alliance, Ohio, says, that it completely relieved him of a very severe injury received on his back. Frank L. Wood, Petersburg, Mich., says, it has relieved him of lumbago, catarrh and inflamed eyes.

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This is to men and women who weigh an extra twenty pounds or more. It mars your beauty, quells your vivacity, threatens your health. You owe to yourself the removal of that excess, as people all around you now are doing.

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CLOTHES for a SOUTHERN WINTER

By
MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

AS one of the very smart women remarked over the washbowl of the Ritz dressing room the other afternoon at teatime, it is very simple now as compared with that past mauve decade to prepare for your flight South. All you do, as she elucidated the situation, is to get half a dozen sports frocks, exactly alike except for color, and half a dozen little simple chiffon evening things which are also just about alike. Stock up with a lot of artistic artificial jewelry, and you are all set for a long, hard social winter in the South.

The evening dress shown here is an excellent type with which to wear jewelry at elaborate Southern resort functions. In town one must now choose between the sheath and the *robe de style* in velvet or something voluminous for evening wear. But this, being for the South, is for all next spring and summer elsewhere. Therefore it must be more or less simple.

It has the flat back and the tiered skirt, with a circular swing to it across the front which is now excellent for a silhouette, and it attains the necessary uneven look to the hemline through the streamers of the chiffon bow that fall from the center of the deep V in the décolletage of the back.

For Southern wear you ought to have several dresses almost like this one, in white and yellow and gray and chartreuse and all of the pale shades. As the Paris correspondent writes of this evening frock, "A large pin holds parts of the front together, and of course there are many bracelets. The dress has all of the fullness bunched in front and is very low in the back, the extreme tip of the neckline ending with a bow made from a chiffon scarf that floats away in streamers.

"It is the kind of dress that makes an excellent background for things—for jewels and panels and draperies—which are distinctly in style. One could substitute a panel for that bow in one of the evening dresses for the South. Some panels drag the floor in the form of trains, and one does not lift them over the arm, like a scarf, as in other seasons."

Taffeta, as we know, is smart, but old friend China silk, that we have probably forgotten all about, is smarter. Some of us may have been born since it was "in" last time. At any rate, the thing this year is going to be (if prognostications come true) to look as if your entire costume could be tubbed without injury to any part of it or to you.

This will be a very becoming style to America, where summers are nothing if not hot. But though China silk is washable, it is also very airy, and one might say flimsy and flary. Therefore the corded seams and other decorations to give it weight will stand a show to continue popular.

The accompanying dress in China silk is indispensable for winter—or summer—resorts. It is the sort you wear to watch the sports and to keep on wearing on the veranda for tea. This one is in chartreuse. As the Paris sketch artist says, "A smart woman will have half a dozen and all of them must be sure to be in pale shades." This one has a very low yoke indicated by a horizontal line flowing several inches below the underarm seam, and the point of the V neck touches it.

To go round the course in this dress with a golf stick in your hand is as lamentable as to wear an afternoon gown in the evening. It means that you are incorrectly dressed, and in the world of fashion what could be in worse taste? To wear sports clothes in the evening means simply that you are "not dressed," and that is pardonable; but in this age, err always on the side of being under-elaborately dressed.

The other sports dress is the "working" type, which may if necessary appear later at tea on the porch. Materials for these practical dresses have developed into such productions of art that the frocks are charming enough to wear anywhere.

The "working sports dress" worn by the girl carrying a golf stick is of a material which is none other than our old friend jersey overrefined and named "djersa." It is made in two pieces, with the familiar plaits replaced across the front of the skirt by a circular cut, which flattens and straightens across the back into the unpretentious line so dear to us that we will not give it up.

The dress is in the color which appears to be outdistancing all others in popularity for sports things, which is yellow. Other shades often mingle with it, and in this case it blends into what might be described as a yellowish gray—or perhaps a grayish yellow. What confuse you utterly as to its real shading are the stripes which circle the area between the high waist and the low hipline in shadings between yellow and gray.

This dress has something the artist describes as epaulet shoulders and a V neck which crosses over and fastens with three buttons in a line.

A NECESSARY item and a big one in every resort wardrobe, whether it be for summer or winter, is a white coat. On an ocean liner one even looks adequately dressed in the evening wearing a white silk short-sleeved sports dress and a white coat.

This one is beautifully simple, and yet sufficiently dressy for almost any occasion not requiring evening formality. It is of white jersey trimmed with white fox.

HERE is a very practical kind of sports dress made of yellowish gray jersey with gray and yellow bands.

THIS sports dress for the South is made of pale chartreuse China silk, a material that is becoming popular.

AN evening dress of white chiffon made with a tiered skirt and a long chiffon bow in the back.

NO Southern wardrobe is complete without a sports coat of white jersey trimmed with white fox fur.

Fashion's Battle
Rages on the Riviera

By Bettina Bedwell

Paris, December 24, 1927.

THERE is an air of restful refinement and leisure along the Riviera. At Cannes, where everybody of social and fashion significance is to be found sometime during January and February, the whole idea seems to be, "take it easy"—clothes and all.

But beneath all this tranquillity the vital rivalry of styles strives and clashes. Gowns, coats, ensembles, and accessories that will make spring fashion history are appearing publicly for the first time. Thousands of people who aren't financially or socially interested in being on the Côte d'Azur are there for to see and for to remark what is being worn.

You are, of course, interested in the fashions of the hour if you go to the Riviera, so you get out in the morning, any time up to one minute before lunch, for a promenade. Plenty of sun and sea, but neither very warm, so the sports clothes that every woman wears are tempered accordingly.

(Left) Tulle treated like a heavier fabric gives novelty to this smart evening gown from Lelong.

An informal evening wrap from Lucien Lelong. It is made of pale gray crêpe and banded with gray fox fur.

A short jacket of wool shantung is worn with a double wrap-around skirt of the same material. The pin-striped sweater blouse is banded in the costume color and belted by a narrow leather belt. The three ensembles are created in aquamarine blue, green, and gray.

Ties that hang from a round yoke in back, a drooping shoulderline, and very loose sleeves are important items. This Lelong coat of violet crêpe faille incorporates important features of today's fashions.

First of all, skirts are a tiny bit longer. Look at our photograph of three of the smart promenaders and observe. The three twins? Well, not exactly! They are showing three of the smart new colors in the most popular of first spring sports ensembles. The one on the extreme right is wearing gray, the one in the center pastel green, and the one on the left an aquamarine-blue outfit.

They all wear collarless jackets of wool shantung, tucked at the back of the neck and with comfortable pockets. Each of these models has the signature of Lucien Lelong.

The Angora wool sweaters are pin-striped with shades of the costume color on a white ground. The belts and the stripes at the hips are darker tones in the gamut, and buckles are wider than the belts. There is one round neck and two square. The skirts are of wool shantung, cut in the double wrap-around manner, loose at both front and back, and worn over costume-colored knickers.

It is amusing to note that these Parisian ladies are wearing American pointed-heel stockings and low-heeled walking slippers—two details from the U. S. A. that the Frenchwoman has adopted enthusiastically.

The hats are close-fitting caps of felt in blue, green, and gray, from a great Paris modiste, Maria Guy, and one is crossed with wide bands of Milan straw in a lighter tone.

The jewelry, though restricted, is a style note to remember. A single band of supple gold around the neck fastens at the throat in front under a large jewel in the color of the costume.

What do you get from all this that touches on spring fashions for April and May? You make color notes—blue, green, and gray. Pin-striped sweaters. Narrow skirts slit in front and back so that they have more freedom of movement than the sloppiest accordion-plaited skirt. Collarless jackets. Shantung as a material. Shoes. Jewels. Beige stockings, even with gray. Heaps!

Now look at the coat shown in our second photograph, seen at the more formal function of luncheon at the Carlton. Not a loud-speaker in that international crowd, this coat without an inch of fur on it, but it has the priceless combination of refinement and newness. Nothing at all around the neck. The straight lines of the coat front merge into the round yoke at the back, and there are ties across the lower part of the yoke.

Lelong, who created this model, shirred the back a trifle from the yoke, and gave to the shoulders that smart Victorian droop. The color, violet; the material, Bianchini new crêpe faille.

AND later on, at the Casino, we saw another Lelong coat, or dolman might be more accurate. This, as well as the other coat, shows that wraps are drifting toward the romantic, restrained to supreme simplicity.

Made of pale gray crêpe, this cape is made into something else by the quaint slits which serve as passage space for the arms. The collar is a wide crêpe scarf, and the gray fox fur is concentrated around the flaring hemline.

Our photograph on the extreme left shows the kind of evening frock that is seen most often along the Riviera. It is of very pale pink tulle. The straight bodice has a yoke, very much deeper under the left arm, and covered with rhinestone embroidery. From this yoke on the left are hung several circular floating panels of pink tulle, and there are others placed just below the yoke on this side. The skirt is made flaring on the left side by circular panels.

VOX POP

That Peeping Popper

RAPID CITY, S. D.—One of your Vox Poppers from San Diego has been peeping. I refer to the window washer who states that from 22 to 28 per cent of American women are immoral. If this Kibitzer had confined his attentions to the windows that he was supposed to be washing, he might not know so much.—*Jeff.*

Does He Live in a Glass House?

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Let that window washer go home and clean up his own windows.—*A Secretary.*

Mud in His Own Eye

BURLINGTON, WIS.—A man and Vox Popper of San Diego, California, made the salacious statement that 28

per cent of women are immoral and another 30 per cent would be if they dared.

Even supposing this were true, how come this vile mud throwing when by the assertion that he "knows" he attests his own guilt?

I would suggest that this window-washing guy first wash his own morals and discontinue a vocation which was no doubt chosen with a rare foresight.—*Mrs. B. C. Knight.*

Why Bring That Up?

AUDUBON, N. J.—I would like to ask Mr. Window Washer a question. If he has found from his position on the window sill that 22 to 28 per cent of women approaching middle age are immoral, what percentage of middle-aged men has he found immoral from the same vantage ground?—*E. D. Y.*

But No Clean, No Peep!

CHARLESTON, W. VA.—If that window washer was as good at cleaning windows as he is at peeping through them, business would pick up!—*Married and Moral and Mad.*

Heh Bouleh Ton Pollon! And See How You Like It

BRADFORD, PA.—Why don't you print LIBERTY in Greek? It would save suffering.—*Frank and Al.*

A Perfect Background

JACKSONVILLE, TEX.—Please let us have more of Rudyard Kipling. After reading his delightful sketch, "A Trip South," I felt as if I had found an orchid in a garden of wild flowers.—*A Colonel's Lady.*

They Do Arouse the Conscience

CHICAGO, ILL.—The first thing I read when I buy my LIBERTY is Ralph Barton's "News of the World." Next I read the Vox Pop. Then I toss the rest of the trash away.

But if I happen to be in a devilish mood I read one of your stories—and feel guilty for a week.—*A Stray Texan.*

Sorry About Last Paragraph

NORTH BEND, IND.—Yours is truly a representative magazine—representative of the worst that can be printed. It is so poor it is pathetic. You certainly are taking plenty of five-cent pieces which might purchase a good magazine about one-third the size of yours.

Then you begin to boast about your gain in advertisers. My father is the advertising manager of a large concern and has the reputation of knowing a great deal about his business. He is deserving of his reputation.

He does not advertise in LIBERTY.—*C. D. N.*

Thanks! You Get $25 for the Suggestion

LOUISVILLE, KY.—Allow me to offer a suggestion to make LIBERTY still better.

Since you have started the very useful idea of giving the reading time of your stories, and also the "jumpline": *Concluded on Page So-and-So*, why not (in the index) give the reading time also?

This would be a great help to those who just have a few minutes to spare, and the story or article could be selected by merely looking at the index in the front of the magazine.—*R. E. Bennett.*

The Maiden's Prayer

MIAMI BEACH, FLA.—Just finished reading Princess Radziwill's article on why she prefers American men. She knows what she is talking about. When it comes to respect, chivalry, sincerity, character, and morality, the American men have it. I hope I'll be lucky enough to marry a real American man.—*A Real American Girl.*

Hard to Say, But Says It

NEW YORK, N. Y.—That article by Princess Radziwill, "Why I Prefer American Men," contained many things quite untrue.

It is a hard thing to say, but nevertheless true, that Europeans are more polite and refined in their manner than our American boys are. That is what I found out during my two years' stay in Paris, Berlin, London, and others, as an art student.

And is it not true that our rich girls go to Europe "title hunting"—buying counts, dukes, and princes?—*Jane La Plante.*

Finds Financiers Frigid

FREDERICK, MD.—Your article, "Why Not Use Your Bank?" by Hugh Fullerton, is a lot of baloney, and no matter how you slice it, it is still baloney.

Why publish that story as fact, when you know that no bank would offer to lend a young man who had just started up in business $50,000, when he only asked for $25,000. The young man would have one h— of a time getting the $25,000, let alone $50,000.

Also, the article reads that a certain bank offered to lend money to a boy who was taking over the management of his dead father's factory, and also sent a man to help the boy out, and such, and did not even ask for mortgages or liens.

Pure bunk.—*I Know.*

All Wet?

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—Your issue of December 17 was so rotten that when I threw the darn thing into the furnace it put the fire out.—*Thos. L. Orr.*

When Is Modesty False?

CHICAGO, ILL.—Why publish A. Roy Brown's story, "My Fight with Richthofen"? Is it the custom of English airmen to tell the world about their deeds?—*B. Sark.*

The Opportunity Was Ours

CHICAGO, ILL.—The articles by the boy who knocked Richthofen down made all Canadians feel proud. We have to thank LIBERTY for giving him the opportunity of such a splendid write-up.

After all, we Canadians don't get much publicity in this country, and a little bit goes a long way.—*F. B. Anderson.*

And Yet You—?

LAKELAND, FLA.—I enjoy your Twenty Questions, even though they ask for information no normal being could possibly know nor care to know.—*Mrs. Agatha K. Campbell.*

A True Prophet

WEST ROXBURY, MASS.—"The Clock Strikes Two," by Henry Kitchell Webster, is going to be a dandy from the way it has started.—*Walter R. Werner.*

Thank You for the Raise!

COLUMBUS, OHIO.—Everyone writing to Vox Pop has suggestions. Here are mine:

Drown Ralph Barton. Hang George Kibbe Turner. Shoot your editorial writer. Boil Viña Delmar in oil. Throw Toni, Jr., out the rear window (the one directly above the ash can). Raise the salary of the fellow who reads and purchases your essays.

Delete the derogatory portions of this screed, put a clever caption on it, and print it as another boost.—*J. P. J.*

Our Prize Bird

MEADVILLE, PA.—Ralph Barton should be guarded with your lives. He's a prize bird and may fall into the nets of rival and less fortunate magazines.—*Louise Winegar.*

The High Cost of Reading

CHAMPAIGN, ILL.—Now, I ask you—why the dickens should the public have to pay a nickel for *one* good short story?

I like your magazine, but why not give us something for our jitney? Cut the articles and let's have some more of Elliott White Springs and Achmed Abdullah!—*Harlan Jordan.*

Editor to Editor

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—I am a college editor, and have been interested in your publication.

Concisely, your articles, with the exception of a few, are the most interesting of all the weeklies and are very appealing. But your stories—and your serials—they are absolutely arid. At college, we often say a prof is as interesting as a LIBERTY serial.

Your Bert Green has done a Ring Lardner, and does it well for the tired business man. It's four cents of the nickel you charge.—*P. O. E. D., Temple University.*

We'll Do It

DES MOINES, IA.—If, in your tables of contents, after the title of each story, you would state whether or not it is complete in that issue or continued, it would please your readers.—*H. R. Lorimor.*

A Faithful Reader Enjoying Himself

WINFIELD, KAN.—I think that you have the worst magazine I ever saw. You need stories, not junk. I would be ashamed to be the editor of such a dumb magazine.—*Jo Duke.*

Perfect Story, Perfect Picture, Perfect Printing

HEMPSTEAD, N. Y.—Kenneth Camp's pictures for Llewellyn Hughes' story, "Ghost of Château Thierry," were *beautiful.*

The old chap alone in the library was as fine an illustration as I ever saw, and you reproduced it and printed it perfectly.

The story deserved the best pictures you could give it.—*H. E. Homan.*

He Hates to Laugh

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Of all the dumb and silly stories, "The Doves of Sandona," by Ellis Parker Butler, took the cake. Do you really pay money for such stuff as that?—*Robert Cane.*

Nolan and Doherty and Dowd

JACKSON, MINN.—I wish the floor a few moments in calling your attention to the fine judgment you used in choosing to publish the splendid article, "The Nolans of Boston," by Mr. Edward Doherty. Hurrah for the Irish! Could we not discover some more notable sons or daughters of the "ould sod"?—*A. James Dowd.*

Cohan and Doherty and O'Brien

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Hey—wait a minute—what does Edward Doherty mean by saying that George M. Cohan is "half Irish"—"because his mother was a Costigan"? He's probably fallen for the curious notion that his father—the late Jerry Cohan—was of Jewish origin because of the similarity of the name to "Cohen."

Of course George M. is *all* Irish. His father was of pure Celtic stock.—*James O'Brien.*

for 1928 Resolved: That I will stick to candy made the Home-made way

SIGN ON THE DOTTED LINE .....

THAT means Oh Henry! of course—for who has time in these fast-going, modern 1928 days, to stop and actually make candy at home? Yet folks must have the real home goodness that comes right out of the kitchen pantry. So they stick to Oh Henry! the candy made the home-made way.

OUR HOME-MADE WAY

(reading time 32 seconds)

FUDGE CENTER: 1½ cups pure cane sugar; ½ teaspoon creamery butter; 1 cup rich, full cream milk; 1 cup corn syrup; white of one egg.

CARAMEL LAYER: 4 teaspoons creamery butter; 1¼ cups corn syrup; 3 cups rich, full cream milk; ¼ teaspoon salt.

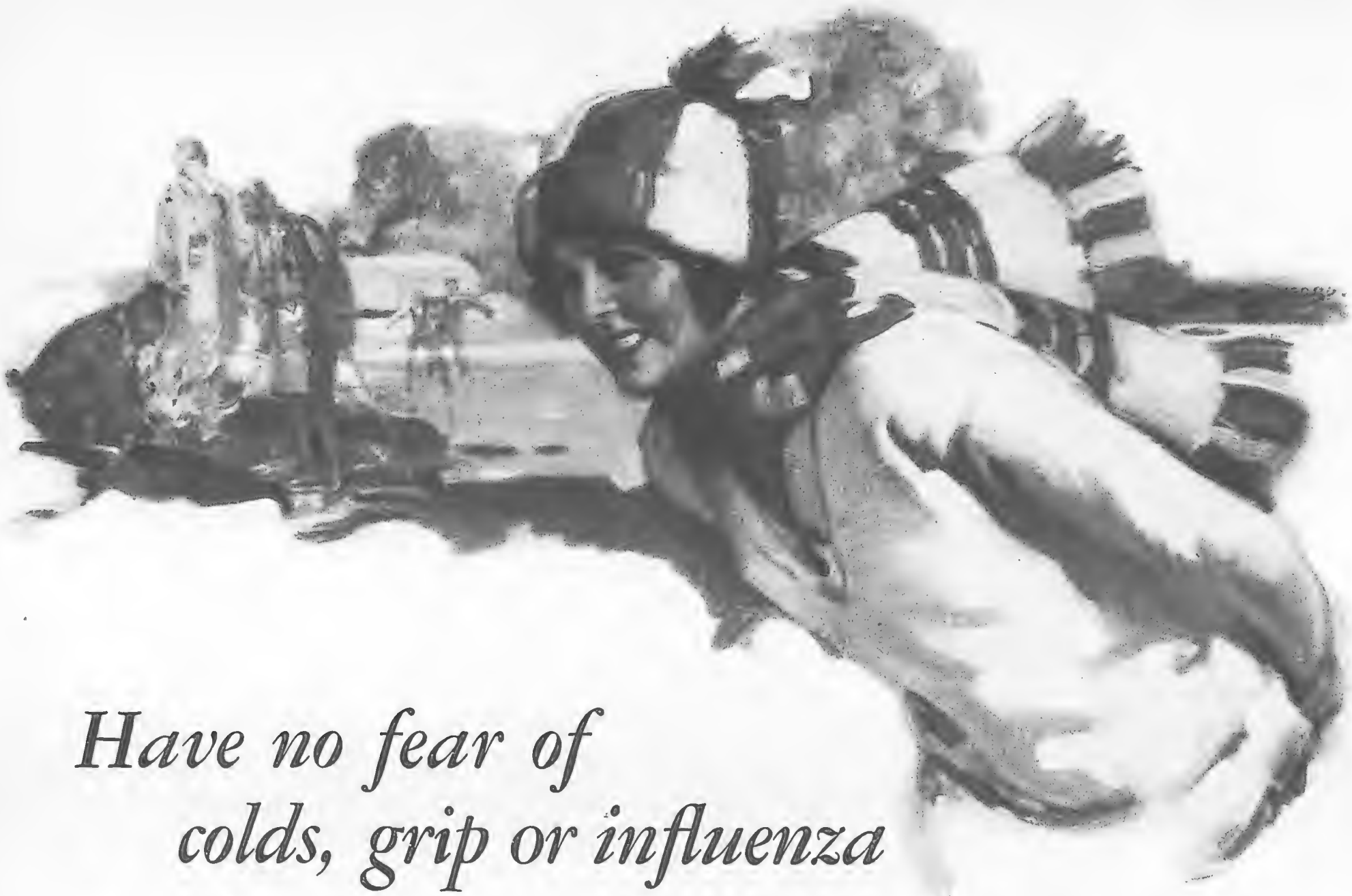
PEANUT LAYER: 3 cups prime No. 1 Spanish whole nuts, roasted in oil [hulls removed].

CHOCOLATE COATING: Melt one pound pure milk chocolate.

Oh Henry!

LOOK FOR THE NEW GINGHAM WRAPPER

© W. C. Co. 1927



Have no fear of colds, grip or influenza

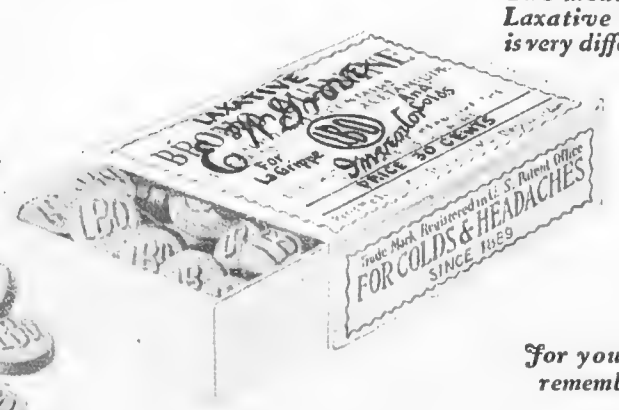
when Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets are handy

IT is easy to get rid of a cold if you don't neglect it. People who know the beneficial effects of Laxative Bromo Quinine keep well during the winter months by taking these tablets when they feel a cold coming on. The tonic and laxative effect of Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets fortifies the system against colds, grip, influenza and other serious ills which often begin with a slight cold. ††† Since 1889 the signature of *E. W. Grove* on every box of Laxative Bromo Quinine has identified it as the first and original cold and grip tablet. Price 30c.

PARIS MEDICINE CO., ST. LOUIS, U.S.A.

LAXATIVE
BROMO QUININE
TABLETS
E. W. Grove

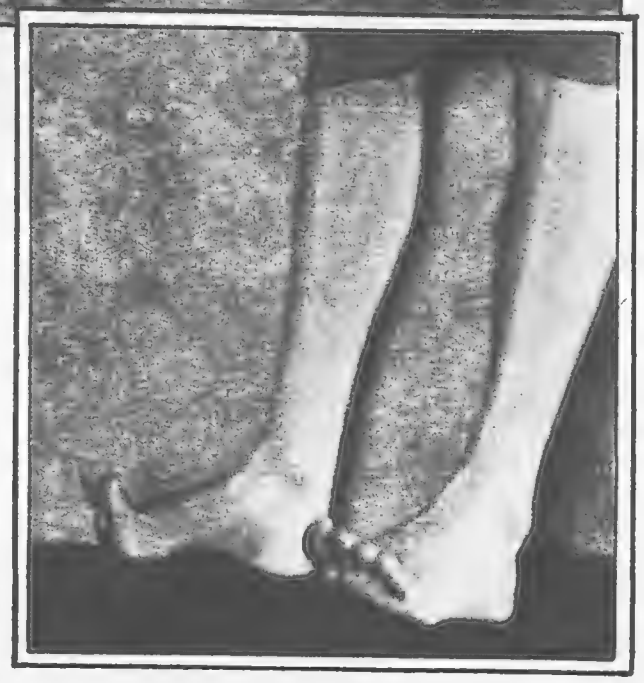
The medicinal effect of Laxative Bromo Quinine is very different from others.



For your protection remember the box

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING COLD AND GRIP TABLET

Starting from the left we see a pair of stout yet flexible sandals for golf and walking. Notice the straight inner line which keeps every toe in its place. Next come flat-heeled suède sandals. The middle pair are conventional high-heeled strap pumps redeemed by pliability. Second from the right are slippers that yield to every movement and are excellent for the ball that lasts till morning. Last is the favorite Deauville braided-leather slipper. It is the most flexible light shoe ever contrived. By changing your shoes according to the occasion and keeping up daily exercises, you will keep in foot health all your life.



Foot-Loose and Fancy-Free

By EILEEN BOURNE

Photos by NICKOLAS MURAY

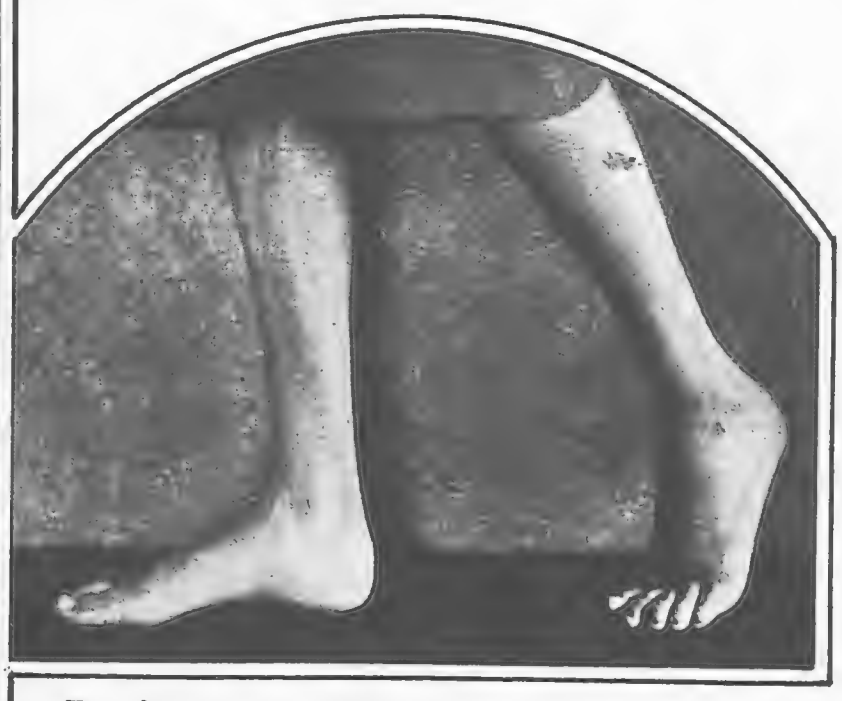
O, *SOLE MIO!*—that pet song of Venetian gondoliers—could serve as the national anthem of American shoes. By their soles they kill or cure. If they are of flexible leather, made with a straight inner edge, they prevent corns, bunions, and broken arches. But if the sole is rigid and slants trianglewise, it offers the wearer a grim future.

The muscles supporting the arch become strained and weakened, the big toe is pushed out of place, the joints become enlarged, and the other toes become calloused through cramping.

Prevent flat foot, that great American disablement, from childhood by permitting free movement to the whole foot. Train your muscles by daily exercises. Relax them by shaking. To do this hold the knee and let the lower leg swing free and limp as you shake the foot rapidly. Also, wear low-heeled, flexible shoes with a straight inner edge for walking and sports. Then you can wear the highest heels and the most pointed toes on special occasions.

(Left) Treading is an alternate weight shift. As you roll up on the toes of one foot the other foot goes down flat. This exercise brings the ball of the foot into play and gives a strengthening push against all the foot muscles.

The pictures above and at left illustrate the rocking exercise. With one hand hold the edge of a table. Then rock from the heels to the tips of the toes, shifting the entire weight. This strengthens both forward and middle arches and stretches the toes and the tendons of the heel. Toe in as you rock, as the foot must be very straight.



Try this on your bedroom rug! Practice the right walking movement—heel, arch, toe—which involves the entire foot. Here we illustrate why you must have low heels and flexible soles for walking. High heels worn constantly shorten the muscles of the heel and tend to break down the arch.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

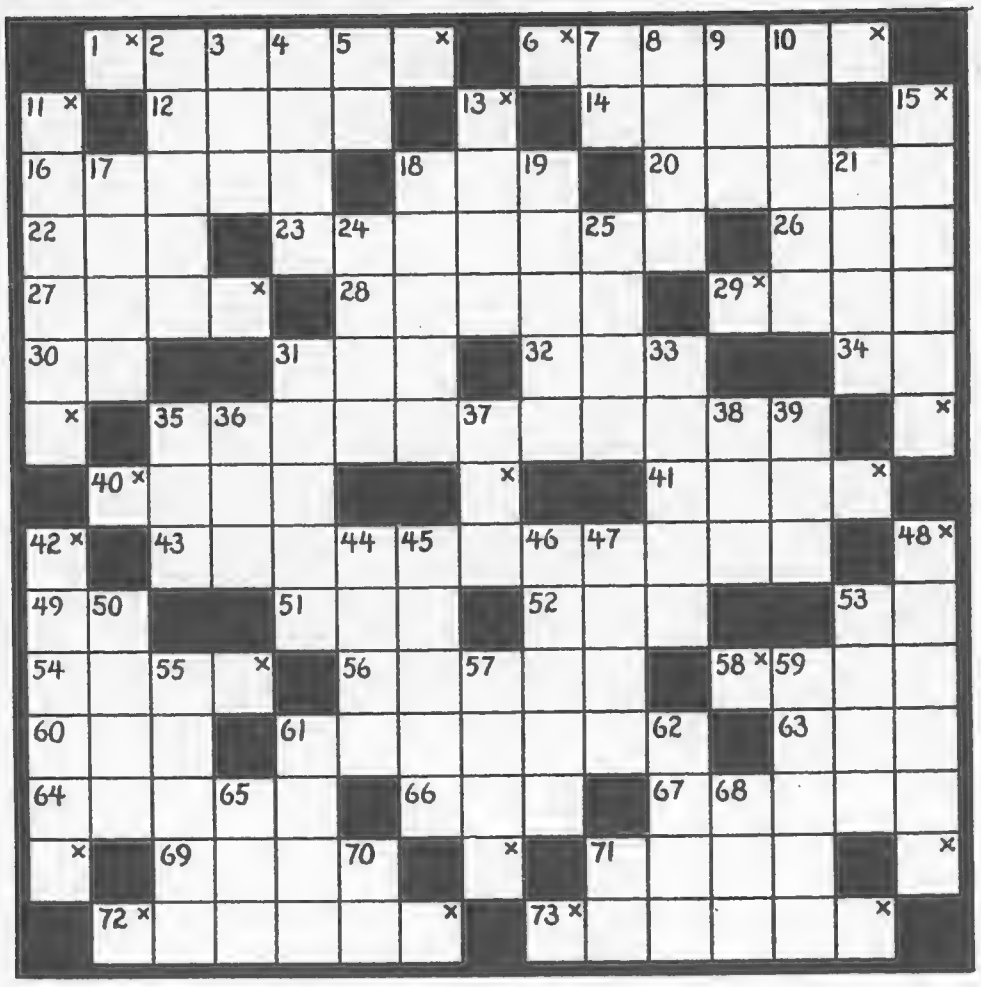
LIBERTY'S Beauty Book,
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of LIBERTY'S Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly in ink)

Street and No.....

City.....State.....75



DEMONSTRATION PUZZLE

AN unkeyed letter is one that has a place in a word, but does not tie in, or interlock, with any adjoining word. This puzzle includes twenty-five of these and each is indicated by a cross.

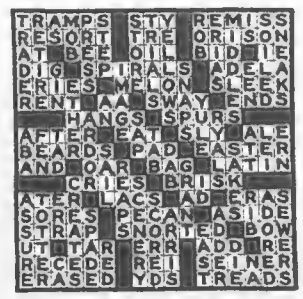
LIBERTY takes this method of demonstrating the unkeyed letter for the benefit of the many puzzlers to whom the term has not been clear.

HORIZONTAL

1 A haven
6 Herons
12 A mortgage
14 Rows
16 Odor
18 A tree
20 A festival
22 Conducted and managed
23 Most honorable
26 Regret
27 Frosted
28 Silly creatures
29 Employer
30 Exist
31 A billow
32 Salt
34 Japanese measure of area
35 Recalling
40 Bestowed
41 Oriental timber tree
43 Telegraph operator
49 Behold!
51 Pitch
52 Feminine proper name
53 Toward
54 Assert
56 Taste and odor
58 Toward the sea
60 Conveyance
61 Seminary
63 Greek god of flocks and pastures
64 Puff up
66 Droop
67 Cognizant
69 Appear
71 To box
72 Offer
73 Failures to win

VERTICAL

2 Single
3 Margin
4 Edible seed
5 Upon
7 Pass from one spot to another
8 A float
9 Before
10 Monarchs
11 Indians of Brazil and Guiana
13 Island
15 Cubic meters
17 Contest
18 Opposite the middle of a ship's side
19 A German state
21 Entreats
24 A molding
25 Scorch
31 A fish
33 Pliant
35 Murine animal
36 Woman's name
37 Heavy rod
38 Born
39 A fish
42 Locations
44 Comfort
45 Measures of weight
46 Surrounded by
47 River in Brazil
48 Lent
50 Ellipse
53 Rend
55 Obliterate
57 Bottle
59 Show mercy
61 Ovule
62 Strikes
65 Cardinal number
68 Form of to be
70 Pronoun
71 Thus



Answer to Last Week's Puzzle

made to run the *full* race!

ANY horse can make a good start . . . . . But it takes real stamina to *finish!*

So it is with batteries. *Staying* power is the quality to look for—unfailing power over a long period of service. Millions prefer Burgess *Chrome* Batteries for just this reason. They hold up . . . . . They *last.*

Next time, buy black and white striped Burgess *Chrome* Batteries. You are certain to get longer and better service for your money.

ASK ANY RADIO ENGINEER

Chrome—the preserving element used in leather, metals, paints and other materials subject to wear, is also used in Burgess Batteries. It gives them unusual *staying* power. Burgess *Chrome* Batteries are patented.

BURGESS BATTERY COMPANY
General Sales Office: CHICAGO
Canadian Factories and Offices: Niagara Falls and Winnipeg

BURGESS RADIO BATTERIES

Radio is better with Dry Battery Power

THEY were stopped by the Chinese skipper and the military officer.

Pictures by DONALD TEAGUE

Indulgence of the EYES

The Tragic Romance of a Girl Spy in War-Torn China

A Short Story by

WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

(Reading time: 19 minutes 35 seconds.)

HE was known in many editorial rooms from Buffalo west. Big-knuckled hands pounding out his story, if you caught him indoors and poised over his machine; the small head with sparse hair that had no idea of staying combed or any particular idea to the contrary.

The rest was somber salt-and-pepper suit and great loose shoes on which he put a home-made paint job every week or ten days—a dull crêpy saliva finish, more knuckles showing underneath.

A fact man—one who could be relied upon to get the facts. Any editor knew that if Fred Bates plugged into a story he would get on the current, if there was any. It was equally well known that the result was only damaged if attempt were made to hurry him.

He secretly followed the steps of a master of the craft, a man named Acton Fells, whom he had never seen—one of the great drifters of the newspaper game, frequently talked about when two or three reporters got together in a lull.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Dainty as a Rose

THE ALLURING CHARM OF A

Dainty Skin

Truly enchanting is a flawless complexion of translucent lustre. A skin as lovely as rose petals in its soft, silken texture and dainty coloring depends upon intensive cleanliness.

Thanks to its secret blending of pure glycerine with other rare emollient oils, full-depth cleansing of grime congested pores is simple and easy with Jap Rose Soap. No massaging is required to make your skin tingle and glow with new beauty.

Incomparable also for shampooing is this visibly pure, transparent soap. Try it.

JAMES S. KIRK & COMPANY, CHICAGO, U. S. A.

JAP ROSE SOAP

The Clear Soap for a Clear Skin

[INDULGENCE OF THE EYES Continued from Page Fifty-three]

Detroit had known this Acton Fells rather well, and Fred stayed there extra long. Flat-footing it up and down Griswold and Lafayette and Fort, he would ponder on the fact that his ideal had walked these very streets; the same in Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Kansas City, an itinerary covering a dozen years—the great loose shoes tramping the trail of his master. He even carried a little book of clippings of Acton Fells' "stuff" which he had abstracted from old files.

Finally reaching San Francisco, Fred found the drifter vanished as usual—"gone into the magazines," one report said. But here his recent work had been actively appreciated. In one of the editorial rooms hung a page feature of Acton Fells' writing, framed as a model to show how a story of its kind should be covered and written. The high, sparse head bowed low before it, studying the columns line by line.

"IF I only had this fellow's bad habits I'd be all right," he thought, perceiving with extra clearness, in this light, how he ruined his own things one after another. For Fred just couldn't trust his own feelings or humor to work with. It would have scared him to the point of ripping a sheet out of his machine if a shred of his own intimate colorings looked up from the facts.

Meanwhile the big black shoes were up and down stairs in Chinatown. By luck or love, he got on to the threads of some highly colored skeins—a fact that caused him to be chosen to go to China when trouble loomed.

Never was American more confused at being lifted abruptly out of his true habitat. Up and down the Bund at Shanghai he walked, and to and fro in the Walled City. He talked to general, viceroy, field marshal, governor, mandarin, and the big foreigners of trade and war; but, one by one, they only added to his confusion. Repeatedly he reached a startling realization:

"Why, this fellow doesn't know, either; he's representing a government in Europe and hasn't got the hang of the picture." . . . "This fellow thinks he's a leader and he's being led around with a ring in his nose by some unseen power behind him. He's just like the rest of us—China's too much for him."

A day or two after the Chinese temper blew up at Langcheng and the foreigners were driven to the river so abruptly that not all escaped alive, Fred, still lingering in Shanghai, ran on to the revelation of his life from a page of the *North China Gazette:*

". . . last seen in early firing on the water front at Langcheng. . . . said to be a former American newspaper man, named Acton Fells. . . . little chance of being alive, according to refugee statements. . . ."

AND Fred had been picturing his idol safe in California somewhere, preparing to startle the magazine world with his prowess. Rather sudden, this; the hurt slowly deepened.

"And these people didn't know who he was," he kept saying, with a growing hunger to make known the splendor of the man.

Against the tide of refugees he presently started up the river. The only other foreigner on the boat was a youthful person in marvelously fitting riding breeches and boots of set-up and polish rarely seen except in pictures or at a coronation.

There was also a long, thin cigarette holder, gold-spiraled on ebony, and the voice was friendly as Fred ranged near: "It would seem we have the boat all to ourselves"—careful English of a European.

They drew their chairs together; and presently, as he gazed, the soul of an untried youth began to glow and palpitate back of the salt-and-pepper suit. Riding breeches and dark hair cut short had fooled him. The cheeks and lips were free from foreign pigment as a boy's, but their innate luster and texture were betraying.

"I thought you knew at once," she laughed. "Anyway, I saw I could trust you."

And Fred sailed out on high adventure. It was the clearness of her brow that held him most. She was like a boy in that her face wasn't heaven and earth to her. She was of it, but didn't revolve round it in every thought. She used it to look, breathe, talk, smile with, then let it alone to rest.

At such times the sun shone extra fair upon it, or else his eyes were queer. Yes, it was her brow that took the light best. She grew and grew upon him, until finally he began to sense uncomfortably the eyes of the Chinese skipper and an officer of the military from the chartroom. She had asked him a second time who and what he was.

". . . just chasing a story," he told her. "There's one under all this, but I'm not getting the hang of it. I did two or three Chinatown stories in S. F., and they sent

me here to cover an Asiatic war. That's how their brains work. I seem to have fallen overboard from all that I ever knew—"

He stared out over the dun flats of Suwong—endless misty miles of marsh that gradually folded into rice paddies; not a soul, not a bird, even. "China's a lot too much for me," he muttered.

"Always when I've met Americans before, they've known just what they were about," she said.

He began to realize she had a line on the Chinese situation that he had looked into so vainly. ". . . China is a great brush pile gathered for centuries, and the other nations have set it to burning at different corners. It's only started, so far, at the edges. Russia has burned in the deepest."

He gazed on, as the forenoon flew. "The writing on her brows and temples is sure fine print," he thought. Another contact just then from the window of the chartroom—eyes a bit too beady for Fred's liking.

They were even more together the second day. In the afternoon Fred had a sudden important realization—that the aching misery he had been carrying over the passing of Acton Fells was eased; he felt almost faithless.

Moreover, with this astonishing one to talk with, the big frame of world politics his faculties had been reaching toward for weeks was several times almost within grasp. She was decidedly reticent as to personal details, not even telling him her name, yet she opened an intimate side with breath-taking freedom.

"You seem to attract something from me—that isn't supposed to belong just now—do you care to know? But I suppose many women have confided in your trust—" Words of penetrating gentleness to one frequently referred to by office boys in the States as "the dumb Mr. Bates."

"The very moment you looked my way yesterday I gave up all idea of trying to make you believe I was a boy," she went on; "yet instantly I knew I was safe."

"I shouldn't have known, if you hadn't spoken," said he, secretly exalted at her trust.

"Do you think they know?" she asked in a low tone, with a quick glance toward the chartroom.

"I don't think they're quite sure."

THE girl was getting off at Puifang, he learned, and at times she seemed breathless with strain and uncertainty about it. "She may be joining a lover or some secret group of Communist workers in the Nationalist lines there," he thought. She was a sort of zealot, too. "One's little personal concerns are so trivial at a time like this in the world," he remembered her saying.

That second night he abruptly realized she had followed him to the door of his cabin. It was rather late, too.

"Tomorrow, Puifang. Tonight it seems like the end of all that has been," she said with strange intensity. "Do you know, you make me feel frightened for what is ahead—as if in leaving you I leave all that is safe and kind?"

"Me — miss?" He became giddy looking down into her face, for it was very close.

"If only a woman knew enough to follow the deep inner beckonings of peace in her heart!" she went on. "You will know more, sometime — how much you have to give. It is so good to trust—so full of rest to be near!"

"I guess you shouldn't be standing here," he said. "The Chinese—"

"Why, I've only come to you to say good night!"

He slept little. "And today is the last," he kept thinking as morning agelessly broke.

THEY were out even earlier that third day—hill country on either shore now, low hills in a float of mists. She was the essence of morning. At her side a dumb adorer was unleashed—a man's man, slow to topple, but the kind who falls hard. She spoke as if she had no knowledge whatsoever of his hopeless captivity:

". . . And you will remember, too, won't you, a little? Who shall say that we may not meet again? For you—are one of us—in your heart."

For a moment he seemed to see what she saw—a crazy world dotted with Balkan flare-ups—the elder nations fighting each other back in a blood-colored shadow—young men of all races emerging into the sun.

Though he was scheduled to continue on to Kosuntai, he crossed the plank with her at Puifang.

They were stopped by the Chinese skipper and the military officer. Still caught in his own struggle, his heart and throat filled with unutterables, he supposed this merely a halt for identification.

But just now he saw the girl's face: a different oldness, weariness in the smile—a kind of world weariness, not at all personal, and heard her words to the officers:

"Look into my case, of course, but do not arrest the American. Merely an acquaintance on the steamer. Oh, no, please! He is nothing to me! We merely talked because there was time."

They were taking her at her word—leading her away between them. Gray, wordless horror before his eyes. Voices at his side: two correspondents met in Shanghai—Brand of New York and Kud-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

You are right

All catsups do not taste alike

OVER and beyond the fresh-picked, fresh-kept tomatoes that make up Snider's Catsup, its secret of flavor is of course in the art of cooking and spicing.

This recipe, now a classic in tomato cookery, is a measured, careful mulling — a process exclusively Snider's.

What a sparkle this sauce has — in truth the wine of tomatoes gorgeously spiced. What a pickup it gives to the palate, and how different from what most people would call just "catsup."

No wonder that Snider's, the mulled catsup, has the call among folk who value the niceties of life.

Snider's

The *mulled* catsup

The choice of those privileged to choose—Snider's

CHILI SAUCE ~ ~ ~ COCKTAIL SAUCE

FRESH-KEPT VEGETABLES & FRUITS IN GLASS & TIN

[INDULGENCE OF THE EYES]
Continued from Page Fifty-five

derer out of London, waiting for this very steamer, to go on to Kosuntai. Vaguely he heard them verifying his own identification sheet, establishing his position.

"We're lucky to get you off," Brand presently laughed. "It appears to be contamination to be caught with her—Kudderer knows why—"

"Why, damn it all, Bates," Kudderer said, "you ought to be more careful! I knew her on the moment. Little Communist helltorch—called her 'Indulgence of the Eyes' in Canton. Paramour of Rojentski—has a string of her own—"

Kudderer stopped. A big-knuckled hand had risen gropingly, not in anger, for Fred had only vaguely heard so far what the Englishman said. His icy dumbness had merely broken at this point, the uncovered head craning as if to snatch a breath of higher air.

"Did you hear it?" he blankly inquired. "'Nothing to me. We merely talked because there was time.' . . . And the out-and-out sportsmanship of her—getting me clear with her last words! Only"—the great shoes dragged as he turned away—"if she hadn't said that!"

HE walked the streets alone for an hour. Often he looked down the way they had taken her, the cruelest of all questions reiterating: "But what could I have done?" No good staying on in Puifang. He heard Brand say that she wouldn't be held long here. "I've got to keep still," he muttered, finding himself again on the steamer with Brand and Kudderer en route for Kosuntai. "I've got to keep my mouth shut."

Kudderer talked incessantly of the Communists he had contacted at Canton—of Rojentski—a fiend with a flair, calling to himself the flower of the young of all nations, devouring them, men and maidens alike, singing the song of destruction's prosperity.

The big river town of Kosuntai was held by the Northern army under an unbridled young Chinese, General Yuenshan, educated at Palo Alto, California, and counting it not impossible that he sometime be China's lord of lords.

Seven miles inland was the truly important city of Ningpow, the interior hotbed of Communism, held by the Cantonese. So the two armies confronted each other and the world watched for the first move. The three correspondents were handsomely welcomed by Yuenshan:

"On the dot blow in—jus' in time. Tomorrow big fight. Today plenty Scotch—"

Here, by every sign, was a lifetime chance for war correspondents to go over the crest in their profession. Fred Bates did not count himself such; did not even have a puttee legging to differ him from a missionary; yet he found himself regarded as chief of his kind, from the instant he mentioned San Francisco as his base. A large and complicated order, this Yuenshan. His ambition for China was one thing, his passion to shine before old schoolmates in Palo Alto another.

The fight promised did not materialize the next day; in fact, there followed ten days and nights of inspired inactivity. The classic of this period was uttered by Brand: "Campaigning with the Northern army means staying drunk with Yuenshan."

Meanwhile the ever longing and listening Mr. Bates learned that a Communist party imprisoned in Puifang had been rescued by comrades, but was fired upon by the Nationalists while crossing the river below Kosuntai. Most were killed, the rumor divulged, but a few lived to cross the marshes to Ningpow.

At last a daybreak that just suited the fastidious General Yuenshan for crashing the defensive lines of Ningpow, one of the richest stakes of the war, key to the caravan trails stretching southward to millet fields, rice bottoms, and oil lands. The Cantonese showed no signs of letting go.

At eleven in the forenoon Fred's arches were aching; yet he studiously stepped forward through the clot and smear of war—close-up view of a world that knew not what it did. At every string of hillocks he moved through a welter of dead and dying Cantonese—pudgy little fellows in pieced-out khaki, their rifles condemned in Belgium and France.

"Oh, I say, I wouldn't do that!" he called to a Nationalist soldier forking his bayonet into the throat of one of the fallen.

"Plentee mol," the bloody little man answered, hopping forward. But Fred continued to hear the sound that bayonet made, a squeaky sound like chewing on a rubber band.

At four in the afternoon, Yuenshan, his staff, and foreign guests reached the streets of Ningpow and chose the house of the former English deputy civil commissioner for headquarters.

"Neat?" the General inquired, a case having been opened at once.

"Neat" was the word, high and squeakily proclaimed, if not by exhausted war writers, at least by his adoring Orientals, now convinced that he was the true elephant among men.

Fred drew away. The dead were in his eyes—the hot sun on the open eyes of the dead. "I need a foot wash more than a drink," he explained to Brand.

"Help yourself to one of the little bungalows—with hot and cold running water. I'll join you presently." Brand whispered with a gasp: "Here we are, cut off from all cables, after, Heavenly Father, what a day!"

FRED entered one of the houses of a nearby row. The street door that he pushed open let him into a front room, littered, but bare except for a table on which lay a fresh candle and a package of American cigarettes, as if torn open and hastily tossed there.

He hadn't smoked all day, so he plucked one from the package and lit up. And there he stood, when a moan reached him from farther in, and a man's voice.

Across the room a corridor showed, and at the far door to the right a man now appeared, striding out into the hall as if in haste to escape. His arms swung up and wrapped themselves around his head, as if to shut out all sounds and sights—gesture of a man whipped to the very soul.

Stumblingly he came forward, head bowed, until stopped by the sight of the great, loose shoes. Fixedly his eyes followed up the baggy dark suit to the sparsely covered head in the doorway.

"Hello," said Fred.

A white man, young, slender, head and build

ACTON FELLS loved her too, but it meant nothing to her.

of an actor. The face showed queerly undone—from shock, grief, drugs, or drink. The question he asked, with a frightening sort of laugh, was not exactly coherent to Fred, but unquestionably had to do with someone being dead and having met the Antichrist.

At the sound of the moan repeated from the inner room, the white man's gesture became dramatic. His right hand lifted to his face, fingers distended, pointing upward—long, slender fingers. They closed with a hooklike digging motion, and were drawn downward, as if indicating a frightful gouging wound.

Now he spied the cigarette package and closed upon it, inquiring in a kind of furious calm: "Ever hear a dead man ask for a drink?"

"No," said Fred, starting past him down the corridor; "but I'm about right for it, after what I've already seen today."

At the far door he looked in. A figure lay in the dim shadows — face almost entirely covered with cloths — riding breeches, marvelously booted legs.

A faint laugh: ". . . I heard your voice—did I not say we should meet again?"

It was with a kind of groan that the big fellow dropped to his knees by the narrow cot of bamboo.

"Oh, please," she said, "not too close. I am very unpleasant from the neglect of wounds."

Fred's bowed head lifted, face straining upward for an instant as on the landing at Puifang.

"And please—even afterward—do not take the cloths from my face—you will promise!"

"My friends are near," he said. "I can get you help—a surgeon—"

THE echo of a laugh. "Your friends, I fear, are not my friends; but you—it is so good that you have come in time—so dear a rest for me to have you near once more!"

In those moments of vanishing daylight in the inner room, while the shocking white man unsteadily paced the corridor outside—the things Fred could not say were brought to him finished and spoken:

". . . Yes, a sound in the air—the sound of a breaking heart—that moment I left you at the landing in Puifang. I knew how you suffered to let me go. . . . Yes, I was going to meet my lover; and this—this was my welcome."

Her hand lifted to the stained lint covering. ". . . Yes, Rojentski. He is the one, and he had heard of my coming to your stateroom to say good night—his agents everywhere—even on our little steamer. He did this, saying my

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[INDULGENCE OF THE EYES
Continued from Page Fifty-seven]

new lover would have to look sharp to find what he sought under the scars. . . . And then, crossing the river—a bullet that time—and days and days in the marshes. . . . Could I have a last cigarette?"

Fred hurried into the darkening hall. "I haven't forgotten you need a drink, mister," he said to the white man, "but let me have one of those American pills."

With mock elegance of self-effacement, the other offered the package.

Fred went to her again. "You light it," he heard. And then a pounding began at the street door.

It was Brand, rocking a trifle. "General wants his little alma mater correspondent. Party all fixed—gallons—place at table all set for you. Come on, Bates."

"Tell him I've got a story going. Tell him it wouldn't do at all to leave—"

Brand gave him a cool, curious stare. "You look—you look like one taking off for an altitude record. Does a story get you this way?"

"Like having a child."

"Wish to God I could write mine!"

"Do this for me, Brand, and tell 'em to send over a snack and a few drinks."

Fred turned the key of the outer door and lit the candle before moving back. The far room was darker. He saw the glow of the cigarette stub on the floor by the cot. He bent close. Her heart was still beating, but she had swooned.

THE screams of night began in the city—night and loot. The world picture unloosened like a scroll—the Russians having burned deepest of all into the great brush pile—Rojentski, the Communist leader, with a sadistic streak. ". . . And this is the end—the end of the day of the dead."

He bent close to her. He touched her breast, felt the heart still beating. He felt the crackle of an undergarment dried with blood. He sat in the deep night of the inner room.

"And this is what it all led to," he muttered, his mind sweeping back to cities of the States—streets he had tramped, city rooms he had worked in. Utter dark, though he knew her hand lifted. He bent his head to her touch.

"You will have pity on the one with me—the one in the hall—a writer, a countryman of yours? Today, when I could not leave, when our people were driven out, he concealed himself to stay also. He joined us at Langcheng with the changing sides . . . he, too, enamored of Rojentski—one of our most brilliant followers at first, but he fell ill in the great silence and strangeness, upon reading of his own death in the papers. And then—I have told you—he was there at Puifang and saw what—my lover did—"

"An American writer—joined you at Langcheng—"

The pounding was resumed, authoritative, peremptory—a high-sounding lackey tone on the porch that carried the note of accompanying officialdom.

"Excuse me," said Fred, an immortal patience showing in his face as he rose.

His steps did not hurry in the corridor, but his head ranged high in the Chinese-built house. The porch was crowded this time—Yuenshan himself, the two correspondents, and several young officers as well come to bag him for the party.

"You will not lose us in deny," said the General, all pleasantly asteam. "It is the hour of much emolument—you should know. Also row of chicken on back fence—"

The novel power that had taken over the dumb Mr. Bates worked at once. This was a man risen to his true stature, who took General Yuenshan by the shoulders with magisterial grace.

"Why, this is the story I've been chasing for years—yours, mine, the little red world's story, General," he said. "I've got to pour while the pouring's hot. You fellows go back and play, but send over a few drinks and a sandwich. Why, when the boys at Palo Alto hear of today, General, they'll build a bonfire that will show clear out to the Farallones!"

"He's drunk already," Kudderer whispered, drawing back to the door.

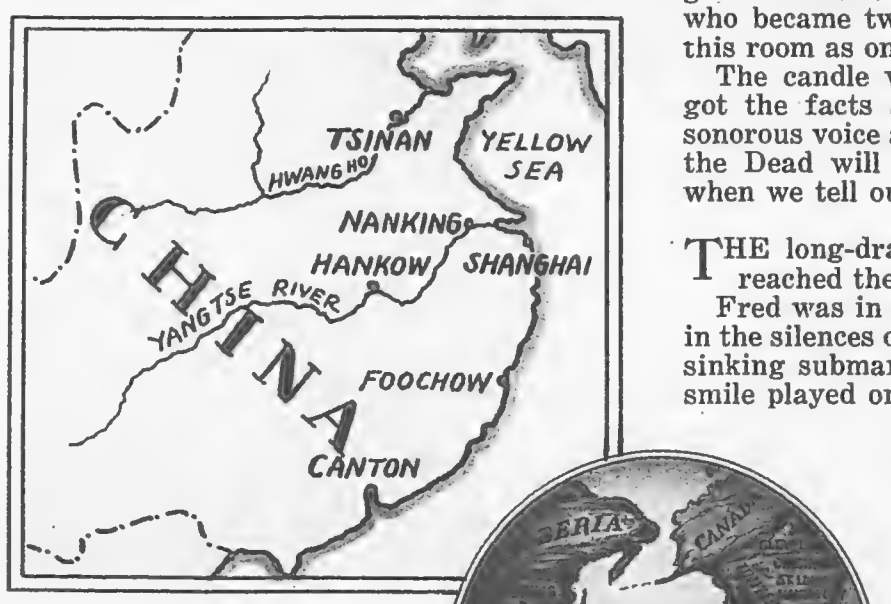
"Drunk with power," said Brand. "I know that look—wish to God a story took me like that!"

They had left him alone, but Fred remained, standing at the street door. Sweat broke forth as the moments dragged. It was like the draw of an ocean current that he felt toward the inner room; but he waited for the refreshment Yuenshan had promised, not meaning to be interrupted again. Then he locked the door, and carried the candle along the corridor. The white man barred the way to the inner room.

"She is going out," he said, suddenly wilting.

Fred thrust the basket into his hands. Arms reached toward him from the cot.

". . . I heard your words to them in there!"



THE map shows the part of China in which the action of this story takes place and (at right) the area traversed in the quest of the chief character.

Her voice was very low. "I felt your power. . . . I was not blind on the boat, but I know you better now—a man of power and a man of peace. . . . No, no; I need nothing—no wine for me; just to be still with you one moment more. . . . Why, I've only come to you to say good night!"

The candle had flickered down. Fred rose at last and faced the man. He studied the face before him in the wavering light—a face brought back to sanity by a great reviving grief.

"Hello, Acton Fells."

"Who are you? What do you want?"

"So you loved her too?"

"It meant nothing to her—"

"It means something to me, mister. We hunt in couples from now on."

Fred took a cup of untamed spirit from the other's hand. "Siphon water in the basket, if you care," said Acton Fells.

Fred shook his head. There was only a moment more of candlelight. He had something to say at last, and the power to say it; but there was a question or two first.

"What did you mean about the Antichrist, mister?"

"The fact is, I was a bit off my head. Not a drink in a dozen hours, after nights and days of it, you know. You might blame it on drink. The Antichrist—that's Rojentski. Likes to be called that by the boys and girls. . . . And I took him for the child-eyed hope of the world when he whistled me over to his side in Langcheng!"

"And what did you mean by being dead already?" Fred asked.

"I saw it in the papers—my own name. It began to close round me. Camping with Rojentski, too, was like being on—the other side. And the day she came—I was there. . . . Little matters like that and a lot of drink—until I felt myself walking round and round in no man's land—"

Fred paused a moment; his eyes gleamed.

"You're a long ways from a dead man right now," he began. "Why, for a dozen years I've walked your trail—through half the cities of the States—at the same desks you worked at, eating at the same tables, turning copy in to the same men. Why, here's what I thought of you—"

He drew from his pocket the little book of clippings.

". . . We've both come to life tonight—very much alive right now." His eyes turned to the cot. ". . . So, you see, all that I've ever looked to—all that I've ever looked for—turned up in this little room tonight. Three of us in a room in Ningpow—a triangle aflame—hell to pay outside. Three—now we're two. But we've got her between us—from now on. . . . Three who became two—and the two go forth from this room as one."

The candle went out. "Between us we've got the facts and our trails match up," the sonorous voice added. "The Egyptian Book of the Dead will be the only one left standing when we tell our story, my friend."

THE long-drawn, wailing sound of the loot reached them from thrice-sacked Ningpow.

Fred was in a chair. His head bowed lower in the silences of the dark. He felt his feet like sinking submarines full of drowning men. A smile played on his face, though grief tore at it from time to time. The man he had searched for so long—a man brought back to life—was across the room, and the spirit of the third seemed alive between them.

It must have been the heart of the night when a thumping was heard again at the outer door.

"Better let me go," said Fred, when it did not stop.

A Chinese lieutenant with a platoon was there and entered briskly with a lantern. "We search all house. White man, white woman left in Ningpow. We look-see all house. Sorry."

His men were in the corridor—in the far room. The single word reached Fred with a significance of its own: "*Kumentai!*"

The two white men were not separated, nor the body removed; but sentries were posted at all doors and one to pace the hall.

"Sorry to drag you into this, Bates," Acton Fells said at length. "Looks as if it was a sort of last night, after all."

"Nothing like that," said Fred. "We'll pull out in the morning." But he fell to thinking of the day at the landing at Puifang, how he had been under suspicion then, and Yuenshan would be mean to deal with in the morning when he found what had kept one correspondent from his party.

But dawn brought a sudden roar of guns, racket of firing at the edge of the city, excited voices of the guards around the house, screaming shots outside. Then the sentry in the corridor scurried out the front door.

Acton Fells stood in the gray light of the front room, a strange, slow smile forming on his unshaven face.

"It's the Cantonese coming back," he said. "They're retaking the town. Oh, I say, Bates, we stay where we are, you know."

Fred moved past him to the outer door in time to see Yuenshan running forth from headquarters in a gallant sort of chemise—Ningpow rocked again with the ultimate violation—the Cantonese flooding in.

Acton Fells laughed softly as he poured a drink for two from the still fruitful hamper.

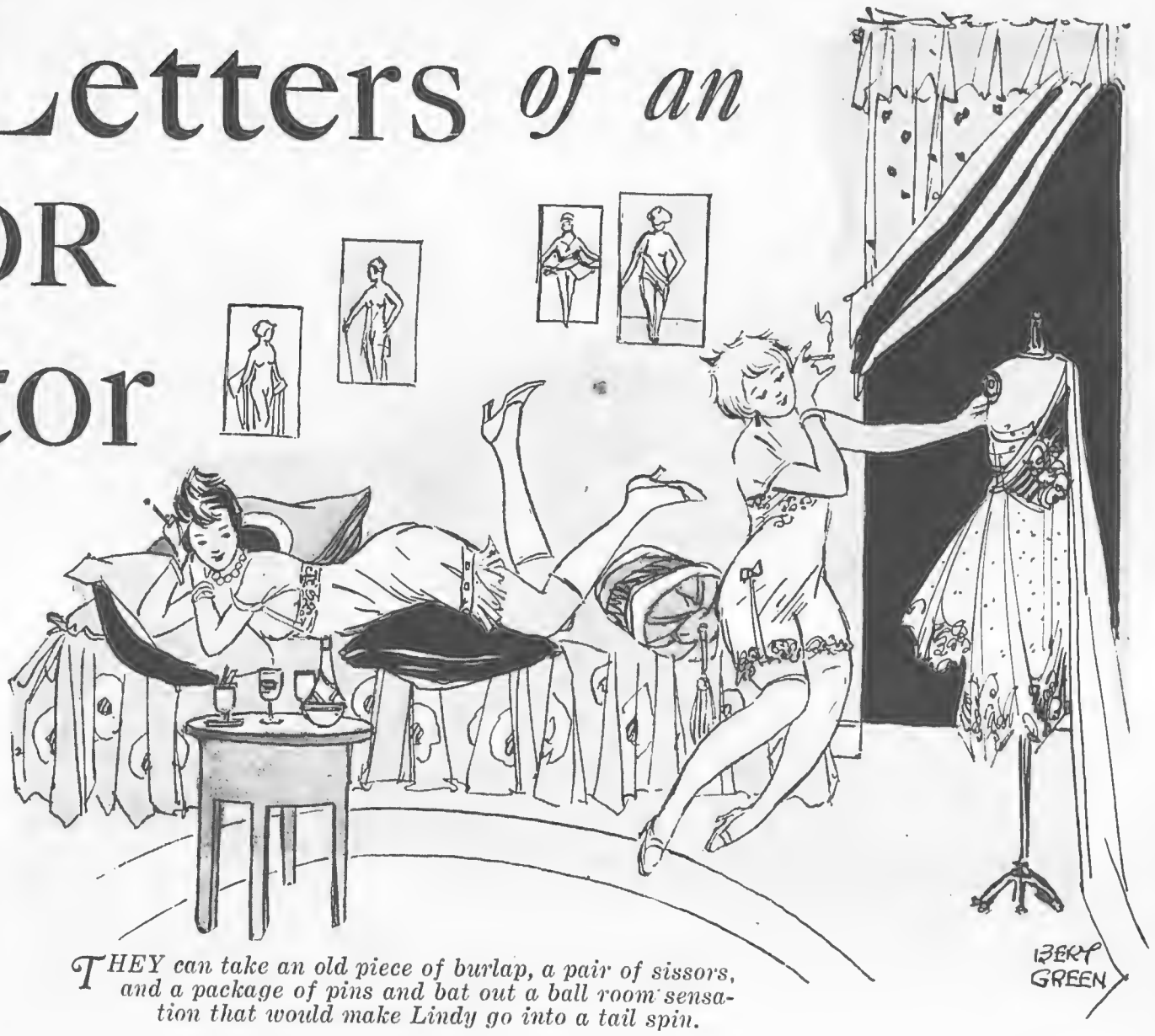
"It's my turn to get you off this time," he said, "for these are supposed to be my people."

THE END

Love Letters of an Interior Decorator

A Peek or Two Round Gay Paree

Words and Pictures by
BERT GREEN



THEY can take an old piece of burlap, a pair of sissors, and a package of pins and bat out a ball room sensation that would make Lindy go into a tail spin.

(Reading time: 8 minutes 43 seconds.)

DEER MARG, *Paris, France.*

If you think your old ladys kitchen is a hot place, you should be here in GAY PAREE. Of all the steam heated Mammas this layout has everything set against you and I dont mean maybe! Whew! After a night in Paris you hafta go up in the Eyeful Tower to cool off. That's why the frogs built it.

Listen, Good Lookin, Im goin to give you the low down on how they manage to escape with there liver and lungs over here and dont breeth it to a sole. If this letter should ever get into the hands of one of them Mauch Chunk reporters my exposure would be worse than some of the night clubs over here. Im goin to tell you the hole works.

What the boys and girls do over here is nobodys business. They care less, dress less, and drink more. Blow that off your dresser. And Oh, what style these french frails have. They can take an old piece of burlap, a pair of sissors, and a package of pins and bat out a ball room sensation that would make Lindy go into a tail spin. Even the shop girls and the stenographers who drag down the fat rap of eight or ten bucks per week look like million dollar smackers on the Boolevards. They can squeeze more out of a frank than a kiltie can blow out of a bagpipe.

You girls in America think youre badly off grabbing 25 and thirty-five washers per week, but on the level the American girl is living in the lap of luxury and dont know it.

Lookit the conveniences you have in America. Iceless ice boxes, fireless cookers, smokeless tobacco and beds in the door. Do they have them in Paris? Not on your tintype. Most of em havent even got a bathtub. If they had a bathtub they wouldnt know what to do with it. Theyd probably put the coal in it. You know when the fellers break out of jail they hide in the tub because the frogs would never think of lookin in it. Basteal is what they call the iron boarding houses here.

And when it comes to MEN. Listen girlie, you dont know the half of it. You should take a peep at those male frogs. They look like somethin thats bean left out to air. Most of em have plenty of foliage. I never seen such whiskers in my life. Charlie Hughes would look like a portrait of Jackie Coogan beside em.

And you should see the hats they wear on the top of their pans. Sweet spirits of juniper, I bet you could cook a Sunday dinner in em. And oh, what pants. The weeks wash could be pushed down one leg. The pants would stand alone. They have to. Talk about foreign noblemen. The American guy stands out like a fire in a speakeasy alongside em. And thats me.

Leave us take offer them fellos.

They got four things in Paris worth while, Women, Style, Giggle Soup, and French Post Cards. Period.

All they think of doin over here in Paris is eatin and lovin, Marg. OO, la-la. And how can be! Youll be walkin along the Boolevard behind a broad and her boy friend; and the first thing you know they stop short and smacko she plants a kiss right on his kisser. Then they walk a few feet further and bust out in another hand spring. Nobody pays any attention to it. On the level, theyre all damp.

All they do here is eat and love—*eat and love!*

The way they glorify the groceries is a sell out. When you park yourself in a restaurant the waitor rolls up a little truck with about forty little dishes on it. They call em Hor Doives. First they slip you a portion of herring. Thats nothing more than a hebrew bird. Then comes a handful of what they call Cavvier. It looks like shot but tastes like shrappnel. Then they give you a couple of small sea lions what smell like sardeanes.

Thats followed by a piece of meat called salmon but it tastes like an old flannel night shirt. Snails come next—them are the things they have in Philidelphia but cant ketch. Then they deal out a bunch of other things with all colors in em and in about a half hour your plate looks like the end of a rainbow.

After you manage to get this under your tie without squeezing out an eye they bring on the soup. This is followed by a bunch of shrubs. Luther Burbank stuff. Then the waitor asks if you would like a nice fish. And if you say "yes," God help you. He takes a running slide over to the window and gropes around in a fish theater until he catches a walrus and comes flying back with the thing doin the black bottom in a towel. After the cook has given him the bums rush it is laid before you on a platter nearly two feet long. Don't you love it?

Next comes the meat order. Thats the giggle. A chunk of meat that would feed the American Expititionary Forces for a month. Floyd Gibbons, told me they call it venison, but it was hoarse to me. The hoof they had on it looked like it came off a camel.

After a lot of other stuff they brung on a lot of cheese that would knock your hat off.

What an awful work-out they give you in these frog restaurants. Id much sooner be sittin down to a sweet order of corn beef and baggage.

I NEVER will forget yer old man when I first met him. He took me into a swell hotel in New York and ordered up a dish of corn beef. When the waitor brought him the check he roared like the devil. He called him over and he says. Look here young feller, what the hell is this. 95¢ for corn beef and cabootch!

And the waitor looked at him and says, Thats the regular charge in this hotel.

So your old man gets up and hollers, you couldnt LIFT 95¢ worth of corn beef and cabootch!

But thats him all over.

I was out the other night with one of the big eggs from the Liquor sindacate. He had his sweetheart with him. And oh what a dear she is. One of those sweet little things with the squeaky voice thats always hungary or out of clothes. You know, just one of those girls that would go in to shoot her husband Good

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

You can keep strong, thick hair

Worrying a little about your hair?

PERHAPS your hair seems thinner, less healthily vigorous—you have asked yourself whether "anything could be done to help it . . . "

Two common scalp troubles cause thinning hair—dandruff and sluggish scalp circulation. This simple treatment corrects quickly *both* these hair ills:

EVERY MORNING wet your hair and scalp thoroughly with Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Then, with your fingers pressed down firmly, move the scalp vigorously in every direction, working the tonic into every inch of the scalp. Move the scalp, not the fingers! Brush the hair while still moist. It will lie smoothly just the way you want it.

Give yourself this Pinaud treatment *every* morning!

Feel the new glow of swift, hair-nourishing scalp circulation!

Notice the absence of dandruff. Pinaud's quickly destroys the dandruff germ. Soon your hair is thicker, younger, more vigorous! You won't need to worry about it.

You can buy Pinaud's Eau de Quinine at any drug or department store. Look for the signature of Ed. Pinaud in red on the bottle. Pinaud, Paris, New York.

PINAUD'S

Eau de Quinine

Copr., 1928, Pinaud, Inc.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-NINE]

Night. What an awful panic she is.

Take a guy thats sitting as pretty as he is grabbing a fritter like her! She wouldnt even put a piece of tape on a sash weight. She would no more think of combin your hair with a bottle than she would of going for a manacure. Checks appeal, thats her.

What an awful set up he is for a frail like her. Talk about your wise business men—she could take him without a quivver. Stocks and stockings go hand in hand, and when.

She tole me she was raised in a little place out in Oklahoma. Thats the place where men are men and canary birds sing base. If you dont believe me ask Dad, he nose. Four out of five have IT.

I think shes a bit stuck on me Marg. Every time the band blew up she wanted to take me for a whirl. But after she got a dish of my dancing she was through. When I dont like em I can certainly dance on their feet.

Oh, I forgot to tell you I joined a couple of clubs. One is called The Froth Blowers and the other is The Ancient Order of Bar Flies. They aint really flies what fly like a bird. Its men. Everybody meets at Harrys Bar about 5 oclock and talk over Americas thirst. Remember what Steve Decater said—Our Country. In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be tight. But our country, right or wrong. Steve had the right dope.

Well anyway, at Harrys Bar and the Ritz Bar, all the big butter and liquor men meet and make arrangements for cargoes of nose paint and giggle soup to be sent to the Younited $tates. Six shots of Johnny Walker will send sixty thousand cases across the ocean on its merry way. Laugh and the world gargles with you. Cry and you sleep alone.

You meet all the big shots in them places. You never can tell where your next drinks comin from. Some of the worst crowned heads in Europe make the best bootleggers. Its nothing to hear The Oil of Manchester, or the Duke of Winchester or Lord Hangover lean on the bar and gloat over the boat load of Silly Soup he just cleared for Senator Drymyeye of Washington DC.

On the level you would think that you were in a lawyers office the cases they gab about. The fellos in the house of Parliment cant get their work done worrin whether there boat busted down! Americas Thirst, last and always.

You should pipe the French money they got here Marg. It looks like soap rappers. A hundred frank note is about the size of a full grown bed sheet. But it dont mean nothin. And the coins, there the darbys. They got holes in em and everythin. One hundred centerpeads equal one Frank and for three Franks you can get a Sandy MacDonald. It sounds French, but it aint, its Scotch.

These frogs over here are tighter than the skin on a drum Marg. And the taxi drivers. Ah me. They would take your right eye and then try to sell it back to you. One day me and Bernard Shaw grabbed one of them mouse traps in front of The Lopra and asked the driver to steer us over to the Cafe De La Pay.

Now get this, Good Lookin. The Lopra is just across the street from the Cafe De La Pay. Now where do you think that guy took us thinkin we're hicks. He drives the mushroom all the way down past the Madeline, thats the name of Napolions birthplace, through the Arch de Trump, along the west bank of the Insane River, through the Toodle-oo Gardens and brings us back to the place we started from.

Then he pulls the pump on the gas meter and with a straight puss says, Twenty 2 Franks—Comb that out of your beard. Oh theyre turrible, them Frogs.

I JUST got another nice letter from your girl friend with the crockery eye. She sent me the lovlyest set of silk pajamas you ever did a flop in. She also sent a box of candy that must a fallen under a steam shovel because the whole business seems to be in one peace. She told me not to crack to you because she says you wouldnt understand. But youre smart, you get them things.

She says that Mrs. Maloney what lives accross the street from her is taken on considerable weight. She says she rocks the scales now at 417 soaking wet. What an awful contract her old man took on when he grabbed a zepplin like her.

Her old man has a new job. Hes an indoor shaufeur in the Woolworth building. Hes a smart egg, he worked his father through college. You remember her old man Marg, Dinny Malone what used to run that chestnut stand on the corner of Main Street? For the life of me I never could see how a guy could make any jack selling Hot Worms, could you?

You should see the bedroom I got, Love Lips. Oh Baby when we go for the wedlock rackit we hafta get one like this. It looks like Camilles boodwar. Ill bet they aint got nothin in the white house like it. A great big bed with a bunch of posts stuck on it and an awning hung over the top like they have in a Chinese perade. And the matriss. Sweet woman its just like sleepin on a duck. And in the winders they got sneaky curtains what you pull shut with a rope.

They must squirt kolone in the place because the hole works smells like Odor of Lielocks what your old ladys washwoman used to use. These French know their stuff.

I had to have the manager change the room up higher off the street on account of the taxicrabs. Over here Marg the cabs aint got the same kind of horns as we got in the Younited $tates. They got little squeaky things with a water bag tied on the end of em. OO,la-la theyre turrible. When a bunch of em get blowin it sounds like they was runnin over a million hop toads, the squeaks they make.

Oh, wait till I tell you about the Follies Brazier! Marg, on the up and up I never saw so much white meat in my life. Listen girlie they dont wear enough clothes to put in your eye. When the curtain went up I nearly went under the seat. Talk about your box office wows.

And what figures. Just like yours. They dont wear nothin on top Marg. And just a little piece of—now I ask you. I cant go on. And what a payroll. There must be a hundred broads in the troop all swishin around to make you tear down the seats. Wow. I never seen such wild wimin in my life. Oh boy, my heart starts bumpin against my suspender button every time I think of em.

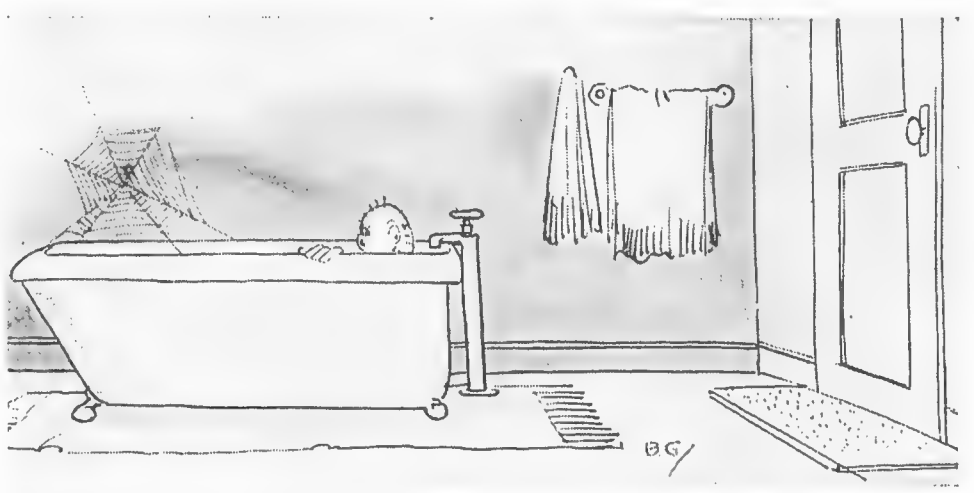
Now you neednt go thinkin that Im stuck on any of em, Toot Sweet, because I aint. Youre the only one Im nuts about. I analize you. You mean more to me than Coolidge does to the Democratic party.

Well, I got to go now and get ready for the Bootleggers Convention at the Haig and Haig. Watch for my next letter, it will give you the low down on what its all about. Don't mention anything about the Follies to your old man he dont need any more encouragement.

Remember me to your mother and the colored girl. I hope your mothers lumbago is better. I know just how she feels. We had a mule in the army what had one and we had to shoot it to put it out of its misery.

Wishing you the same,
Yours Internally,
MIKE SHEA.

P. S. I just got a letter from your old man, don't let on. It says —Dear Mike, Please send another set of them French post cards. The guys in the fire house has em all wore out.



When the fellers break out of jail they hide in the tub because the frogs would never think of lookin in it.

We'll be wore out, too, if we gotta wait moren a coupla weeks for this bimbo's next letter.

ROCKNE *Coachmaker*

The Man Who Dominates American Football

An Article by

FRANCIS WALLACE

(Reading time: 16 minutes 5 seconds.)

KNUTE KENNETH ROCKNE of Notre Dame has impressed his personality and methods upon the modern game of football perhaps with more vigor and success than any other man.

He pioneered the forward pass and intersectional football.

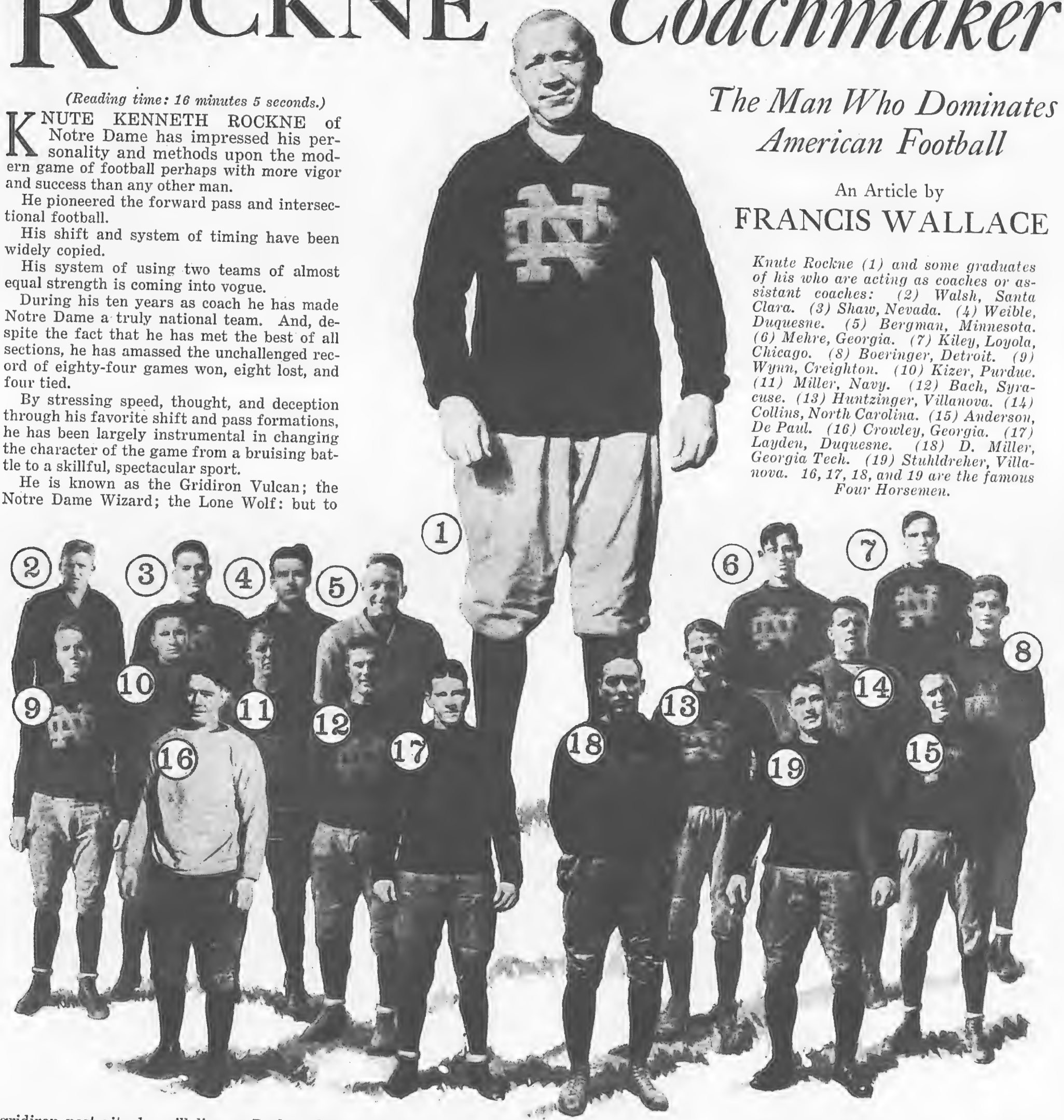
His shift and system of timing have been widely copied.

His system of using two teams of almost equal strength is coming into vogue.

During his ten years as coach he has made Notre Dame a truly national team. And, despite the fact that he has met the best of all sections, he has amassed the unchallenged record of eighty-four games won, eight lost, and four tied.

By stressing speed, thought, and deception through his favorite shift and pass formations, he has been largely instrumental in changing the character of the game from a bruising battle to a skillful, spectacular sport.

He is known as the Gridiron Vulcan; the Notre Dame Wizard; the Lone Wolf: but to gridiron posterity he will live as Rockne the Coachmaker.



Knute Rockne (1) and some graduates of his who are acting as coaches or assistant coaches: (2) Walsh, Santa Clara. (3) Shaw, Nevada. (4) Weible, Duquesne. (5) Bergman, Minnesota. (6) Mehre, Georgia. (7) Kiley, Loyola, Chicago. (8) Boeringer, Detroit. (9) Wynn, Creighton. (10) Kizer, Purdue. (11) Miller, Navy. (12) Bach, Syracuse. (13) Huntzinger, Villanova. (14) Collins, North Carolina. (15) Anderson, De Paul. (16) Crowley, Georgia. (17) Layden, Duquesne. (18) D. Miller, Georgia Tech. (19) Stuhldreher, Villanova. 16, 17, 18, and 19 are the famous Four Horsemen.

Failing to entice the master, colleges are paying tribute to his genius by seeking his pupils. And the pupils go about their work seriously, with the knowledge that a coaching job will be waiting when they graduate. Rockne always has more applications than he can supply. His 1921 team and his 1924 national champions went *en masse* to the coaching profession.

The college of football is a fact at Notre Dame. Gridiron men, some of whom never earn a letter, are equipped with an extra degree which they can capitalize for permanent success or use as a wedge into the business or professional field.

So rapidly has Rockne trained coaches during his ten years at Notre Dame that no other mentor can compare with him in the total number of football pupils now teaching in the colleges.

During the 1927 season there were forty Rockne-trained college coaches, twenty-two of whom were head coaches, teaching football to 2,500 boys. In addition, 2,000 college and prep-school mentors, who have attended Rockne summer schools during the last five years, taught the game to 70,000 others.

It is a mounting movement. Men who receive the Notre Dame system from Rockne-trained men pass it on to others. It is estimated that 100,000 prep-school and college boys will get some form of Rockne doctrine next year. In a few years the number of Rockne pupils may reach a million.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[ROCKNE—COACHMAKER Continued from Page Sixty-one]

The number of recent Rockne grads at important colleges as assistants is flattering. These include Edgar (Rip) Miller at Annapolis; Donald Miller at Georgia Tech; Thomas Lieb at Wisconsin; Joseph Bach at Syracuse; Arthur (Dutch) Bergman at Minnesota; Charles Boeringer at Detroit; Harvey Brown at St. Louis; Heartley Anderson, John Wallace, and John McManmon at Notre Dame; and Noble Kizer at Purdue.

Other assistant coaches are Joseph Boland at Santa Clara; William Cerney at North Carolina; Bob Regan at Chattanooga; Dan Lamont at Loyola College, Baltimore; and Edward Huntzinger at Villanova, Pennsylvania.

THE popularity of Rockne-trained coaches is sharply emphasized by the comparatively few Notre Dame men now coaching who did not learn their football under King Knute.

These include Charles F. Crowley of Columbia; Charles W. Bachman of Kansas State; Charles E. Dorias of Detroit; R. E. Vaughan of Wabash; R. I. Mathews of St. Louis; Frank Shaughnessy of McGill; J. A. (Chief) Meyers, St. Xavier's, Cincinnati, Ohio; John Meagher at St. Edward's, Austin, Texas; Peter G. Dwyer of Niagara; Stanley B. Cofall of Loyola College, Baltimore; Harry C. Baujan and George Fitzgerald at Dayton; George Philbrook at Whittier, California; Freeman Fitzgerald at Marquette, Milwaukee, Wisconsin; and Luke Kelly at Holy Cross, Worcester, Massachusetts.

The presence of so many of his pupils on the coaching staffs of opposing colleges has begun to embarrass the Notre Dame leader. Minnesota, Detroit, Navy, and Georgia Tech, four tough opponents on the 1927 schedule, were aided by coaches who knew the Rockne offense, methods, and psychology.

Like all young men just out of college, the Notre Dame coaches start near the bottom in smaller schools; but many of them are already forging to the top.

James M. Phelan has elevated Purdue to a point where it has beaten Harvard soundly.

E. P. (Slip) Madigan teaches the St. Mary's team at Oakland, California, which has beaten California and made interesting competition for the best squads on the Pacific Coast.

Adam Walsh, captain of the 1924 team, coached the Santa Clara, California, eleven to a victory over Stanford last November.

Harry Stuhldreher, quarter back of the same 1924 champions, has been doing such fine work at Villanova that he was offered the post of head coach at Harvard for 1928. He declined it.

Harry Mehre and Jim Crowley were the real men behind the Georgia Bulldogs who ruined Yale's perfect season and emerged as one of the outstanding teams of 1927. Mehre has just been made coach.

Other Rockne-coached head coaches who have been coming along include Morris J. Smith at Gonzaga, Spokane, Washington; Elmer Layden at Duquesne, Pittsburgh; Chet Wynn at Creighton, Omaha, Nebraska; Lawrence T. (Buck) Shaw at Nevada; Charles Collins at North Carolina; Roger Kiley at Loyola, Chicago; Frank Thomas at Chattanooga; Eddie Anderson at De Paul, Chicago; Forest Cotton at St. Ambrose, Davenport, Iowa; Tom King at Louisville; Clem Crowe at St. Vincent's, Beatty, Pennsylvania; Frank Reese at Spring Hill, Alabama; Wilbur Eaton at Mt. St. Charles, Helena, Montana; Earl Walsh at Des Moines; T. C. Kasper at Columbus, South Dakota; and Barry Holton at Trinity, Waxahachie, Texas.

ROCKNE accepts such handicaps with a smile. He will do anything to help his boys, short of actually tossing them the game. Furthermore, the Rockne system has become an open book to all who care to read his writings or attend his summer schools.

He gambles that he can teach his boys to execute plays so perfectly that even enlightened opponents cannot stop them.

Furthermore, Rockne can never give, sell, or squander the essence of Rockne football.

There is only so much football to know at a given time, generally speaking, and many coaches dip as far into the fundamentals and ordinary strategy as the Notre Dame leader. He can give away tactics, but he cannot transfer the alert, active, dynamic, keen mechanism which is Rockne.

Notre Dame has an ideal gridiron background. It is centrally located, has no disturbing co-eds or political fraternities, and is situated in the woods outside of South Bend. The quality of material is good; but other colleges are equally ideal as football schoolrooms. They secure Rockne-trained coaches; but there is only one Notre Dame in football.

The answer is, the personality of Knute Rockne—the spiritual gap

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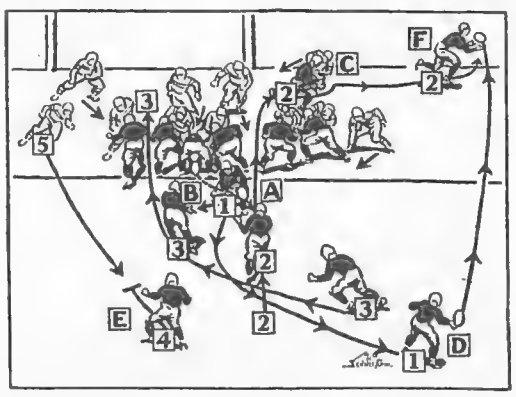

Rockne's forward pass from running formation beat the Army in 1923: (1) Stuhldreher receives ball from center; (2) Layden fakes taking ball at A; (3) Miller fakes taking ball at B. These two fake threats at line draw in Army secondary defense. (1) Stuhldreher, after fake passes, runs back to D and passes to Layden (2), who, at C, fakes taking out wing back and continues to F, where he takes pass from 1 for winning touchdown. Crowley (4) protects the pass.

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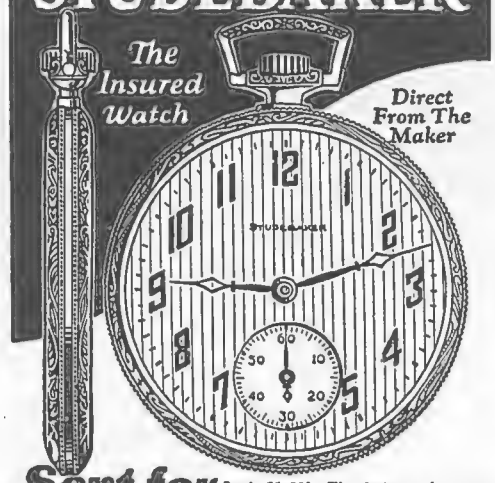

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE SIXTY-TWO]

between the artist and the mechanic.

One writer has called him "a sort of national pet." The public has an idea of Rockne, gleaned from his record, his pictures, his work as coach, after-dinner speaker, writer of newspaper, magazine, and book stuff—he has written a novel—as a fighting champion, a romancer who fills that spot which soldiers occupy when nations go to war.

They believe that he preaches and practices the gospel of hard, clean sportsmanship; that he does not die gamely, but fights to win; that he is the Ruth and Dempsey of the gridiron—a hero with that mixture of ability, courage, and naïveté which the spotlight never withers.

Perhaps the public attributes to him something of magic, but his friends know that the magic, the genius, is an evanescence from that nervous, whirring, emotional dynamo which is Rock himself. The coaches, the fundamentals, the tactics may go; but as long as the man remains, Notre Dame football will be safe.

Rockne fights, argues, joshes, or matches wits with equal gusto. He loves to do all of these things and does all of them well. He is ruthless with his enemy, but will make an enemy to serve his humblest friend. Intolerant of carelessness, he is kind and patient with stupidity, although he will have none of it on his team.

A great man in his way, flattered and "yessed," he remains modest, humble, and simple. He welcomes appreciation and monetary reward, but these are by-products. He lives for his family, his school, his friends, and his boys; and he serves all of them through football.

His boys respect him, fear him, love him, look to him for guidance long after they have left him—even when they become his foes. Stuhldreher, approached by Harvard, arranged a meeting at New York on the eve of the Army-Notre Dame game; and he consulted Rockne before declining the offer to coach the Crimson.

The personality of the football coach is mirrored faithfully in the character of his teams.

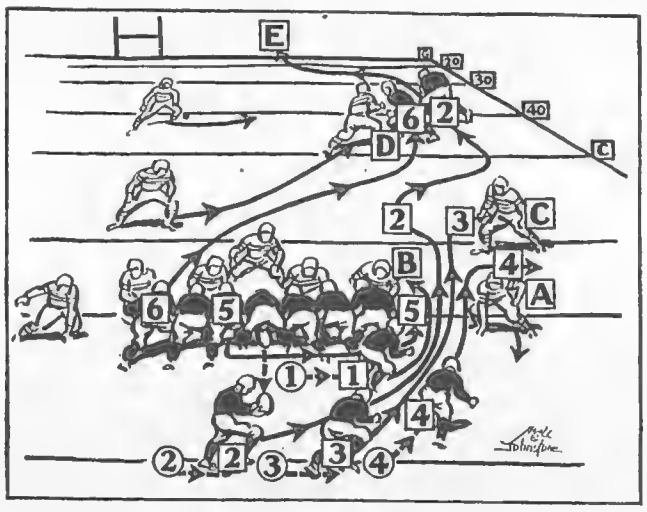
ROCKNE has IT. His personality captivates his boys—sends them on the field to fight for Rock as well as Notre Dame. As much of the glow as they are able to assimilate within their own characters influences their coaching and their habits of living when they go out.

The writer is acquainted with virtually all of the Rockne-made coaches, having been in college with most of them. Stuhldreher comes closest to matching Rockne's cold acumen, the proper ruthlessness; but Harry lacks warmth. Joe Brandy, who coached for a while at St. Thomas', in Minnesota, had the fire but lacked subtlety.

Jim Crowley has abundant warmth and humor, sufficient acumen, but lacks ruthlessness. Chet Wynn has everything he needs, but, like Crowley, hates to bear down. Adam Walsh needs a dash of humor and imagination.

Down through the list a mere something is missing in each one. And none of them has Rockne's eyes—eyes which blaze away in anger and then dissolve into that smile that makes his boys forget everything he said before.

Affectionately, and privately, they call him "the Swede," although he was born in Norway forty years ago. His parents brought him to Chicago at the age of two and he attended grade school and high school in that city. He went to Notre Dame more as a track man than a football player. Rockne never weighed more than 150 pounds during his playing career.



Rockne's tackle slant beat Army in 1926: dotted line indicates preliminary action: (1) Edwards, (2) Flanagan, (3) O'Boyle, (4) Hearnden execute famous Rockne shift (to right) before play starts. 1 and 5 (guard) box Army tackle at B; 4 turns out Army end at A; 3 blocks Army wing back at C, while Flanagan (2) reverses, then pivots to right again. Voedisch (6), left end, cuts over to right and blocks off Wilson, and Flanagan scores touchdown, outspurting Army safety.

He worked about the college to help pay his way; and his summer vacation periods were spent in the harvest fields of the West, the stokeholds of lake boats, and at Cedar Point, a summer resort where bands of Notre Dame students worked. Football then, as now, consumed him.

It was at Cedar Point that Rockne and Dorias practiced the forward-passing display which amazed the East at West Point in 1913.

A capacity for occupation is one of Rockne's outstanding traits. It was with him as a student. He played in the band, although unkind mates now say that he added nothing but facial expression and noise to the ensemble. He took part in the pranks; but his fun then, as now, was without the barb of bad taste.

And Rockne found time to study—so much time that after graduation he remained at Notre Dame as instructor of chemistry and assistant football coach. Jess Harper left after the 1917 season and Rockne became head coach.

His first season he won six, lost one, and tied one game of an informal schedule.

The real Rockne régime began in 1919 and the nine years since have been roughly divided into three periods of three years each. The coaches began to filter out to the nation after 1919—Madigan was one of the first; but they were graduated in squads in 1921 and 1924.

The 1921 crowd included Brandy, Shaw, Wynn, Mehre, Kiley, Ed Anderson, and Heartley Anderson. This was George Gipp's group which had won twenty-nine of thirty games played in three years, the only defeat being the ten-seven loss to Iowa.

These were followed by the Four Horsemen and Seven Mules, who won twenty-six games, lost two, and tied one during their three-year term. Those lads—Stuhldreher, Don Miller, Crowley, Layden, Walsh, Rip Miller, Kizer, Bach, Huntzinger, Collins, and Weible—have made reputations as coaches which already rival their fame as players.

It is interesting to note that Stuhldreher, the field general, and Adam Walsh, the captain, have scored the most signal victories in the coaching field so far.

The six years from 1919 to 1924 represent a success which may never be approached in major competition. Notre Dame won fifty-five games, lost three, and tied one.

But the amazing accomplishment of Rockne requires further illumination. During those years he has had but one assistant at a time; and he also held the posts of director of athletics, track coach, business manager, and trainer.

There were one or two towel boys about the gymnasium and Frank Doriot was a sort of major-domo and shock absorber there. I handled all publicity—and Rockne even found time to give me personal lectures on journalism, for which thanks are here duly recorded.

THE third period began in 1925 and ended last November with the Southern California game. This group of boys had a poorer record than their predecessors, although any school would welcome twenty-three victories, four defeats, and two ties during three years.

But the "failure" can be traced directly to the personality of the coach. Starting in 1922, Rockne added a full summer of coaching schools to his labors. During the last five years he has presided over twenty-four such gatherings at Notre Dame, Culver, Springfield, William and Mary, Bucknell, Brigham Young, Southern California, Oregon Aggies, Utah Aggies, Superior Normal, Henderson-Brown, St. Edward's, Southern Methodist, and University of Hawaii.

He wrote a book on coaching, and a football novel. He began to write syndicated newspaper stories and magazine articles—and Rockne writes his own stuff. He was sought as a speaker and lecturer.

It could not go on. Faced with the necessity of creating a new team to take the place of the Horsemen and Mules, the coach found himself on the verge of a nervous

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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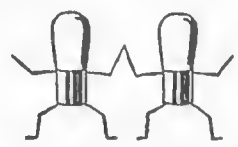

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[ROCKNE—COACHMAKER Continued from Page Sixty-three]

breakdown. He just managed to hold it off during the 1925 season; but his green team lost two games and was tied in another.

There followed a long trip to Europe—where, no doubt, Rockne sought for evidences of football, which, they say, was played by ancient peoples. His next season was marred only by the Carnegie Tech upset—and on that day he was in Chicago fixing up schedules for the next few years and keeping his fences repaired in Conference territory.

Despite the fact that Notre Dame lost to Army last fall, the demand for coaches is still heavy. Jobs await as many of the members of his 1928 graduating class as care to accept.

In teaching his boys, Rockne does more than instill football: he molds character and he asks his pupils to do the same when they become coaches. Notre Dame football—sound, shrewd, resourceful, skillful, sportsmanlike, successful—sinks in a young man's soul when applied by the Head Master.

Taught by his pupils, it takes root in proportion to the force of their own personalities. Stuhldreher football is very nearly Rockne football, although Harry says that he must always adapt himself to his particular situation.

The foundation stone of the Rockne system is common sense and a careful weighing of values. The chief axiom is to play the percentage until you get in a pinch, then gamble—the percentage still in mind.

The cardinal Notre Dame play is the off-tackle slant. Almost all formations shoot at tackle regardless of where or how they end. The forward pass has been identified with the fighting Irish; but it is used principally as a threat and a desperate measure. The running game off tackle is the thing.

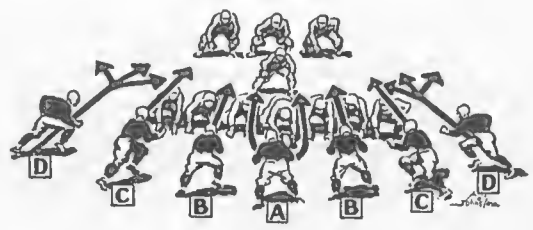
ROCKNE gives his men comparatively few plays—just one for each situation which may appear—just a system of checks and balances designed to take advantage of every opposing weakness which may crop up.

His formations are basically simple and sound; it is their clever mixing and the histrionics indulged in by back-field men for the sake of deception which give Notre Dame football its aspect of brilliant deviltry.

In effect, Rockne sends his boys out with that injunction of the pugilistic manager:

"Don't fight 'em—box 'em."

And they box cleverly, hit hard, win like gentlemen, and ride away, leaving something of admiration in their foemen, who have been outwitted and outrun rather than outslugged.



Rockne's famous "cup defense": center (A) to right or left of opposing center; guards (B) charge straight through; tackles (C) charge straight through; ends (D) take three steps in, but do not commit themselves until direction of man with ball is determined.

"We figure that we could play Notre Dame in an early game without hurting us," said William Bingham, director of athletics at Harvard, "because they do not take much out of a team. They do not play a bruising game."

Back of every successful work of art is a story of patient struggling with fundamentals. Rockne stresses these at his noon lectures, in his spring training, and on the field during the regular season.

THESE noon lectures and intensive spring drills are part of the coaching knowledge which every Rockne pupil takes away with him to his own coaching job. The lectures are interesting even to laymen. The writer attended all of the spring and fall sessions for three years. The boys give thirty minutes of their lunch hour during these periods to learn their mental football.

There is no compulsion. Rockne has the knack of making his classes attractive and entertaining as well as instructive. If Rockne teams are superlatively smart, these lectures are partly responsible.

At the spring sessions, lasting from four to six weeks, Rockne takes the freshmen who will be eligible the next year and groups them with the varsity men who will hold over. The veterans who have finished their playing careers, most of whom will go out to coaching jobs the next fall, assist with the spring work.

It ends with a game between the freshmen and varsity men. Rockne has had his first good look at his new material, and he has a workable idea of his squad for the next campaign.

Some popular fallacies may be exposed here. There is no Notre Dame prep school anywhere. There was one at the university until about six years ago, but only one man ever came from it to become a Rockne regular. He was Norman Barry, who is now coaching De La Salle College in Chicago.

The intramural system is not a feeding ground for the varsity, but a dumping ground. Men who cannot make the varsity grade go out for the hall teams and few of them ever get back.

There are annual stories about the 700 men playing football at Notre Dame. But out of the grand total Rockne gets just about as many men of varsity caliber to work with as the average coach of a major football school.

Players help to make coaches, and men like the Four Horsemen help to make Rockne; but it is generally accepted as a proved fact that Rockne can take a squad of ordinary material, and teach them to block and charge and tackle and think until they will make running

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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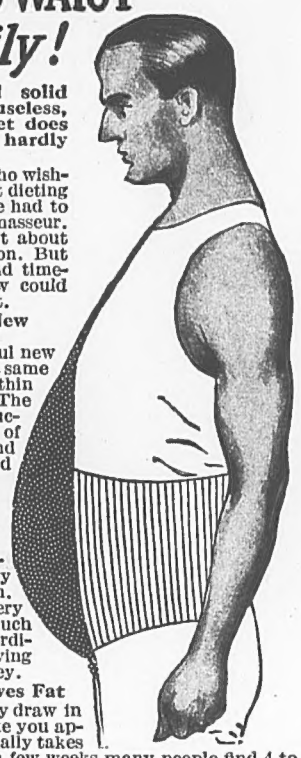

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At last a wonderful new invention brings this same effective method within the reach of all. The Weil Scientific Reducing Belt, by means of specially prepared and scientifically fitted rubber, is so constructed that as you wear it every breath you take and every movement you make imparts a constant massage to every inch of the abdomen. Working for you every second, it reduces much more rapidly than ordinary massage, saving both time and money.

Actually Removes Fat

It does not merely draw in your waist and make you appear thinner. It actually takes off the fat. Within a few weeks many people find 4 to 6 inches gone from the waistline and look and feel 10 to 15 years younger.

The Weil Method of reduction is used by athletes and jockeys because it reduces quickly and preserves their strength. Highly endorsed by physicians. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER

Write today for full description and Special 10-Day Trial Offer. The Weil Company, 881 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.

THE WEIL COMPANY
881 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.

Gentlemen:—Please send me, without obligation, complete description of the Weil Scientific Reducing Belt and your Special 10-Day Trial Offer.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

FREE A 5-CABLE EXERCISER and Instructions **FREE**

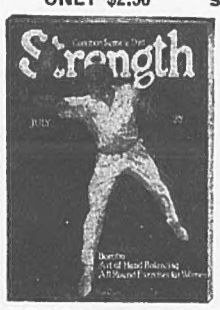
With One Year's Subscription to "STRENGTH" at the Regular Price

Here's a proposition, fellow, you can't equal—12 big issues of this magazine "Strength," sent to your home each month free of mailing charges and a 5 elastic cable exerciser with instructions on how to use it for developing your physical strength and bodily proportions as well as for improving your general health.

The cables are all of the best rubber and are strongly made. The grips are finely finished and strong. The instruction will give you exercises.

12 BIG ISSUES and the EXERCISER ONLY $2.50

"STRENGTH"
The Magazine for the Health, Strength and Muscle Seeker



"Strength" is a he-man's magazine which contains articles and pictures upon all branches of the health, strength and muscular development subject. It shows you how to become healthier; how to increase your physical strength and how to improve your development and proportions. There are loads of pictures each month of men who have acquired marvelous physiques and great strength through the methods outlined in this Magazine. There are pictures of beautifully formed women who have obtained their shapes through physical training methods. There are fight, base-ball, field sports articles, etc., in each issue.

ADDRESS and $2.50 NOW—We Pay All Charges SEND YOUR NAME,

MILO PUB. CO., L-1228, 2745 N. Palethorp St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Gentlemen:
Please find enclosed $2.50 for which send me immediately a 5-cable exerciser and course free and enter my name on your mailing list for a year's subscription to "Strength."

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

MONEY FOR YOU

Men or women can earn $15 to $25 weekly in spare time at home making display cards. Light, pleasant work. No canvassing. We instruct you and supply you with work. Write to-day for full particulars.
The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
214 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Can.

Baby Loves A Bath With Cuticura Soap

Bland and Soothing to Tender Skins.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-FOUR]

fairly easy for any back, and scoring difficult for any opposing team.

Rockne is master of wit and scathing satire, of humor and bounding fun, but invective has no place in his system. He talks a lot—talks interestingly; but he is neither profane nor smutty. He will point his finger, blaze away with both eyes; but he never damns an offender or lays a hand on his person.

The Head Master is too good a psychologist, too essentially a gentleman for that. His weapons are keener. Once the Four Horsemen looked bad in practice just before the Army game. Rockne walked off the field in apparent disgust, without a word. The squad, shocked and bewildered, stole back to the gymnasium like whipped children—and they beat the Army.

Rockne seldom loses, but he loses gracefully. He does not alibi, and does all within his power to protect the most erring of his children from public humiliation. He can be keenly satirical in the dying moments of a battle lost forever. A promising half back, who had danced himself out of condition, was whimpering to get in a game which he might have won had he loved the ladies less.

"It's all right, kid," Rockne said to him. "I'm saving you for the junior prom."

An important game was almost lost because it was thought that signals had leaked. Up to that time there had been no secret practice at Notre Dame, but the next day the gates were closed and this sign was nailed on the outside:

Secret practice—come and bring your notebooks.
K. K. ROCKNE.

Rockne is a great listener and a born interviewer. He will seek advice from a freshman and abstract an idea from a sermon.

They say he got his shift from the junior prom. Some of his lecture lingo was derived from Freud.

He is the father of three manly little boys and of a delightfully feminine little girl.

Bill, his oldest boy, about eight at the time, wandered into the room where his father was lecturing.

"Now, Bill," said the great coach as one man to another, "what did I give you that dime for?"

Bill hesitated for a moment and walked out without a word—pausing just long enough to thumb his nose at the varsity men who were scoffing at his retreat. One wonders if that is not just about what Knute Kenneth would have done at the age of eight, and whether another great coach is in the grade school on his way up.

NEEDLESS to say, Rockne is a king on the campus and the most popular man about Notre Dame; but it has not spoiled him. In 1919 I was one of a group of freshmen standing in the rain waiting for a trolley to take us into South Bend. A car stopped and we were invited to ride.

Rockne and Dorias had stopped to give a load of freshmen a lift.

His football philosophy and himself may be best understood from these aphorisms he uses constantly:

Be alert mentally.

Figure the percentage always.

It's not the play—it's the execution.

Eleven men in a play.

The best defense is a good offense.

When you have a team guessing, it is licked.

Get the most men there first—Napoleon had the right idea.

When you go in there—*crack 'em.*

I don't want a man to go in there willing to die gamely—I want a man to go in there fighting to *live.*

THE END

The Last Five Years in Football

TEAM.	W.	L.	Tied	Pts.	Op. Pts.	Pc.
Notre Dame	42	5	2	1,128	250	.894
So. Methodist	34	5	7	910	243	.872
Alabama	39	6	3	1,212	200	.867
Washington	43	7	3	1,556	259	.860
Stanford	36	6	2	972	310	.857
Michigan	34	6	0	860	146	.850
Illinois	33	6	1	713	221	.846
Wash. and Jeff.	33	6	5	708	236	.846
Army	35	7	3	969	266	.833
Lafayette	34	7	4	1,010	280	.829
Southern California	42	9	1	1,394	264	.824
Yale	30	7	3	838	261	.811
Colorado Aggies	29	7	2	712	240	.806
Syracuse	36	9	4	934	234	.800
Texas Aggies	32	9	5	1,001	174	.780
Vanderbilt	32	10	4	985	283	.762
Pittsburgh	31	10	4	781	215	.756
Pennsylvania	34	11	2	821	229	.756
Missouri	27	9	6	502	248	.750
Princeton	23	8	4	871	322	.738
West Virginia	24	9	6	837	312	.727
California	31	12	3	775	324	.721
Nebraska	25	11	4	643	282	.694
Navy	27	12	5	821	394	.693
Tennessee	27	12	3	669	433	.692
Georgia Tech.	26	12	7	471	328	.667
Georgia	20	16	1	920	416	.652
Penn State	28	15	3	791	341	.651
Chicago	21	16	3	368	322	.568

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 38

1—The United States collier Merrimac, at Santiago, Cuba, in 1898.

2—August 6, 1890. The electrocution of William Kemmler at Sing Sing Prison, Ossining, New York.

3—By purchase from Russia in 1867, for $7,200,000.

4—Alfonso XIII of Spain; from 1902.

5—Three hundred meters, or about 984 feet.

6—Paul Waner of the Pittsburgh club.

7—Cuba, Porto Rico, the Philippine Islands, and Guam.

8—An arboreal bird.

9—Muscle science.

10—Mount Whitney, in California; 14,501 feet above sea level.

11—The 114,000 at the Notre Dame-Southern California game last November, in Chicago.

12—Queen Victoria; 1837-1901.

13—Madame Roland, immediately before her execution in Paris, in 1793.

14—Simeon Stylites, a Syrian monk of the fifth century.

15—One hundred and thirty-one.

16—Abraham Lincoln, James A. Garfield, and William McKinley.

17—Anne Boleyn, the second wife of Henry VIII.

18—Alfred Nobel, founder of the Nobel Prizes.

19—Georges Clemenceau, ex-Premier of France.

20—Vasco da Gama, a Portuguese, in 1497-99.

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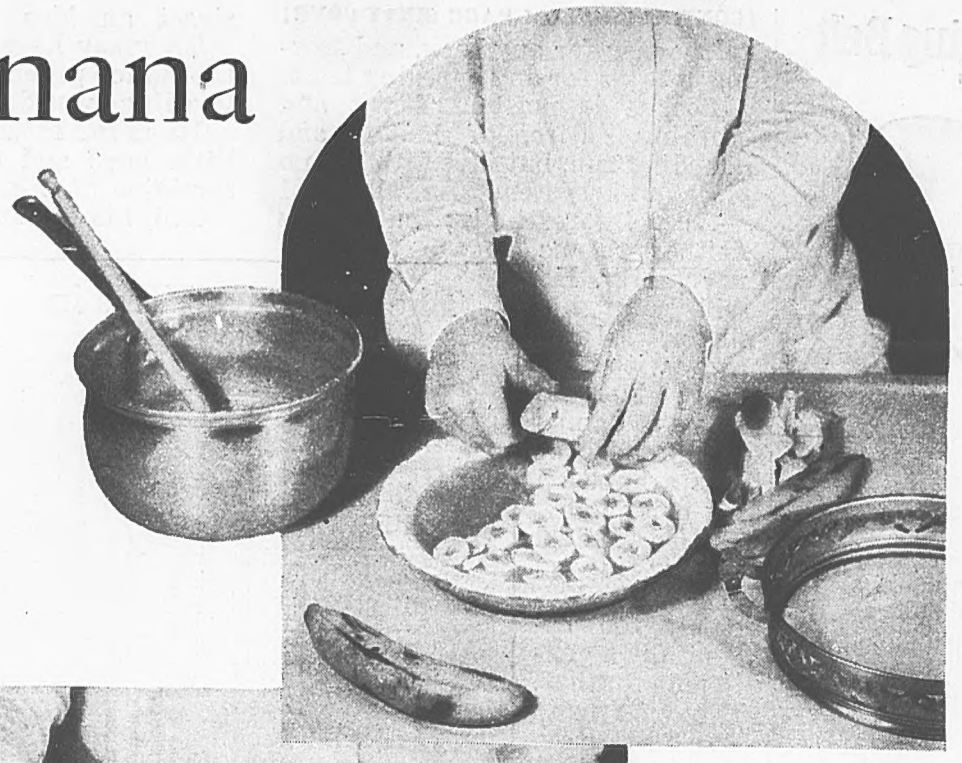
Every precaution is taken to insure accuracy; however, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional omission or change in this index to advertisements.

Delicious Banana DESSERTS

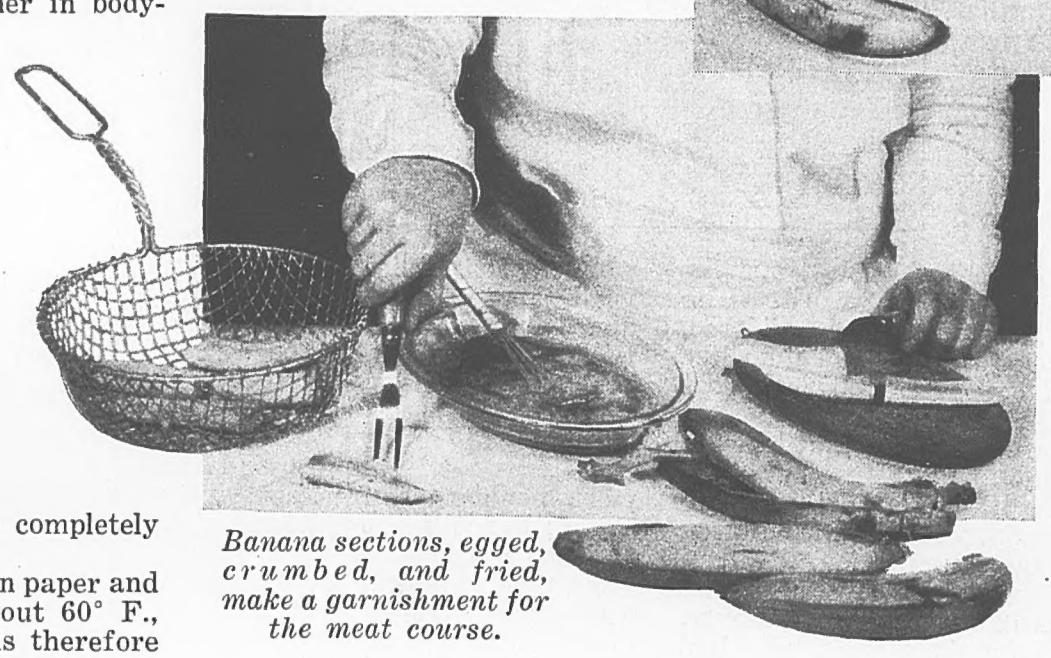
By

ETHEL SOMERS



Layers of sliced bananas in lemon or caramel cream pies produce a delightful result.

BANANAS deserve their popularity because they rank as a cheap fruit that is universally seasonable every day of the year. They are rightly called a "food fruit," for they are richer in body-building proteins than any other fruit. Ripe bananas yield much energy on account of the abundance of fruit sugars. Government analysis shows their energy yield to be 445 calories per pound, as compared to apples, which produce 285 calories per pound. Moreover, bananas have more than twice as much mineral content and less water than apples.



Banana sections, egged, crumbed, and fried, make a garnishment for the meat course.

Bananas which are to be served raw should be completely ripened.

Unripe fruit, wrapped in paper and stored in the dark at about 60° F., ripens more slowly and is therefore sweeter than fruit ripened by any other artificial means. Overripe bananas should be discarded.

Banana Cream Pie

(May also be made with a lemon or vanilla cream filling.)

3 bananas
1½ cups milk
¼ cup sugar caramelized
½ cup sugar
3 tablespoons cornstarch
3 tablespoons flour
½ teaspoon salt
2 egg yolks
1 tablespoon butter
1 teaspoon vanilla

Meringue

2 egg whites
¼ teaspoon vanilla
4 tablespoons sugar

HEAT the milk in the top of a double boiler. Place the ¼ cup of sugar in a frying pan or a heavy-bottomed vessel. Stir the sugar while rubbing it with the convex side of a tablespoon against the hot pan. The sugar will gradually lump and become very hard, after which, if the rubbing is persistent, it will melt and turn amber color. Add this caramelized sugar while hot to the hot milk. Mix the ½ cup of sugar, flour, cornstarch, and salt thoroughly until blended. When the caramel syrup is completely melted in the hot milk, slowly stir the hot liquid into the other blended sugar mixture. Mix well to prevent lumps. Return over the water and cook and stir for at least 20 minutes. This mixture needs to be stirred rather constantly at the start, but after it thickens, an occasional stirring will suffice to prevent lumps. A thorough cooking of the starch granules greatly enhances the flavor of the finished product. Beat the egg yolks slightly and gradually stir these into the thickened cream mixture. Remove from the fire, add the butter and vanilla, and set aside to cool. Alternate the layers of sliced bananas and cream filling, placing them in a *baked* pastry shell. Cover with meringue made by beating the egg whites and sugar together with a mechanical beater until the egg whites are stiff enough to hold their shape. Carefully fold in the flavoring. Brown delicately in a moderate oven (300° F.) for about 8 minutes. For perfect results then reduce the temperature to 275° F. and continue the baking for 10 to 15 minutes longer, or until delicately browned.

"WHAT to cook! Oh, what to cook!" No matter the occasion or the meal, you'll find menus to arouse appetite and enthusiasm in LIBERTY'S three cookbooks: 100 Standard Recipes, for all occasions; Salads, Sandwiches, and Summer Drinks, and A Menu Book of Hot Weather Recipes for "different" light eating. Each book 10 cents—all three for 25 cents. Get them and you solve the problem of what to serve forevermore. Please use coupon.

LIBERTY COOKBOOKS,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of ☐ Salads, Sandwiches, and Summer Drinks, 10¢. ☐ A Menu Book of Hot Weather Recipes, 10¢. ☐ 100 Standard Recipes, 10¢. [Check the one you want. It costs only 10¢. Check all if you want the three for only 25¢.] I inclose.....cents in payment.
(Please write or print plainly in ink)

Name .....
Street or R. F. D.....
City..... State.....
1-21-28

Banana Cream Cake

½ standard sponge-cake recipe baked in a sheet ½ to 1 inch thick
2 tablespoons cornstarch
¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup hot milk or water
2 egg yolks
2½ tablespoons lemon juice (or ½ teaspoon vanilla)
Grated rind ½ lemon (yellow part only) if lemon juice is used as flavoring
¾ cup sugar
2 tablespoons flour
2 teaspoons butter
3 bananas
½ cup cream, whipped, if desired

MIX the sugar, flour, cornstarch, and salt thoroughly until blended. *Slowly* stir in the hot milk (water may be used if desired). Mix well to prevent lumps. Cook and stir over water for 20 minutes, stirring rather constantly for the first 5 minutes. Stir in the beaten egg yolks. Continue to cook and stir for several minutes. Remove from the fire, add butter and flavoring. When lukewarm, spread between and on top of the sponge-cake layers, each of which has already been covered with a layer of sliced bananas. Place a second layer of sliced bananas over the cream filling, and put the cake together. Garnish with whipped cream and banana slices, if desired.

Fried Bananas

6 bananas
1 egg
½ cup bread crumbs
Deep fat for frying

PEEL the bananas and scrape free of threads. Cut in quarters. Beat the egg slightly. Coat the banana sections with crumbs. Then coat with egg and crumbs again. Immerse in hot fat (375° F.) about 2 minutes, or until delicately browned. Serve as a vegetable, either plain or accompanied by a sprinkling of tabasco sauce mixed with lemon juice (5 drops to 1 tablespoon).

Banana Salads

ASIDE from the common dressed banana garnished with chopped peanuts, walnuts, dates, or candied cherries, there are many pleasant combinations. Use equal parts of bananas with grapefruit, pineapple, orange, apple, drained cherry preserves, or apricots. These are best dressed with cream salad dressing or mayonnaise diluted with an equal quantity of whipped cream. The banana-apple combination or a plain banana-nut salad are pleasantly varied by dressing with cream salad dressing that has been flavored with peanut butter (½ cup to ¼ cup). All banana salads should be served on crisp greens and may be used for a dessert course if desired. A very simple banana salad may be made by arranging a whole banana finely sliced yet left intact on crisp salad greens and serving with a wedge of lime or lemon. Some people prefer that banana so served be sweetened by first rolling in powdered sugar.

Queen of Puddings

2 cups milk
1 cup stale bread crumbs
1 tablespoon butter
3 tablespoons or ½* cup sugar, according to sweetness desired, or ¼ cup currant jelly
1 or 2* eggs, according to richness desired
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 bananas
¼ cup currant jelly
Meringue or whipped cream

**My personal preference.*

SCALD the milk. Add the butter and bread crumbs, which may be rather fine or small bits of broken bread. When the crumbs are soft and the mixture is cooled a bit, add the slightly beaten egg, sugar, salt, and flavoring. Pour the mixture into a greased baking dish and place this in a second pan containing a 1-inch layer of hot water. This prevents boiling and curdling during the baking. Bake in a slow oven (300° F. to 325° F.) until it becomes firm in the center and a golden brown, or for about 60 minutes. By inserting a clean silver knife in the center it should come out free of custard particles when cooked. Bread puddings are best if covered during the first 15 minutes of the baking. While the baked pudding is still hot, cover with a layer of sliced bananas, then one of currant jelly and bananas again, topping the whole with meringue or whipped cream. The whipped cream should be applied just before serving; but the meringue is put on to the hot pudding and baked brown. See directions for meringue under Banana Cream Pie (first column).

(If meringue is to be used for the top, one may use 3 eggs for the pudding and save out the whites of 2 of these for the meringue.)

"First in the Land"

John Alden, a hero of Longfellow's immortal poem, "The Courtship of Miles Standish," was the First Mayflower passenger to set foot on Plymouth Rock. In the painting the artist pictures Alden bearing in his arms Priscilla Mullens with whom he had fallen in love on the voyage.

Cudahy's

Puritan Ham

"First in the Land"

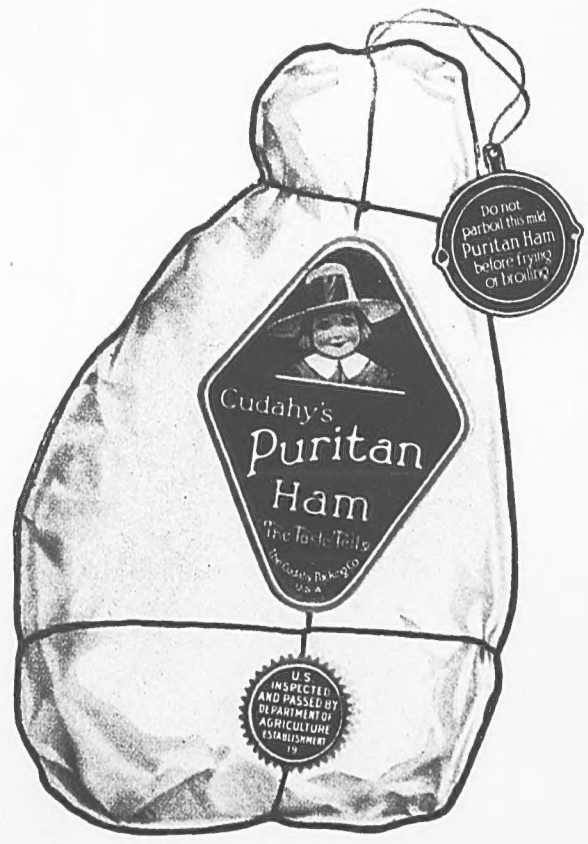
Cudahy's Puritan Ham, so named because of its finer qualities, is distinguished as the "First in the Land" for flavor and tenderness.

These finer qualities are due to the special Cudahy method of preparing. Puritan is "ripened naturally" and Nature's own methods cannot be improved. Seventy-five days are required to cure Puritan Ham. There can be no forcing or hurrying.

The result is like fruit tree-ripened compared to fruit artificially ripened. Puritan is uniformly mild, sweet, tender and tempting in any serving. And so easy to prepare you do not need to parboil before frying or broiling.

You will be delighted with Puritan. It "speaks for itself."—*The Taste Tells.*

The Cudahy Packing Co. U.S.A. makers of Puritan Hams·Bacon·Lard



WHY IPANA ASKS *a full 30 days' trial*

IF IPANA were an ordinary tooth paste, we should be quite content to have you judge it from the 10-day sample the coupon brings. For Ipana has a delicious taste and a remarkable cleaning power which, we think, will win you from the very start.

But Ipana brings you another benefit—one peculiarly its own—for which a full-sized tube from the drug store makes a fairer test. That is its power to improve the health of your gums. Used faithfully twice a day, it will show you the start of firmer, harder gums within 30 days—a modest interval in which to demonstrate a virtue so important!

Under years of soft modern food the health of our gums is impaired. But with Ipana and a light tooth-brush massage, you can soon restore to the gums the stimulation which soft food denies them.

The massage alone is good—the massage with Ipana is better. For Ipana contains ziratol, an antiseptic and hemostatic widely used by dentists to tone and strengthen weakened gums.

So switch to Ipana for one month. Get a large tube from the nearest drug store and start to-night on the test that in all probability will give you a new sense of oral health and cleanliness!

BRISTOL-MYERS CO.,
Dept. AB 18, 73 West St., New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

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